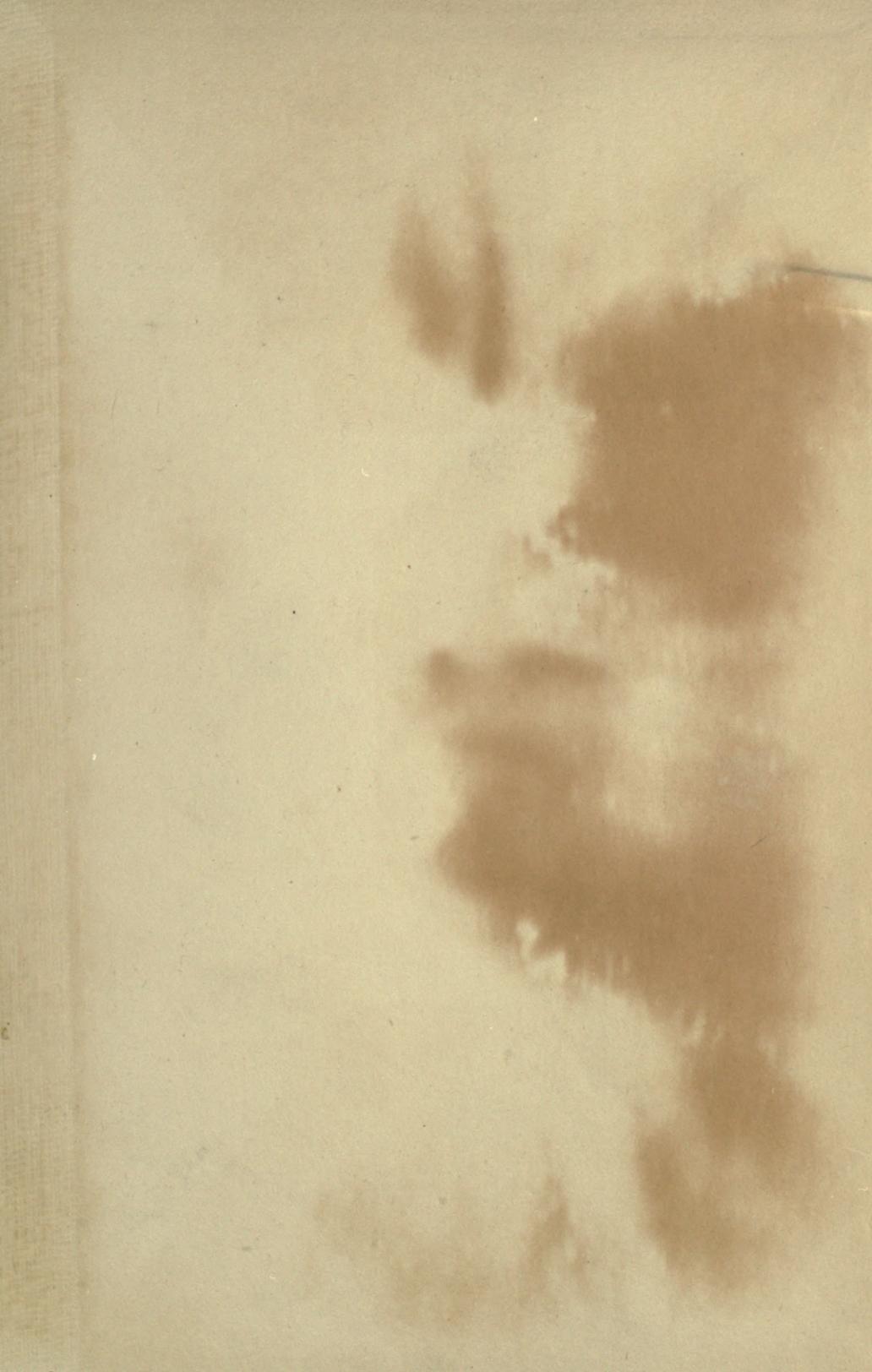




PICTORIAL
NEW
ZEALAND



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Edw. Whitcombe

PICTORIAL NEW ZEALAND.



MARTIN'S BAY TRACK (p. 71).

PICTORIAL

NEW ZEALAND

With Preface by

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AGENT-GENERAL FOR NEW ZEALAND

ILLUSTRATED

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PREFACE.

THE New Zealand of Captain Cook and the New Zealand of to-day are only separated by one hundred and twenty years, and during that period of time few countries have provided more interesting matter for the English reader. The story of the explorations, adventures, and tragic death of that intrepid sailor has been written and rewritten; the gigantic wingless Moa has been described and sketched until we can hardly believe that it does not still haunt the mountain fastnesses; and the long and sanguinary native wars have made the Maoris one of the best known and perhaps most respected of the savage races. The early years of the reign of our present Sovereign witnessed the commencement of the colonisation of New Zealand, which was at this comparatively recent period still in very much the same condition as when Captain Cook was observing the transit of Venus at Tahiti; and as the reign has ripened, the colony as a self-governing community has gone forward with giant strides, until the eyes of European statesmen and political students are directed towards her to see what enfranchised woman and an accomplished "Newcastle programme" will do. Many admire the courage and enterprise of the Colonial politicians, and doubtless many rejoice that a country that has adopted such advanced legislation is so far distant from the Old World; but all watch with keen interest for the result of such experiments, so called.

An effort has been made in the present work, both by print and by pencil, to convey to the English reader some idea of the natural beauties of New Zealand, a country which has long since been the holiday-ground of the South Pacific; and it is hoped that the volume will prove attractive to the increasing number

of European and American tourists who annually visit the Britain of the South, as well as to those who do their travelling in imagination by their own fireside. A comparison of the beauties of scenery in different portions of the world is an unprofitable task. Each scene has a charm peculiar to itself, and in its own way is all-satisfying to the eye of the admirer. An English landscape, an Italian bay, a Norwegian fiord, Alpine peaks, a forest, lake, or river scene—who will dare to say which of these is Nature's finest work? Anyone who has visited New Zealand will admit that no country of the earth has been more richly endowed with Nature's choicest gifts. These have been bestowed with lavish hand. Snow-clad mountains, landscapes, rivers, lakes, sounds, forests, and coast-lines are all so strikingly magnificent and beautiful as to place New Zealand among the first of beautiful countries. The silent grandeur of the Norwegian fiords, the peaceful Cumberland lake, the joyous English landscape, the awe-inspiring Alpine peaks, the rugged western coasts of Ireland and Scotland, are all reproduced in New Zealand with especial magnificence and detail, as if Nature's artist had made selections from his *chefs d'œuvre* and grouped them together in one favoured spot.

The immense improvement in ocean travel has shortened the distance to the colony by one-half, and brought a visit to the Southern Seas within the reach of a very large proportion of the travelling public.

The climate is as nearly perfect as any climate can be, ranging from semi-tropical to temperate. If New Zealand were lifted out of its bed in the Pacific and laid out over a map of Europe in corresponding latitude and longitude, it would stretch from Central France about Poitiers, southerly across the Riviera and the Mediterranean, past Malta, into Africa. This gives just such a range of temperature as is sought for by Europeans during the winter months. It should be noted, however, that, New Zealand being an island far removed from any mainland,

extremes of heat and cold are tempered by sea breezes, and the hot winds in summer which make the countries bordering on the Mediterranean so unhealthy and trying at that period of the year are almost unknown.

The Maori, whose physique and intelligence are of a very high order, will still be found an object of interest, especially to the ethnologist who is ready to take part in the controversy as to what portion of the globe his ancestors originally belonged, or, as it has been termed, "*the whence*" of the Maori. The "whither" or future destiny of the Maori is equally interesting, as, according to the recent census, the natives have ceased decreasing and have begun to increase, and the question awaits answer as to how far they will afford an exception to the recognised rule that coloured races do not merge with the white man. The protracted struggles with the brave and savage, but withal chivalrous, Maori, which have now come to an end, have left their stamp on the character of the colonists, and taught them lessons of courage and self-reliance, characteristics which are specially marked in the New Zealander.

Of sport there is little except splendid trout-fishing and a limited amount of deer-stalking. For a certain class of tourist the distance to New Zealand is an attraction. A six-weeks' sea voyage is the best-known remedy for an overwrought brain, and is generally much enjoyed—at least, after the Bay of Biscay has been left behind. There is such a choice of routes that much can be seen both going to and coming from the colony. There is the route *viâ* Gibraltar, the Mediterranean, the Red Sea, Ceylon, and Australia; another is *viâ* Madeira and the Cape of Good Hope; and another by the Canadian Pacific to Vancouver, or through the United States to San Francisco, and then on across the Pacific, *viâ* the Sandwich Islands, Fiji, and Australia; whilst a favourite way home is by way of Cape Horn and Rio Janeiro. In all of these routes there are calling-places of much interest, relieving a long journey from anything like monotony.

The material progress of the colony, many evidences of which are afforded in the following work, cannot fail to favourably impress the visitor. He must never forget that all that he sees has been accomplished during the reign of Queen Victoria, and that before then New Zealand was only known to a few whalers and missionaries. The twenty million sheep supplying fresh mutton for the English dinner-table; the two hundred butter factories, built on the most modern and scientific plan, from which cheese and butter of finest quality are distributed in Europe; the ten million acres of land under cultivation; the large area of magnificent forests, immense coalfields, minerals of every kind; a prosperous, energetic, and happy people supplying their own wants, and exporting surplus products to the value of £10,000,000 per annum—all this, and a great deal more, will convince him that New Zealand affords a most striking example of successful colonisation, and that her immense and varied resources, which are only now beginning to be developed, must infallibly make her—and this in the lives of many of the readers of this work—the most prosperous and powerful colony of our Empire.

W. B. PERCEVAL.

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London, S.W.

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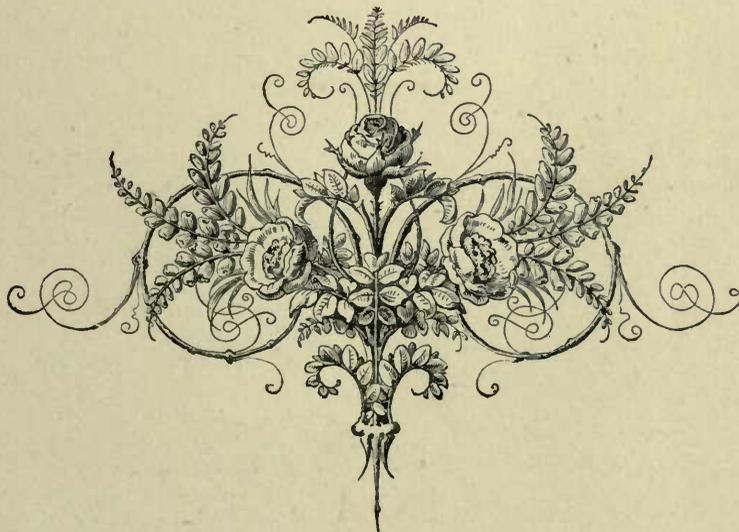
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DISTANT VIEW OF MOUNT COOK.

PICTORIAL NEW ZEALAND.

A TRIP TO MOUNT COOK.

Our Route—The Road to Pukaki Ferry—Across the Crown Range—The Cardrona Valley—Pembroke—New Zealand Names—Lakes Wakatipu and Wanaka—The Matukituki and Makarora Rivers—Craigie Burn—Wilkin Valley—Pigeon or Manuka Island—The Clutha—Over the Lindis Pass—Omarama—Ben More—The Rabbit Plague—Across the Ohou River—Pukaki Lake—Tasman Glacier and River—The Hermitage—The Müller Glacier—The Kea-parrot—The First Ascent of Mount Cook—Lake Tekapo—Mackenzie Country.



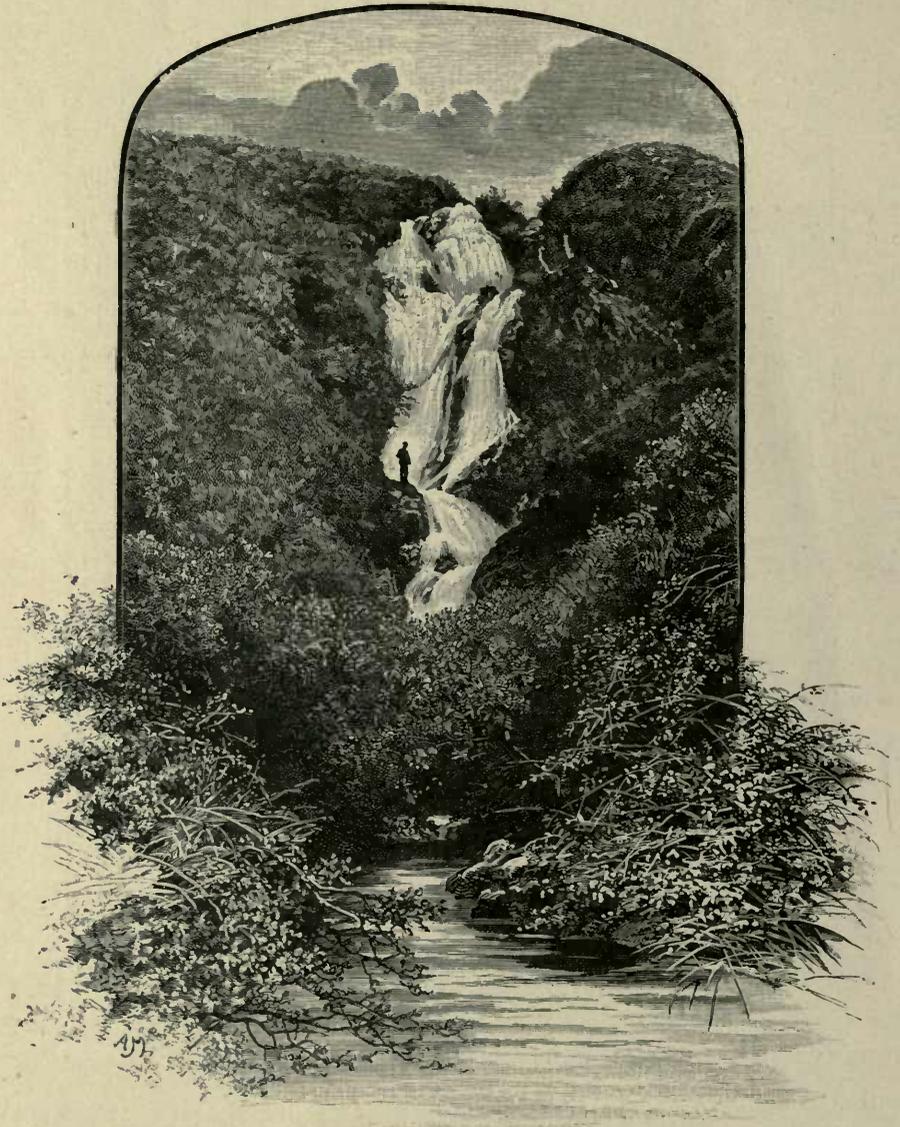
TOUR in New Zealand is becoming for the Australian in need of a holiday as much a matter of course as “the regular Swiss round” for the English professional man. At the end of December, and in the months of January and February, the New Zealand steamers are crowded with tourists. To some it is a drawback, to others a positive advantage, that a rather rough sea-voyage of about five days is required to reach

our playground. The ordinary New Zealand round is coming to be a very beaten track, but the traveller may, if he have a taste for pioneering, find out new routes and new beauties for himself; and I, as one of a small party that once achieved a new route, am inclined to sing the praises of the journey to Mount Cook.

Mount Cook is surely the centre and the glory of New Zealand's natural beauties, and has, at last, been opened up. But, according to the ordinary programme, Mount Cook was approached from Timaru, and we were at Queenstown on Lake Wakatipu, having, moreover, made up our minds to see the sister lake Wanaka. From Queenstown to Timaru means about two and a half hours in a steamer, followed by nineteen hours in a train—*i.e.*, two or three days, for there were no night trains. Even at Timaru you are at least three days from the mountain. Whereas from Pembroke, which lies at the foot of Lake Wanaka, when a map was consulted it seemed only four days' drive; whilst the great circuit to Dunedin and to Timaru would be avoided, and it would not be necessary to set foot in any railway train. It was certainly shorter to go direct from Pembroke; but the question was—could the journey be done?

The summer road from Timaru and our road from Lake Wanaka join at Pukaki Ferry. To reach Pukaki the former would take fifty-six miles of driving, the latter rather under one hundred—that is to say, one long day's drive the more; whereas the advantage was that we should see Lake Wanaka and avoid an enormous and expensive circuit. The question naturally arose, Is the road difficult? And the answer was, Not as bush-roads, so called, go. The River Ohou had to be crossed by a wire rope. This takes time, and it is quite possible to imagine that some nervous people would not like it. The timid might shut their

Buggy." We decided to advise future tourists to make due inquiry

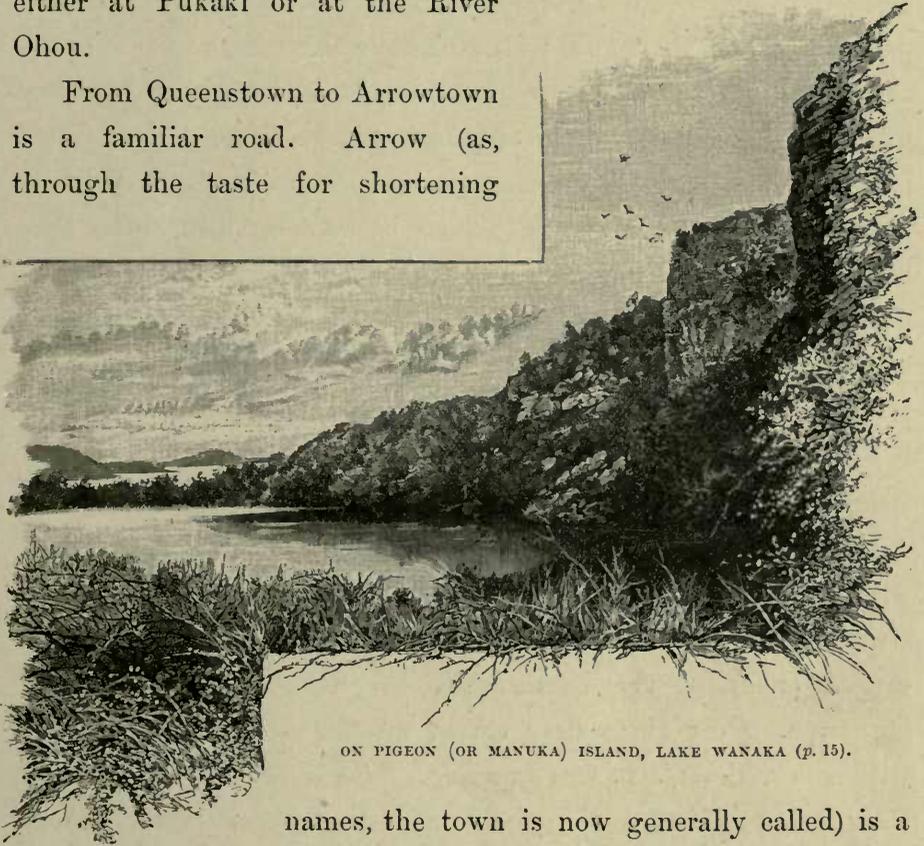


WATERFALL NEAR LAKE HAYES (p. 4).

beforehand, or to take a trap from Queenstown, where they are stout though expensive. At any rate, arrangements should be

made for one of the regular strong express waggons that make the journey by the other route to meet the wanderer from Wanaka, either at Pukaki or at the River Ohou.

From Queenstown to Arrowtown is a familiar road. Arrow (as, through the taste for shortening



ON PIGEON (OR MANUKA) ISLAND, LAKE WANAKA (p. 15).

names, the town is now generally called) is a picturesque little mining township suggestive of tales in the style of Bret Harte. The guide-books said that from Arrow to Pembroke on Lake Wanaka there were two routes, but that the shorter was only a bridle-track. In a new and progressive country a guide-book must always be behind the time. It was by coach that we travelled along this shorter route. The longer route goes round by Cromwell, which is a far more important township than either Arrow or Pembroke, and is naturally connected with both. The road by Cromwell travels

down the Kawarau valley and up the Clutha. The shorter way lies over a high range, known as the Crown Range, and then down the valley of the Cardrona, an affluent of the Clutha. In this part, indeed, all the water, both of lakes and rivers, drains into the Clutha. From Arrow the coach-road creeps sideways up a very steep hill. Very precipitous is the fall down to the River Arrow, which is soon to lose itself in the Kawarau. In its early stages the road indulges in few of the curves that engineers delight in, when they make roads twist in and out and roundabout to ascend a mountain-pass. This is, for the most part, a straight road taken diagonally up the hillside, and is very narrow. From the top of the Crown Range a wide view can be obtained, a small portion of Wakatipu, blue in the distance, being visible. Nearer in stands Lake Hayes, smaller than its neighbours, but a large sheet of water, nevertheless. According to an Irishman quoted in the guide-book, it is "shtiff with fish," but it must be added that we found it somewhat strictly preserved. In its neighbourhood is a pretty cascade. The jagged crests of the Remarkables are very prominent in the landscape. Only three days earlier we had seen them powdered with snow, though it was January. The snow did not last, and their more general covering was a vest of fleecy cloud, though at intervals they can put on a thick cloth of impenetrable cloud. From the Crown Range could also be seen Ben Lomond, whilst beyond and to the side of it lay snow-covered hills belonging to the southern end of the Richardson Range.

When we had once crossed the Crown Range there came a sudden change over the scene. The view is hemmed in by a little narrow valley. By the side of the road runs the infant Cardrona, gathering strength as it proceeds. The little stream is now on one side of the road, and now on the other; the

number of small fords is beyond count. The valley, picturesque at first, after a while becomes monotonous. The whole length of it has been the haunt of gold-diggers, represented only, at the time of which I write, by a few Chinamen, who seemed to be making something out of "tailings." Deserted diggings are only picturesque to one who is very new to that feature of scenery. The township of Cardrona, where we changed horses, is like a Deserted Village. "Mine host of the inn," curiously enough, was an Italian-Swiss from the Grisons; his wife, a German-Swiss from a neighbouring canton. The advice of Mr. Green, the Alpine traveller, who wished to encourage Swiss settlers in New Zealand, has been carried out in this case; but either at Earnslaw, the mountain at the head of Wakatipu, where we had been, or at Cook, whither we were going, a settler from the Grisons would have been more at home. At the latter he could have heard the familiar sound of "the fearful avalanche." A few miles before Pembroke the Cardrona turns to the right, and the road to the left. Near the place of separation a bridle-track winds up a steep hill to the diggings known as Criffels, where the most successful yield of gold has been in a claim called "Salvation Army," which was said to belong to the Army as a whole, and to be worked by its members. Just before reaching Pembroke a passing view of Mount Aspiring can be caught.

Pembroke is probably called after Earl Pembroke, one of the name-givers to the book of South Sea travels known as "The Earl and the Doctor." It may be assumed that it is the earl and not the town in South Wales that lends the name, as two neighbouring townships are labelled Newcastle and Gladstone, and were not the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Gladstone the two trustees of Lord Pembroke, son of their great friend, that distinguished statesman,

Sidney Herbert? The town of Gladstone is but little more than a name on the map, boasting fewer than a hundred houses. Newcastle can hardly be said to enjoy its name, for the settlers call it Alberton. What a number of places in New Zealand have double names that struggle for existence. This is intelligible where one name is Maori and the other English; but it is simply silly when both are English, as Hector or Remarkables, Lumsden or Elbow. The residents have their name, upon which some Government official thinks that he can improve. His name henceforward figures in the map, and often only there. At Pembroke a resident somewhat pompously remarked to me, "Our scenery, sir, and our climate are our only assets." We will hope things are not quite so bad as that, such assets not counting for much in a schedule; but Pembroke seems to have seen its best days, when the gold-diggings of the neighbourhood were more prosperous than they now are. There is no reason why it should ever be a large town, but there is plenty of reason why tourists should make a point of visiting it. The view from the hotel door is singularly beautiful; the tour of the lake on the little paddle-steamer was quite equal to the tour of Wakatipu, and from Pembroke as a centre many interesting trips could be made. Pembroke is still young as a tourist resort, but year by year it will be more visited.

Lake Wakatipu has an article to itself,* and all that I need say of it here is that among the New Zealand lakes it has the great advantage of being the best-known, for it is by far the most easily visited. It has for years been touched by a railway, and for most people a visit to the southern lakes means simply Wakatipu. Manapouri and Te Anau are difficult of access. To see them at all thoroughly, you must camp out. Certainly the views at the head

* See *post*, page 60.



THE GLACIER SYSTEM OF MOUNT COOK.

of the Wakatipu are magnificent. There is all that is wanted in lake scenery. You have snow-clad mountains, and in some variety; there are glaciers visible, and at no great distance; two glacier-fed rivers pour into the lake; above Kinloch there is the hillside covered with trees, and trees are an element too rarely present in New Zealand lake scenery. By way of contrast, the usual bleak, bare hills are within sight. Having seen some five of the larger New Zealand lakes, besides several smaller ones, I think the head of Wakatipu bears the palm; but, as a whole, Wanaka has even greater variety and charm.

Wakatipu is a little the larger of the two, and has perhaps a greater variety of shape. Wanaka also has plenty of curving and change in its coast-line, but its greatest charm is given by the many valleys that debouch into it. Two rather large rivers, with genuine Maori names, empty themselves into Wanaka—the Matukituki, which brings water down from both sides of Mount Aspiring, second highest of the mountains in the whole range; and the Makarora, which enters at the very head of the lake, and up the valley of which marches the traveller who is willing to try the Haast Pass, and perhaps penetrate to the west coast. Either of these would be a capital touring-ground for an enterprising traveller, prepared to put up with things a little in the rough. They promise scenery—there is plenty of foliage; and if you persevere, you will be led up to the eternal snow and to glaciers. But these chief valleys are well supported by others. On the left side of the lake, as you face the head, valley follows valley. Here is one with the romantic name of Craigie Burn, the picturesqueness of which, as those who know it testify, is quite equal to the alluring promise of its mouth.

A little further on is a valley which deserves a less prosaic name

than that of Wilkin. It is well timbered, and, alas ! the fact is known to the lumberers, who send huge rafts of timber down the headlong stream, managing the rafts as on many German rivers—for instance, on branches of the Upper Rhine. Two bits of climbing every visitor to Wanaka should undertake. At one point Lakes Hawea and Wanaka approach very near to each other. The strip of land between the two is called Neck, and it is well worth while



LAKE WANAKA.

to cross it and see Hawea. The beginning of the climb is most formidable. It is a steep hillside, and the climber is knee-deep in ferns and other plants, which grow so thick together that it is difficult to find a footing. But to the climber who will persevere the difficulties soon cease. The rough scramble before long yields place to a good footpath or bridle-track, and within less than two miles a beautiful view of the sister lake is obtained. Everyone takes the other climb. In the lake there is an island which, after New Zealand fashion, has different names. Some call it Pigeon and some Manuka Island. The Government map gives the latter name, which has the advantage of avoiding confusion, for Wakatipu also



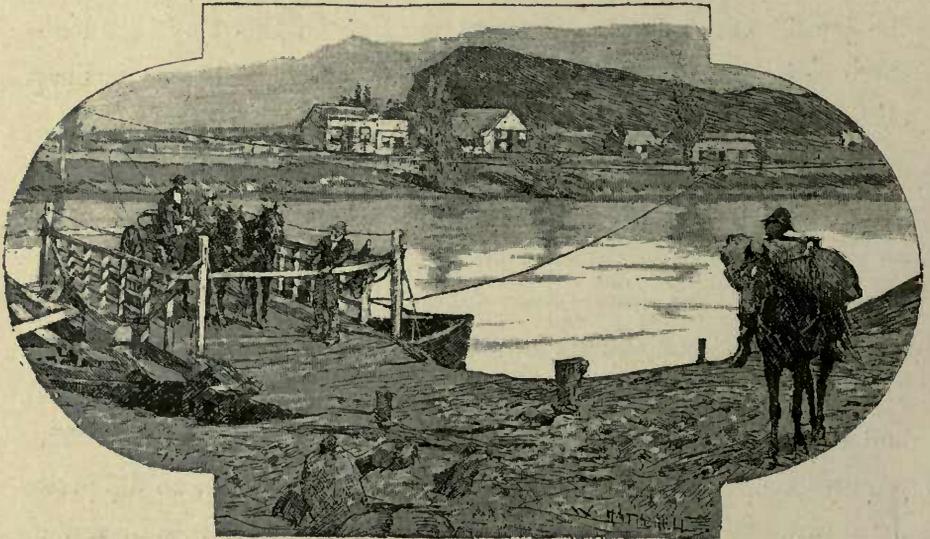
ANOTHER VIEW OF LAKE WANAKA

has a Pigeon Island. High up on this island is a lake, or mountain tarn, which a visitor from Melbourne a few years since, with all due formality and champagne, christened "Paradise," but residents say that many years earlier the artist Chevalier had given it the most appropriate name of "Turquoise." Wanaka is in the southern island of New Zealand, Manuka in Wanaka, Turquoise in Manuka, and a nameless little islet in the little tarn—a sort of special facet in the jewel. One informant assured me that in this tiny island also there was a lake; but, if so, it was not apparent to the ordinary observer, and would better deserve the name of puddle.

A curious phenomenon is this tarn, fully five hundred feet above the level of Lake Wanaka. It is said to be fed by springs high up on the side of the mountains that lie to the west of Wanaka, Nature bringing her own water-pipes under the bed of the lake, along which the water finds its own level in the heart of the island. Lake Wanaka, like its neighbour lakes, is very deep—1,200 feet, and the surface is about 1,000 feet above the level of the sea. This requires the natural conduit that feeds Lake Turquoise to dip pretty far down, and yet it must be guarded from outlets into or contact with the lake under which it is passing. The natural phenomenon is wonderful, and its effect beautiful. If the head of Wakatipu is the cream of the scenery of that lake, high up on Manuka Island you will find the best view on Wanaka. The hill rises high above Lake Turquoise, and this view lies eastward. Sheer at one's feet lies the little tarn, framed in with rocks and rich vegetation, varied with islets; beyond the frame lies the lake itself, with the glint of the setting sun upon it, and then eastward, across a narrow neck of land, a strange long arm of the lake, called East Wanaka, itself with varied outline and many a lovely little nook. Wanaka has many picturesque views—wooded valley and snow-sprinkled

mountain-top, but the prospect from the crown of Manuka Island captivated our fancy the most.

When the tourist leaves Pembroke with face set Cook-wards he should be sure that he is early in starting, and is well fortified with provisions. There lies a long day's work before him and his horses. At first we found it tolerably plain sailing. The Clutha was crossed



FERRY AT ALBERTON (p. 8).

on a punt at Alberton or Newcastle. The ferry was worked by a wire rope, but the current took the boat across. Our journey then lay down the Clutha valley, until that was joined by the valley of the Lindis Burn, up which we turned. The Clutha is sometimes, and especially lower down, called the Molyneux, but it seems a pity that it should have two names. It is formed by the outflow of Lake Wanaka, joined within a few miles by the River Hawea, which drains the lake of the same name. Thus a large body of water is gathered together, making an unusually strong current, that dashes onwards to Cromwell, where it is joined by the Kawarau, the

overflow of Lake Wakatipu, further increased below the lake by the Rivers Shotover and Arrow. The Clutha, thus begun and thus fed, and afterwards augmented by many a mountain burn, creek, and river, is the biggest of all the rivers in New Zealand—biggest both



BEN OHOU RANGE, MACKENZIE COUNTRY (p. 22).

for drainage area and for volume of water, though the Waitaki, acquaintance with whose head-waters we were about to make, must run it close.

The basin of the Clutha is separated from that of the Waitaki by a formidable range of hills, known to the north of the Lindis Burn as the Grandview Range. Grandview, the highest of these hills, is not far short of five thousand feet above the sea-level.

The Lindis Peak lies further to the south. In order to reach the Canterbury lakes—Ohou, Pukaki, and Tekapo—we had to track the Lindis Burn from its mouth to its source, and then go over the Lindis Pass. This was a matter of some thirty-five miles, not by any means one continuous ascent. The ascent might be divided into three parts. The first seemed featureless, but was a good pull up the side of large open downs, which we found very breezy. The second, after an interval of tolerably level country, is the Lindis Gorge, a very pretty and picturesque road; then, after another break, in which the Morven Hills station is situated, comes the Lindis Pass proper, a tolerably continuous climb of about nine miles, during which the character of the scenery changes from the pretty to the grand. The whole ascent is far too treeless for perfect beauty of scenery. “Where are the trees?” is the constant demand in travelling through all this part of New Zealand. The approach to a station or homestead of any kind is made evident by the sight of trees, but they are trees that have been planted by the settler’s hand for purposes of shelter. There are forests of trees somewhere within the area of the Morven Hills run, but hardly any are visible from the road. The run has red deer, let loose by the New Zealand Acclimatisation Society, and thriving on the high hillsides; and so here we have one of the pleasures of Scotland—deer-stalking—brought within reach.

The last nine miles of our upward journey fell to be done in the morning after our pleasant sojourn at Morven Hills. From the top we gained a most beautiful view. Five ranges of hills rose with their different shaped peaks, one behind the other, all the lower seeming to lead up to the furthestmost range, which was snow-sprinkled. The range on which we ourselves were was singularly bare and bleak-looking. Suddenly the road turned

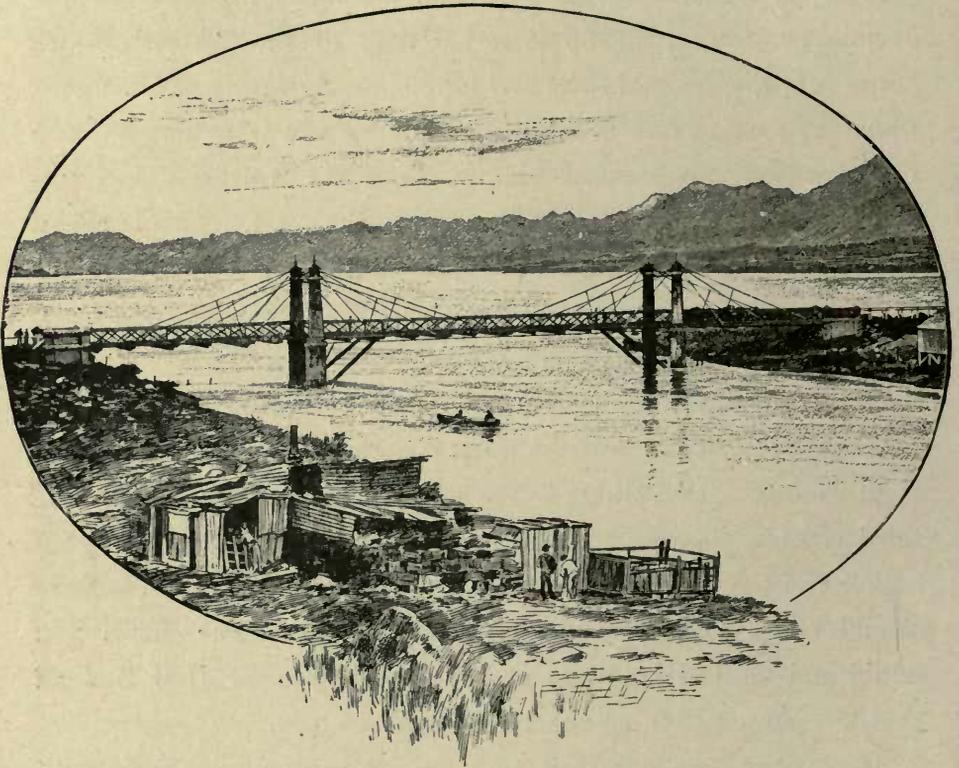
a corner, and there came the complete change which is so frequent on a pass. It was what we had experienced previously on the Crown Range. The glory had gone from the view.

The road travels by the side of a little creek called the Longslip, which is also the name of the accompanying spur of the mountains. The Longslip is a tributary of the Ahuriri, which passes into the Waitaki some way beyond the township of Omarama, which we reached late in the afternoon. From Omarama a coach ran to a little place called Kurow, where the Waitaki Valley railway is reached, which ends at Oamaru on the coast. This is one of the railway lines constructed to open up the country, because the trunk line has perforce to run from town to town along the coast. The little spur to Fairlie Creek is another, and a very short study of the map in the New Zealand "Bradshaw" will show several.

Omarama. There was the usual dispute about the pronunciation of this name. At a distance the accent was generally put on the third syllable, close by it was generally on the second. By a good authority I have been informed that, properly, in Maori words there should be no accent on any particular syllable. The Maori is a liquid and musical language, and it is fortunate for New Zealand that so many native names have been retained.

From Omarama our road turned northwards over a plain with big hills on the right. The chief of these was Ben More, which is more than six thousand feet high. There are some hills also on the left. One, under which is situated the homestead of the Ben More run, seems to shield it from the westerly and northerly winds, and separates it from Lake Ohou. At the Ben More station we obtained a night's lodging and breakfast. The manager let his smith patch up our trap, which had become the worse for wear, whilst he showed us his device for keeping down the rabbits. It is impossible

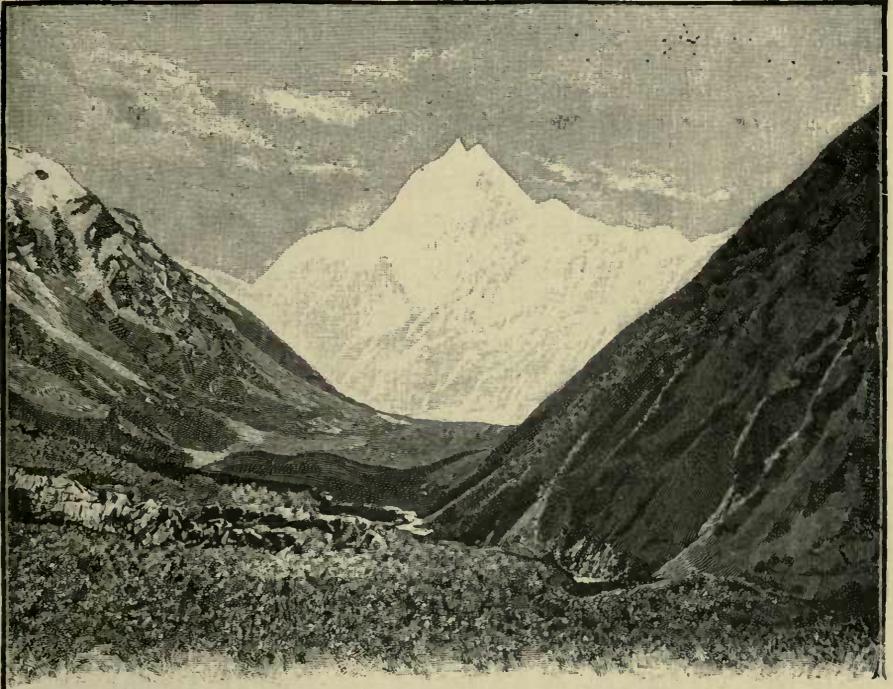
to speak of this part of New Zealand without touching on the rabbit. There were stations, where the land is hilly and almost inaccessible, on which the rabbit had absolutely conquered the sheep, and the runs had been abandoned. On other stations



LAKE PUKAKI (p. 22).

it had been a constant struggle to keep them down, and yet it was not so many years since the champagne banquet and the general rejoicings over the turning loose of the first pair somewhere down between Invercargill and the Bluff! Rabbits may be shot, poisoned, trapped, and yet they go on obeying the law to "increase and multiply." As we drove along the road skeletons were seen hanging in rows on wire fences, to show the rabbit

inspector that the station or farm was doing its law-imposed duty and that the creatures were being killed. At Ben More the true idea was being acted on of introducing the natural enemies to keep "bunny" in order. We were shown from fifty to sixty ferrets, gathering strength and getting themselves ready to be let loose in



ANOTHER VIEW OF MOUNT COOK.

the more distant parts of the station. It had been suggested that the ferrets may attack and eat the young lambs, but it would not matter much if they did help themselves to a few joints of lamb. There is no fear that the ferrets will themselves multiply and be as great a nuisance as the rabbits, for the simple reason that they do not eat grass. It was interesting to see these ferrets, both the mothers of families and the young ferrets, who are actually trained to attack a rabbit before being let loose.

Between Ben More and Ben Ohou, the next station, came the crossing of the Ohou River by the wire rope. The Ohou is the first of the three great lake-rivers which go to form the Waitaki or Waitangi, the meaning of this latter name being the gathering of the waters. The current of the Ohou is very impetuous and headstrong. There is a ford near the wire rope, but our horses refused to use it, as it was so deep and the current so strong: they had therefore to swim across. The buggy itself was lashed up in place of the cage, which was taken off to make room for it; then luggage was drawn across in the cage, then passengers, then harness. The whole business at the wire rope lasted about two and a half hours. There was no danger, but only the appearance of danger. It is natural that some should feel a little giddy at being drawn across a bubbling torrent some twenty or thirty feet below; but the machine worked quite smoothly, and no accidents had happened.

After crossing the Ohou, the country widens out into a broad plain, known as the Upper Waitaki Plains. Lake Ohou we did not see, though we heard so glowing an account of its beauties that we were almost persuaded to pay it a visit; but we had a capital view of the Ben Ohou range.

If the weather be at all sunny, the view of Pukaki Lake is strikingly beautiful. My first thought was of Como or Maggiore. The beauty is chiefly due to the splendid background, the great range of snow-clad hills culminating in Mount Cook. Of all the views of Mount Cook this is the most impressive, and it has often been selected by artists for painting. The great mountain, towering to a height of 12,375 feet, stands a manifest monarch among its neighbours, and yet many of them are magnificent peaks. From the end of Pukaki you look up a clear avenue, with Cook at the close of the vista. This avenue is made up of lake and river, and

on each side run ranges of lower hills, those on the western side being of the two much the higher. These hills are mostly bare of trees, but are rocky at the top, and grassed on the lower slopes. In the foreground is the lake, still and glassy, but not clear, for it is filled with glacier water. The well-known slaty or whity-blue tinge is present, which at once tells the story how the lake is fed. Lake Tekapo has exactly the same colour, for the same reason; and when the two rivers (each called after the lake from which it issues) have joined the main stream, the Waitaki, the colour is the same, and it is retained by the Waitaki until it finds its rest in the bosom of the sea. This is the colour of the Rhone before it falls into the Lake of Geneva, where it is purified in some amazing manner, issuing forth clear and in the mass looking a bright blue. This is the colour, too, of the Mont Blanc-fed Arve before its junction with "the arrowy Rhone"; but the Arve some miles below Geneva defiles the Rhone, which never grows clear again.

Lake Pukaki is fed by the River Tasman, which of course comes from the great Tasman Glacier at the foot of Cook, the second largest glacier in the world, the first largest being in the Himalayas. The large glacier does not stand alone, and the Tasman is joined by the water from other glaciers. Upon the character of these rivers a striking passage is quoted in "Maoriland," from a lecture by Mr. W. N. Blair, C.E.:—"They have no childhood or youth, no struggle for existence. They are born with the full vigour of manhood, and at once proceed in a bee-line to their destination, defying every obstacle. The whole course of the Tasman, from the glacier to the lake—twenty-six miles—is perfectly straight." This river from day to day was never the same. We had to pass through some of its channels. At one place the foreman of a gang of road-makers pointed out to us that we must leave our buggy and

creep along the bank ; whilst our luggage must be lashed on the seats of the buggy, which would pass into the river and out again. The water swirled through the bottom of the buggy and, to our great regret, carried away a "billy," which had been trusted to be heavy enough to withstand its violence. On our return journey, three days later, the same preparations were made, but were not found necessary ; whilst at another place the stream, which had there treated us well on the first day, came pouring into the carriage, rudely wetting our feet. From Tekapo Mr. Green took a direct road to Mount Cook ; but this road is described as dependent on the



A GLACIER, MOUNT COOK.

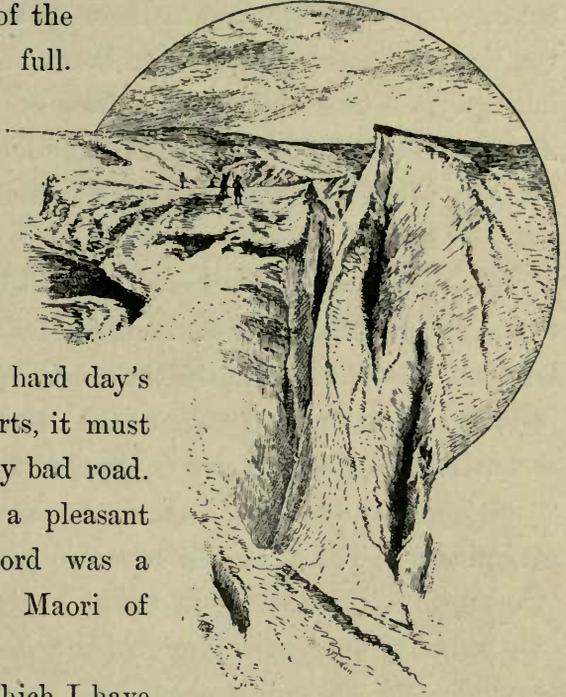
River Tasman, and in summer the Tasman does not permit. Most rivers are more easily forded in the summer than in the winter, but it must be remembered that this is not the case with glacier-fed streams. In the winter their sources are bound and their streams scanty ; hot summer weather and long drought

produce greater melting of the ice, and the rivers are full.

After a single hot day the Tasman was much more headlong and full.

The road from Pukaki Ferry to the Hermitage at the foot of Mount Sefton is a hard day's journey, and in some parts, it must be confessed, a shockingly bad road. At Pukaki we found a pleasant little inn, whose landlord was a blacksmith, a half-caste Maori of great strength.

The Hermitage, of which I have just spoken, is a well-built, comfortable house. It is situated in a broad green vale, with the picturesque background of a wooded slope, and in the midst of Alpine scenery. From Mount Cook it is separated both by the Müller Glacier and by the Hooker Glacier and River. It has before been said that from Mount Cook to Lake Pukaki the Tasman River bed leads in a straight line. The Tasman Glacier lies to the right as we face the great mountain. From this the Tasman River flows, joined at the base of the mountain by the Hooker River, which lies to the left. The Hooker River has but a short existence—is, perhaps, some three or four miles long—but the total length of the Müller, its tributary, is not more than a quarter of a mile. Each of these rivers receives its name from the glacier which gives it birth, and the two glaciers are called after the two



FISSURES IN A GLACIER, MOUNT COOK.

eminent botanists—the one so well known to fame as Director of the Kew Gardens, the other, the Baron von Müller, as Government botanist in Victoria. Mount Sefton stands to these two glaciers as Mount Cook to the Tasman and the Hooker. The Hooker runs between Mount Sefton and Mount Cook, and the Müller is in front of Mount Sefton.

The Müller is the glacier with which visitors to the Hermitage make closest acquaintance, and we travelled over it from its terminal face upwards to the clear ice. We were able to see good instances of a terminal moraine and of lateral moraines—able to understand how a river starts clear from the melting of the ice. “One illusion more gone,” was the feeling roused by the first sight of a glacier. These lower glaciers do not look like ice at all, but heaps upon heaps of stones in “most admired confusion.” It is not easy walking, but you might go for a long time without slipping on the ice, for the simple reason that so many stones and so much *débris* are between you and it. In parts, however, the ice is seen, and unless you proceed very carefully tumbles ensue. The whole surface of the glacier is constantly changing. The ice melts underneath, and the superstructure of stones tumbles into new positions. One day there will be ice caves visible, or an ice bridge, a week later these will have disappeared. It may be thought that on this account there is some danger in crossing the glacier, but it is very slight. Of course, one must be careful and on the alert, but, though the changes are great, each step in the shifting is small, and generally gives some warning. The glacier was a very interesting study, but a very fatiguing scramble. When we reached the clear ice on Mount Sefton, that was found to be more in accordance with our original ideas of a glacier. Above, constant avalanches were falling. We came to a place where fragments had

but recently—say, half an hour previously—fallen, and were only permitted to linger there a short time. The roar of the avalanches was a constant accompaniment to our whole sojourn at the Hermitage.

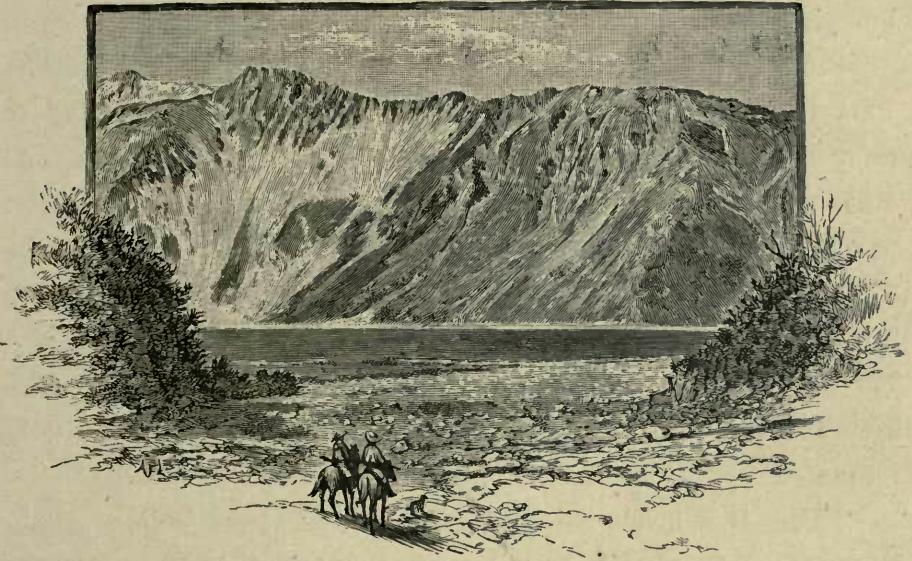
The Hermitage, though the property of a company, was built by the energy of a single individual, who was managing the place. Mr. Huddleston we found to be an enthusiast about Mount Cook. Great mountains have a way of rousing enthusiasm, and it may be doubted whether in the future Mount Cook will be more connected with the name of Mr. Green, who first scaled it, or of Mr. Huddleston, who has done so much to make its health-giving air and beautiful views the common property of visitors. Mr. Green prophesied that there would soon be a Mount Cook Hotel on the Birch Hill station, and within three years here, just beyond the boundaries of that run, stood the Hermitage, a completed building. It was built in cob—that is, the clay of the place stamped and puddled into a building material. It was really a very comfortable house, and the tourist finds here everything which he has a right to expect, together with great kindness and attention from the manager, who was perfectly at home on the glacier, and was on speaking terms with the kea-parrots and other birds. In the cool of the evening he would call in their own language to the birds, who responded from the bush. There must be a big future before the Hermitage, because everyone who has been once will advise friends to go. The one thing needful in the way of clothing, it may be added, is a pair of very strong boots—all the better if they have hob-nails and are shod with iron.

The visitor to the Hermitage will find much to interest him in birds and flowers. Of the former, there is the weka or Maori-hen, the kea-parrot, and the little Alpine-wren. The weka is a bird

with a bad reputation for pilfering. The kea is pretty to look at, having rich red and green plumage, but it is a cruel bird. It is said that it will fasten on the back of a living sheep and peck its way down to the kidney-fat, for which this parrot has a special fancy. No tourist need feel compunction about shooting a kea. The flora will interest a botanist, for there is a great variety of flowers, ferns, and mosses; but everyone is delighted to find the edelweiss, which grows here as it does in Switzerland, especially in inaccessible places. Perhaps some day the youths of New Zealand will be required by their lady-loves to climb into dangerous places to fetch them edelweiss for their wedding-morn; but it is to be hoped that visitors will not denude the more accessible ground, gathering the flower by its roots. The edelweiss has a special charm for all lovers of romance.

The famous explorer, Captain Cook, holds such a high place in the estimation of all who know about him that it is hard to make objection to the use of his prosaic name for the grandest of New Zealand mountains. Yet it is a pity that the native name—Aorangi—has been changed. In the Maori language the name means the “sky-piercer,” and in that name there is some poetical fancy worthy of the snowclad king of these Southern Alps. It is a noble range, taking it as a whole, and this is a very noble mountain, whether seen from close under by travellers staying at the Hermitage, or forty miles off from the further end of Lake Pukaki. It is said, also, that the view from the deck of a steamer passing along the west coast of New Zealand is the finest view of all. A glance at the map will show that the range lies close to the west coast. In most parts it is an absolute barrier. As time goes on other passes may perhaps be found; but at present, from the Otira Gorge to the south of the island, there are only two

possible ways of reaching the west coast, and both are attended with danger as well as difficulty. The first to attempt to climb Mount Cook was the Mr. Green who has already been several times spoken of, an English, or rather an Irish, clergyman fond of Alpine travelling. He came out to New Zealand for the express purpose of ascending Mount Cook, and returned immediately that



MAIN SOUTH SPUR, MOUNT COOK.

he had accomplished his purpose. His adventures, and those of the two Swiss guides whom he brought with him, are written in an interesting volume called "The High Alps of New Zealand," quoted more than once in this chapter, and well worth reading. Great hardships and great exertions had to be undergone before the brave traveller accomplished his design. The visitor to the Hermitage is shown the ledge where Mr. Green and his companions had to stand a whole night waiting for the sunrise, the avalanches thundering over them. There are those who say that the climbers

never reached the top—a statement which is so far true that Mr. Green confesses in his book that there was a peak a few yards higher than that which they reached, but needing much longer time to reach it. Since the days of Mr. Green, a German savant has also scaled the height, accompanied at least part of the way by his wife. No doubt, as time goes on, chalets will be built, and other help afforded. But the ascent of Mount Cook is not yet brought within the reach of the tourist.

From Pukaki we returned by way of Lake Tekapo and Burke's Pass to Fairlie Creek, where we met the Timaru railway, and so came again within the range of the daily papers, the post, and other attributes of civilisation. This is the route by which most people approach Mount Cook, and they have to return the same way. Lake Tekapo is a very pretty lake; but it should be seen before and not after Pukaki, as it does not gain by the contrast. For this reason I cut from a newspaper an account by a lady who saw Tekapo first, and whose impressions are thus graphically recounted:—

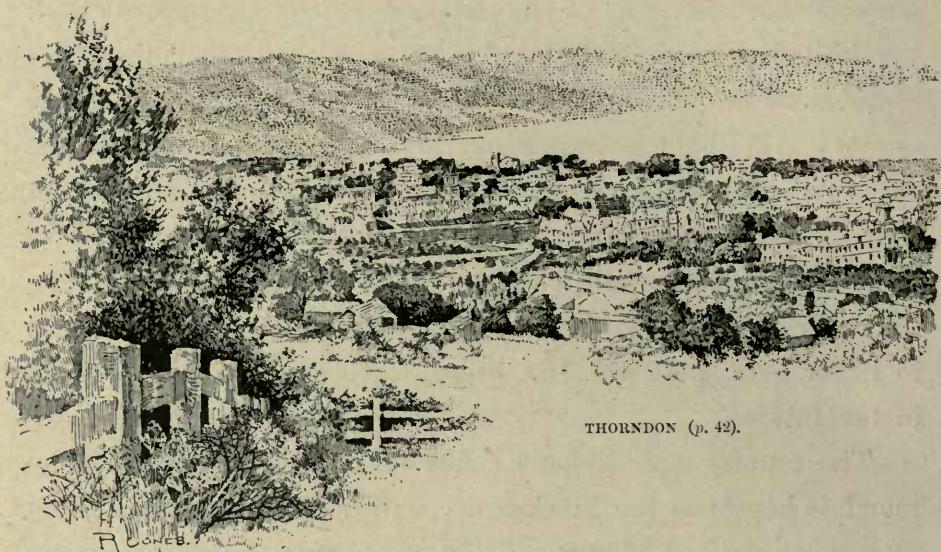
“ This is a lovely sheet of water of the purest blue, recalling the tints on the Lake of Geneva, and indescribably beautiful, as the rays of a westering sun rested upon it in streaks of turquoise sheen, deepening into sapphire in the shadows of the mountains. Tekapo is about sixteen miles long, and varies in width from two to four miles. It is a glacier-fed lake; the Rivers Godley and Macaulay, which drain the mountains to the north of Mount Cook, run into it, bringing down a vast amount of deposit. At the southern end, where the River Tekapo issues through a deep gorge, it is spanned by a handsome suspension-bridge; and a neat little inn, with verandah and flower-garden facing the lake, affords a most tempting retreat after the dusty ride. . . . The mountains on the

left come down abruptly to the water's edge; on the opposite bank the hills slope down gently, and swell one above the other to a considerable height. On the shore and on a small island stand one or two prettily-built homesteads surrounded by trees; while at the upper end, the purple mountains, crowned by the snowy peaks of Mount Sinclair, form a fine background to the picture. The whole scene is bathed in a delicious rosy light; a slight breeze ruffling the water gives a touch of animation, and one would feel inclined to linger here, were not the greater attractions of Mount Cook in the future."

The country near Tekapo and Pukaki, and, indeed, for miles round, is known as the Mackenzie country. The name is not that of a distinguished Scotchman, an explorer, a governor, a great general; it is the name of a bushranger, a freebooter, who, like the borderers of old in his own country, stole or "lifted" cattle. Various legends are told of his daring, and of the method by which at length he was captured. Some say that the country was called after him because he hid in its fastnesses; some that when he took to clean living he lived there. The facts are not clearly ascertained about the eminent man.

One last word about the roads. Those from the railway to Pukaki were decidedly better than the road that leads from Pukaki to Mount Cook; but it must be remembered that the latter leads nowhither else. The Government, in making a grant for improving this road, evidently did so in order to open up the natural beauties of the country, and it deserves a vote of thanks from all who use, or mean to use, New Zealand as a summer playground.

E. E. MORRIS.



THORNDON (p. 42).

WELLINGTON AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.

Captain Cook—An Astute Savage—The Early Colonists—The New Zealand Land Company—Taking Possession—The Site—Early Days—The Harbour—The Te Aro Flat—Thorndon—The Hutt—McNab's Gardens—The Hutt Valley—The Wairarapa Valley—The Manawatn Gorge—The Ngahauranga Gorge—A Great Warrior.

THE very name of Cook's Strait, on which the city of Wellington is situated, carries one back to the time, about the middle of the eighteenth century, when Europe first gained any accurate information of New Zealand. True, as early as 1642, the Dutch navigator, Tasman, entered Golden or Massacre Bay, in the north of Nelson province; but the inhospitable reception accorded to him by the natives made him beat a retreat; and for more than a century after his discovery of the islands it was supposed that they formed part of the great Terra Australis Incognita. Not till 1769, when Captain Cook sailed round the North and Middle Islands, was this error rectified. "You are also," so ran the instructions of Captain

Cook, "with the consent of the natives, to take possession, in the name of the King of Great Britain, of convenient situations in such countries as you may discover, that have not already been discovered or visited by any other Power; and to distribute



GENERAL VIEW OF WELLINGTON.

among the inhabitants such things as will remain as traces and testimonies of your having been there; but if you find that the countries so discovered are uninhabited, you are to take possession of them for His Majesty, by setting up proper marks and inscriptions as first discoverers and possessors." In accordance with these general instructions, Cook landed at various points, and took possession of the country. And even at the present day anyone who scrambles along the east coast will find, sprouting

vigorously among the rocks, where it can get any foothold of soil, Captain Cook's cabbage—weedy cabbage, to be sure, but indisputable testimony of his having been there. The herds of wild swine also which infest the retired bush country in the interior testify to Captain Cook's visit, being the lineal descendants of the pigs which he put on shore.

Though Captain Cook suggested the colonisation of New Zealand, it was not till seventy years later that any steps were taken to carry out the idea. In the interval, however, parts of Australia and Tasmania were colonised, and formed into penal settlements. As might be expected, after the establishment of colonies in Australia a more or less frequent intercourse arose between those settlements and New Zealand; and various travellers of the time, Nicholas, Savage, and others, recorded their impressions of visits paid to New Zealand. Meanwhile, a considerable whaling trade sprang up on the New Zealand coasts, and small communities of whalers, consisting often of runaway sailors or escaped convicts, established themselves on the most valuable fishing-grounds. The visit of two of the most influential of the North Island chiefs, Hongi and Waikato, to England in 1820 drew the further attention of the British nation to New Zealand and its inhabitants. Those two chiefs, who were much lionised by London society, posed in England as most devout converts to the Christian faith, and returned loaded with the presents of their admirers. Hongi, who had received valuable gifts from George IV., disposed of them in Sydney on his return, and invested the proceeds in firearms and ammunition. Returning to New Zealand, this amiable Christian, who was chief of the Agapuhi, in the Bay of Islands, carried on a war of extermination against the tribes of the South, who were defenceless against

powder and shot. Meanwhile, the conduct of the white population of New Zealand demanded the attention of the home authorities. From time to time, through the missionaries, reports reached England of the lawlessness and anarchy which prevailed amongst the whalers, many of whom had led a life of crime, and now found themselves able to offend with impunity. Various schemes were set on foot for the regular colonisation of the islands. In 1825 a company was formed in London for the purpose of establishing a settlement in New Zealand; but the leader of the expedition, after purchasing some land at Hokianga, abandoned the enterprise. In 1837 another company, called the New Zealand Association, was formed for purposes of colonisation, but it, too, effected nothing. At length in 1839 was formed "The New Zealand Land Company," and in that year an expedition was despatched under the command of Colonel William Wakefield, who was instructed to proceed to Cook's Strait, and to secure from the natives a large amount of land on its north shore.

The *Tory* was the vessel in which the expedition set sail. She was a ship of 400 tons, armed with eight guns, and commanded by Captain Chaffers, of the Royal Navy; and besides the necessary stores and provisions, she carried abundance of goods for barter with the Maoris. The voyage was a prosperous one—of the sort which has become since then so commonplace—the time being passed in learning Maori, writing a manuscript newspaper, shark-hunting, bird-shooting, and such occupations. The *Tory* sighted New Zealand ninety-six days after leaving Plymouth, and after some exploration of the north shores of the Middle Island, entered Port Nicholson, on the south of North Island, on September 20, under the pilotage of Dicky Barret, a

noted Pakeha Maori of that time, who had led an eventful life in various parts of New Zealand. After some days' parleyings with the chiefs of the various tribes occupying the shores of Port Nicholson, Colonel Wakefield carried to a successful issue his negotiations for the purchase of land round Port Nicholson,

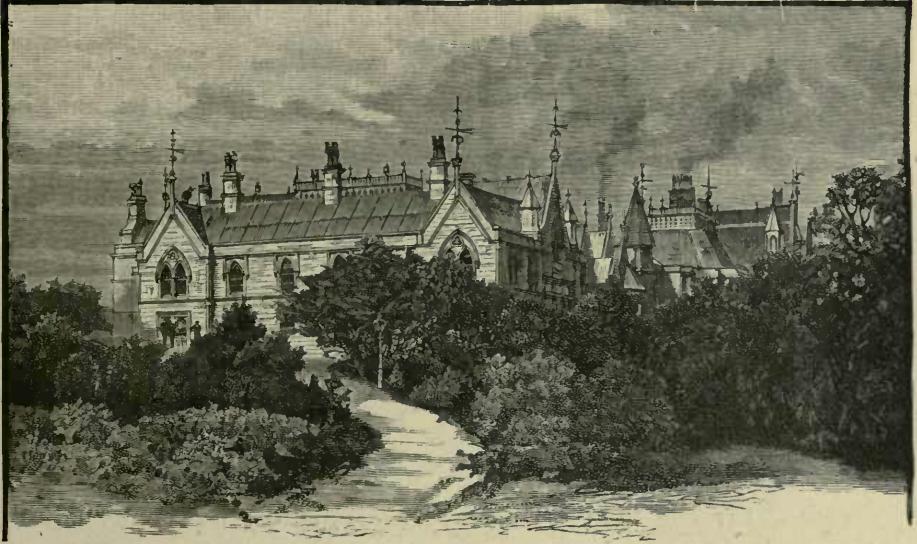


MCNAB'S GARDENS, THE HUTT (p. 43).

and along the valley of the Eritonga, or, as it was afterwards called, the Hutt River. On September 30, at the invitation of the natives, he landed at Petone, and took formal possession, running up the New Zealand flag on a flagstaff which had been previously erected by the Maoris for the purpose. Simultaneously the flag rose at the main of the *Tory*, to the impressive music of the guns, and so, with due attention to ceremony, the settlement became an accomplished fact.

The scene at Petone on the occasion of ceding possession of the land to Colonel Wakefield was thus described by his nephew,

Mr. Edward J. Wakefield, himself an eye-witness:—"We were joyfully received by the assemblage, which consisted of about 300 men, women, and children. Of these 200 were men, and had armed themselves with the 120 muskets they had received from us, spears, tomahawks, pointed sticks, stone and wooden clubs, &c.



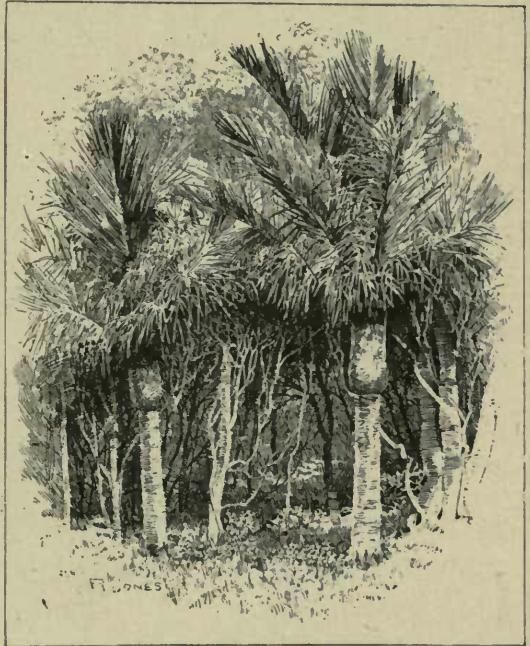
THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT (p. 41).

Even a dozen umbrellas which had formed part of the payment figured in the ranks as conspicuously as the Emperor of Morocco's son's parasol has figured in more recent battalions. Everyone was dressed in some of the new clothes; their heads were neatly arranged and ornamented with feathers of the albatross or huia; handsome mats hung in unison with the gay petticoats of the women and the new blankets of the warriors; the latter were bedizened with waistcoats and shirts, and belted with cartouche-boxes and shot-belts. It was high holiday with everybody, and a universal spirit of hilarity prevailed among the excited multitude.

. . . Warepori then took his station at the head of one of the parties into which the fighting-men were divided, 'Dog's-ear' having marshalled the others at a little distance. Warepori was dressed in a large hussar cloak belonging to my uncle, to which he had taken a fancy, and brandished a handsome green-stone 'mere.' His party having seated themselves in ranks, he suddenly rose from the ground, and leaped high into the air with a tremendous yell. He was instantly imitated by his party, who sprang out of their clothes as if by magic, and left them in bundles on the ground. They then joined in a measured guttural song recited by their chief, keeping exact time by leaping high at each louder intonation, brandishing their weapons with the right hand, and slapping the thigh with the left as they came heavily to the ground. The war-song warmed as it proceeded; though still in perfect unison, they yelled louder and louder, leaped higher and higher, brandished their weapons more fiercely, and dropped with the smack on the thigh more heavily as they proceeded, till the final spring was accompanied by a concluding whoop which seemed to penetrate one's marrow. After this preparatory stimulant, the two parties ran down to the beach and took up positions facing each other at about 200 yards distance. They then repeated the dance; and at its conclusion the two parties passed each other at full speed, firing their guns as they ran, and took up a fresh position nearer to each other."

The spot selected as the site of the town (at first called Britannia, but afterwards re-christened Wellington, at the request of the directors of the company) was the shore of a bay at the south-west corner of Port Nicholson, named Lambton Harbour, in honour of the Earl of Durham, governor of the company.

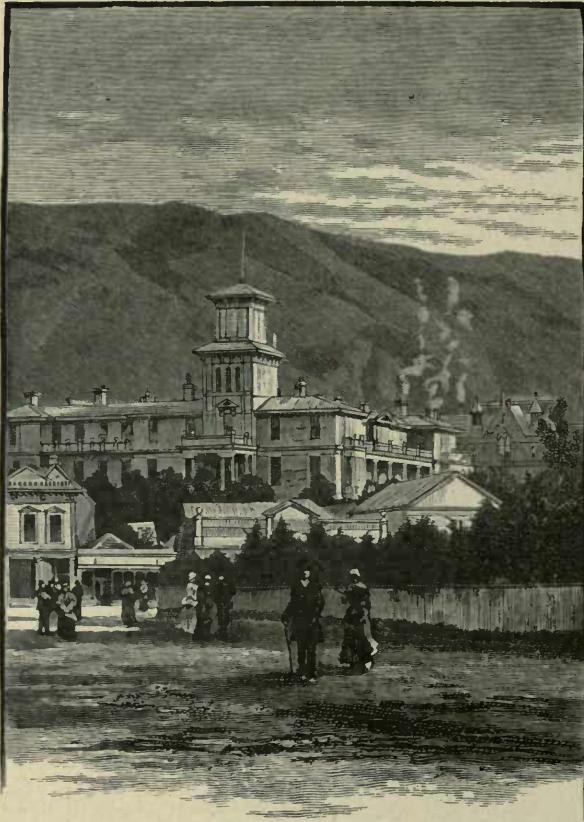
Other localities on the shores of Port Nicholson were named after other members of the company who had been enthusiastic in the cause of colonisation. The flat to the north of the city was named Thorndon, from Thorndon Hall, the residence of Lord Petre. The Eritonga was re-christened the Hutt, after Mr. William Hutt. The Island of Matui, since used as a quarantine station, was named Somes Island, after Mr. Joseph Somes, or Soames, the deputy-governor of the company, whilst the bluff that forms the eastern head of the port was named Pencarrow Head, after the residence of Sir William Molesworth.



NIKAU PALMS, THE HUTT.

Such was the origin of the now important city of Wellington, which has since become the capital of the colony. The settlement grew apace. The first emigrant ship—the *Aurora*—anchored in Port Nicholson on the 22nd January, 1840. Under the New Constitution Act the first elections took place, and Dr. Featherstone, the first Superintendent of the Province of Wellington, met the first Council and chose his Executive in October, 1853. As time progressed, Auckland was found to be an unsuitable spot for the capital, owing to the fact of its lying at one extremity

of the colony; and Wellington, the first founded of New Zealand cities, was chosen as the most central and convenient for the seat of Government. From its importance as the capital, as



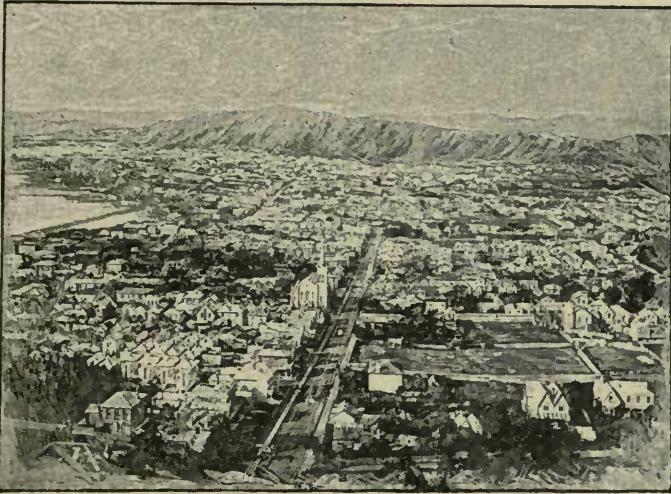
THE GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS.

from the magnificent character of its harbour, Wellington must continue to occupy the foremost place among the cities of the colony. The Bank of New Zealand and the National Bank of New Zealand both have their colonial headquarters at Wellington, and the chief representatives of the Australian banks have their offices there.

Lying on the outside edge of the volcanic region of the North Island, Wellington is liable to frequent though not very serious shocks of earthquake. This has led to a more abundant use of wood as material in the construction of public buildings than is to be found in other large towns, though of late years the more substantial materials—brick, stone, and concrete—have been superseding wood. Wellington boasts that in the matter of wooden buildings it beats the world;

and it must be admitted that the Government buildings, Houses of Parliament, and the Governor's residence are very fine structures.

At first sight, on approaching Wellington from the harbour, the most striking feature of the city is its scarcity of level ground. It seems as if walking in Wellington must be, perforce, either up hill or down. On entering the city you find, however,



TE ARO, A SUBURB OF WELLINGTON (p. 42).

(From a Photograph by Burton Brothers.)

that there is a rim of level space to the harbour, consisting mostly of reclaimed ground. When the first settlers came out to Wellington, the beach ran along the line of what is now the principal thoroughfare, which preserves the record of its former history in its name, Lambton Quay. Behind Lambton Quay the ascent commences, so that in the olden time whoever wished to leave the beach must climb. Now, however, this street is some considerable distance from the quay proper, the bay having been pushed back by steady reclamation, and many acres of land thus made available for public buildings and warehouses.

The ground configuration being such as has been described, the construction of streets and houses has had to adapt itself to the lie of the ground, so that Wellington looks like a series of terraces, as indeed it is; and the houses, often picturesquely built, and nestling in well-cultivated gardens, have all the advantages of prominent and airy position. On ascending the hill that backs the city, whence it is possible to command a most extensive view, you find that in one direction there is a large stretch of level ground. This is the Te Aro Flat—towards which the overflow of population is steadily setting. In Te Aro are some of the principal public buildings—the lunatic asylum, the hospital, the college, and the barracks of the armed constabulary. At its east end Wellington expands into Thorndon—this being the aristocratic part of the city, where the reticulations of Civil Servicedom weave themselves round Government House. Behind the Roman Catholic Cathedral is the Museum, in which the Maori House is a most complete specimen of native construction, and contains a unique collection of Maori carvings, stone implements, and textile fabrics. The house is forty-three feet by eighteen, and was built by the tribe most famous for their skill in carving—the Ngatikaipoho, who reside on the shores of the Bay of Plenty.

About a hundred acres of the hilly ground behind the city are laid out as botanical gardens. Here the beautiful native vegetation is carefully preserved, while the more open glades and lawns are planted with handsome specimen trees, natives of many lands. Particularly charming is the natural gully, in the shade of which the many beautiful New Zealand ferns flourish as vigorously as in the virgin forest.

The chief suburban resort where the citizens of Wellington

make holiday is the Hutt, a small township on the alluvial ground at the mouth of the Hutt River, embedded in luxuriant gardens and plantations. The road from Wellington to the Hutt lies along the edge of the harbour, and makes a delightful drive. The leading attraction in the village is McNab's Gardens, which are pleasantly laid out in lawns and flower-beds. On entering the gate, an avenue, some seventy yards long, bordered with handsome tree-ferns, leads up to the house, a quaint gabled building, smothered in Cloth-of-Gold roses. In the front of the house is a smooth-cropped lawn, dotted over with some of the finest specimen conifers in the colony. A labyrinth of walks conducts one through the flower-garden; and nothing could better illustrate the accommodating geniality of the New Zealand climate than the magnificent collection of plants that the proprietor has gathered round him from every latitude and longitude.

The two chief exits from Wellington are both extremely picturesque. That by the Hutt Valley passes over the Rimutaka range through scenery of great loveliness and grandeur. Great forest trees, a rich undergrowth of ferns, and clear pebbly water-courses making their way amongst moss-covered boulders—such is the character of the route by which the railway crosses the Rimutaka range on its lonely way to the Wairarapa Plain. The highest point reached by the railway lies about 2,389 feet above sea-level. Just beyond this summit is "Siberia"—a spot where, even in summer, "all the battles of the winds concur." Since 1880, when a very serious accident occurred at this part of the line, the carriages being blown off the rails and several passengers killed, special precautions have been taken. In ascending or descending the steep incline two locomotives are used,

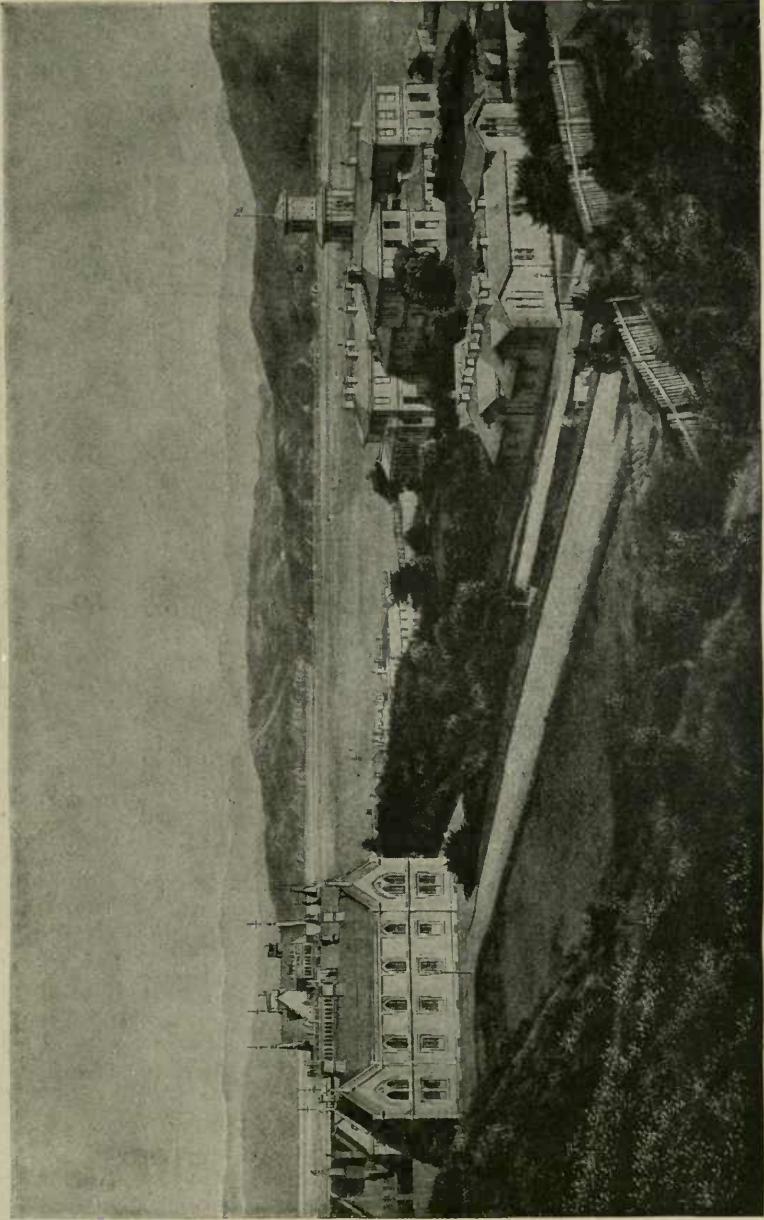
one before and one behind the train, and a breakwind has been erected at the dangerous point; besides which, there is a third rail in the middle, rising eighteen inches above the ground, and the wheels of the engine are so arranged that they press on the sides of the centre rail and act as a break. After descending



ANOTHER VIEW OF WELLINGTON.

the further side of this remarkable line, on which the character of the scenery is no less grand than on the Hutt side, you come suddenly out on the Wairarapa Plain, not far from the Wairarapa Lake. The Valley, a broad plain lying between two ranges of hills, presents few features of interest to the lover of the picturesque, beyond the prosperous farms and townships, which abound here as in most fertile plains. This route, if continued past Masterton, would lead on to the Manawatu River at the gorge, and thence through the Seventy-Mile Bush to Napier.

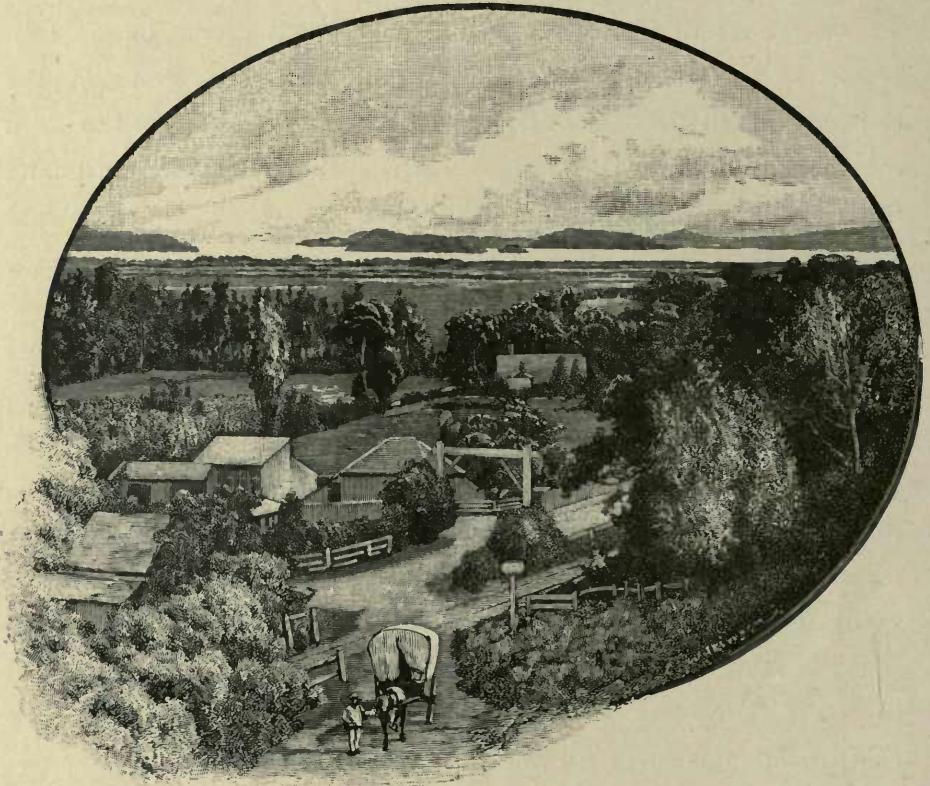
The configuration of the North Island in its southern half



GENERAL VIEW OF THE PARLIAMENT AND GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS (p. 41).

is determined by a range of mountains which looks on the map like a continuation of the axis of the Middle Island, which indeed it probably is. Beginning at Cape Palliser, it runs north-east as far as the south boundary of Auckland Province. The range is divided into two nearly equal parts by a cleft. North of the cleft it is called the Ruahine, and south of the cleft, down to Cape Palliser, the Tararua. Through the deep chasm that divides the ranges runs the River Manawatu, and the chasm itself is known as the Manawatu Gorge. How that cleft came to be formed, let geologists say: by some terrific convulsion, no doubt, but so long ago that Nature has had time to dress the rent with all sorts of beautiful growths. Anyone who has seen the Otira Gorge will be almost spoiled for seeing the Manawatu, which makes a humble second to its southern rival, but is well worth seeing nevertheless. As you approach from the Hawk Bay end, "a gently sloping and winding avenue leads down to the entrance of the gorge, where the river is spanned by a fine bridge, over which the road crosses to the southern side, and thence along a narrow shelf, which is cut out in the face of the mountain, and which follows with many a sharp bend and curve all the sinuosities of the river. Fifty feet below rolls the 'drumlie' stream, on the further side of which the buttresses of the hills slope sharply back, covered from the water's edge to their summits with a dense and varied vegetation—tree-ferns, nikau-palms, creepers, pines—whatever in New Zealand forest life is rich and beautiful; whilst overhead, from the narrow shelf of road, the hills ascend for many hundred feet with an ascent so steep that it strains the eyes to follow them to the top. Every here and there the sides of the gorge are seamed with deep ravines, darkened to perpetual twilight by the

overspreading green of shrubs and ferns that luxuriate in their dank recesses, down which the cool pellucid runnels tumble from the hills to mix with the yellow water of the river. Owing to



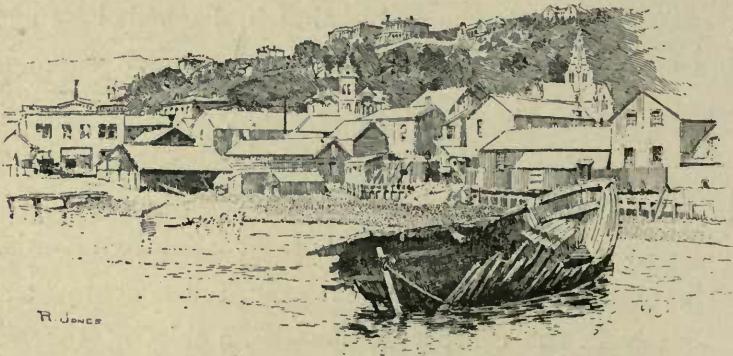
THE HUTT VALLEY (p. 43).

the winding of the gorge, its full magnificence is not at once revealed; and there is something delightful in the feeling of expectation with which one looks for fresh revelation at each successive turn of the road. After passing several pretty cascades, that tumble down the hillside and rush through culverts underneath the road to the river, the gorge gradually widens, and presently the coach is out in the open.”

The other exit from Wellington is through the Ngahauranga Gorge, along the west coast by Porirua and Otaki to Foxton, and thence either to Wanganui, or through Manawatu Gorge to Napier. The Manawatu railway now carries one over this journey in a few hours; but until a few years ago the only means of locomotion was coach or horseback. And a lovely coach-drive or ride it is. The accommodation along the road is homely enough, but, though plain, it is cleanly, and occurs at convenient distances. Road it can hardly be called, at least after leaving Paikakariki, the accommodation house opposite the island of Kapiti; for the way lies along the beach, which is here as firm as a macadamised road. The view from the hill above Paikakariki is one of the most delightful sea-views to be had in this land of views. You stand on a cliff from which a zigzag carriage-road leads down to the sea, which lies 1,000 feet below you. Opposite are the oblong island of Kapiti and the table-like island of Mana. To the north the sandy beach, flanked by undulating sand-dunes, stretches away in an immense double curve towards Wanganui; and to the south the eye may cross Cook's Strait to where the water washes the indented shores of the Middle Island. The whole country between Wellington and Wanganui is interesting as the scene of the most skilfully-organised and most vigorously-executed invasion ever schemed by a savage brain. Early in the century Rauparaha, a chief of the Ngatitoea, a tribe residing on the shores of Kawhia Harbour, in the west of Auckland Province, found that his people were too closely pressed by the Waikatos and other powerful neighbours, and conceived the idea of leading his tribe south to the shores of Cook's Strait, and forcibly occupying the whole western seaboard of what has since been called Wellington Province. He accordingly

set out from Kawhia with his whole tribe—men, women, and children—made war upon and defeated the various hostile tribes which he encountered, and ultimately subdued the country, establishing himself and his tribe in the island of Kapiti and the neighbouring shores. Rauparaha's was a dreaded name in its time, and even now his prowess and cruelty are remembered and spoken of in the region of his conquests. He afterwards became a most devout Christian, and patronised the missionaries, who established a mission at Otaki, where, as you enter the village, you may see two curious monuments, the one a mysterious Maori obelisk, the other a marble bust of the great warrior.

A. WILSON.



TE ARO FORESHORE, BEFORE RECLAMATION.

WELLINGTON TO NAPIER BY COACH.

Two Famous Coach-Drives—The Wairarapa Plains—The “Seventy Miles Bush” and its Beauties—The Manawatu Gorge—Desecration.

THERE are two great coach-drives in New Zealand—one in South Island between Springfield on the Canterbury Plains and the gold-field towns, Hokitika and Greymouth of Westland, the other in North Island between Wellington, the present seat of the Colonial Government, and the old capital, Auckland. It is this latter drive of which we are about to speak. The journey commences—we start from the southern end—with a few hours’ railway ride between Wellington and Mungamahoe. This is, of course, not part of the coach-drive, but it is rather a remarkable piece of road, and deserves a short passing notice. At first the train skirts along the sea-shore, so very close to the water that the waves break against the stone basement of the road: after a while it rises, following by a circuitous, ascending track, the windings of the hillside, and overlooking a rich stretch of mellow, well-watered, lush pasture-land, reaching out to where the distant wooded hills make an encircling shelter against the fury of the prevailing winds. It must always be a pleasure to anyone travelling northwards from Wellington, when he first notices the timber upon the hills, for nothing can be more depressingly gloomy in the way of scenery than unsightly heaps of scorched clay—which seems the most appropriate description of the hills immediately surrounding the capital. Once beyond this outer range the scenery changes; at first some of the distant slopes are seen to be seamed with dark lines of foliage, further on the forest deepens, and the hills are

clothed from shoulder to foot with a garment of Nature's weaving, as it were, which through the pale mist showed like a cloak of



IN THE "SEVENTY MILES BUSH."

green and purple velvet. On the summit of Rimutaka the railway is at a height of 2,390 feet; but the most interesting point, perhaps, in respect of engineering at least, is its sudden descent from Kaitoka to Cross Creek on the plain: this place is

popularly called Siberia, on account of the fury of its frequent north-west winds, which did on one occasion, some years ago, actually blow the train off the lines, killing several passengers. At Cross Creek we enter the rich farm country of the Wairarapa Plains, and a little way beyond, the lake of that name is visible, the country all round for many miles only less level than the lake itself. The train does not accomplish this journey at express speed, and we moved away from the superb mountain gorges out on to the open plain just as the sun was drawing near its setting, and the exquisite landscapes wore an aspect of solemn grandeur. It would have been possible to leave Wellington earlier and go right on by the coach on the same day. We preferred staying the night at Masterton, and taking up the coach the next day for the "seventy miles bush" at Mungamahoe, a few miles further on.

Leaving Mungamahoe, the coach almost at once plunges into the densest bush, the "seventy miles bush," as it is called, the coach track having had to be cut through it for seventy miles, though I was assured that the forest extended unbroken for a hundred miles; and through this vast wilderness of leaf and timber only two roads had been made, namely, this road from Mungamahoe, and another which comes across from Palmerston on the west coast, through the Manawatu gorge, and joins the "seventy-mile" road at Woodville. Here the railway now meets the coach road, so that the drive has been considerably shortened from what it once was, though what remains is very enjoyable indeed. Almost for forty miles without a break the green forest walls of living trellis-work rise up on either hand, and yet this never becomes tedious—the sweet freshness of the leafage, the exquisite grace of bough and frond, and the long festoons of the

creepers, the feeling of immensity which so vast a track of pathless solitude suggests, the beauty and the strangeness of it, prevent the hours from growing monotonous. It is quite a typical New Zealand "bush," and it is, certainly, very much more beautiful than the wide gum forests of Australia. With the exception of the Kauri and the Nekau Palm, nearly every tree which belongs to the colony grows in the "seventy miles bush" of Wellington. The "Rimu," or red pine, is perhaps the commonest, and is very valuable for its timber; white pine, "kahikatea," is a very beautiful tree, and droops its dark feathery foliage in a way which recalls the graceful branches of the English elm tree. But the foliage of many of the large trees is quite destroyed by the crimson flowering rata, the king of parasites, which having raised itself into the upper air by the aid of some unhappy pine, insinuates its fatal coils about its patron until it has absorbed trunk and branch into itself, and so has gathered sufficient strength to stand unaided like the chief of forest trees, flaunting in crimson splendour.

The dense undergrowth of fern and tangle is one of the features which make the New Zealand forests so beautiful—the fuchsias, briar, convolvulus, and honeysuckle, which gather in bushy clusters just as do their cousins in the old country. I call these plants by the names of their English equivalents, because I rather suspect a list of strange words from the colonial vernacular botany would not convey a very real impression to readers of these chapters in England. Koninny, raupo, toi-toi, supple-jack, thousand-jacket, and the like, are names of things known well enough to the inhabitants of Napier and Taranaki, but to the average stay-at-home Englishman they are nouns which only vexatiously illustrate the difference between

names and things. Still, it is as well to mention these, as well as the palm and fern trees and the exquisite toi-toi grass, with its white plume upon the tall slender stem, like the grass of the American pampas; they bring to mind how entirely unlike it all is to anything we can see in the Old World. Wild, however, as the country is, at some points Solitude has been dispossessed of her ancient reign by the settlement of homesteads in small townships. At Ekatahunga a substantial hot meal, including (as an alternative to the inevitable tea) bottles of Bass's ale! And again, some hours later, another short stay is Pahiatua. Soon after leaving Pahiatua the road crosses the river Kakákahi once or twice, the open views up and down its stony shallow reaches making a pleasant change of scenery. Lastly, a short while before reaching the final stage of the drive at Woodville we pass over one of the higher reaches of the Manawatu, a splendid river which lower down has formed for itself a deep ravine between green-canopied cliffs, making one of the finest river gorges in the world.

The next morning I found that there would be abundance of time to drive to the further end of the Manawatu Gorge, and walk back to Woodville before the train for Napier left. And I was abundantly repaid for using my opportunity of visiting this fair corner of the world, which Nature has kept for countless ages as her own secret. The road through the gorge is cut along the steep river cliff; the river flows, deep, slow, and transparently clear below—so clear is the blue water that the rocky bed is visible even where it is deepest. The finest view is just before the road enters the gorge itself; at this point the stream makes a sudden swerve round to the north, and a steep rock rises up from the hollow of the bend to the

level of the road. From this vantage ground the view is open up and down the stream. Beyond the upper reach we look across a long stretch of level country, dark with foliage, but not monotonous, for between the bank of the river and the forests the floods have stripped away all taller kinds of growth, and left a rough, dishevelled tract of swamp, where the grass plumes and the bright feathery discs of fern make a pleasant show among the brown and purple of the manuka scrub. Beyond the forest the eastern ranges close in the view, receding in ever fairer, fainter hue, to where, in the furthest distance, the last soft wavy curve is drawn against the pale sky.

Within the gorge itself one could not but feel vexed at the desecration which was being done by the coarse, mechanical hand of modern steam civilisation. A railway was being constructed along the opposite cliff at just the same height above the river as the coach road, and the exquisite tapestry-work of delicate foilage with which the slopes had been covered hitherto was being stripped away, leaving the bare unsightly soil. It is as if a man should take a palette-knife, and while the colour was still moist, mischievously blur the centre of some great master's landscape. Indeed, the presence of "civilised" man in these new countries has not yet, for the most part, added at all to the beauty of the scenery. Men have come in, burning, stripping, desolating,

"Huzzing and maazing the fields with the devil's oän teäm ;

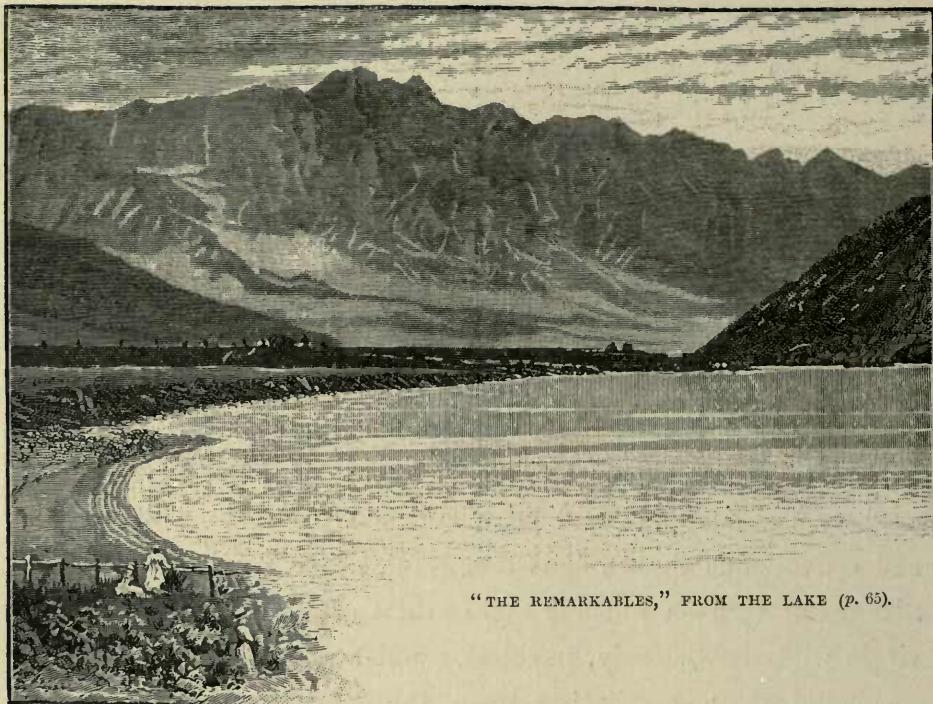
they have erected trumpery temporary structures for temporary purposes, and the result is ugly disfigurement of Nature everywhere. This will not always be so ; in time the presence of man upon the soil will add a charm and make the country far



THE MANAWATU GORGE.

more beautiful than it could ever be without them. But this will not be till in the cities flimsy structures of wooden planks and galvanised iron are replaced by solid work in brick and stone ; while in the "bush" the farm life must develop itself upon a better economic basis, and settled homesteads must gather bright meadows and corn-lands about them. Moreover, it must not be thought that the railway has or can utterly obliterate the handiwork of Nature in the Manawatu Gorge. The steep summits of the cliffs still wear their bushy crowns, and lead on the imagination to the vast solitudes of forest wilderness which lie beyond these ragged outskirts ; for scores of miles beyond this feathery fringe of fern and palm and swaying festoon of orchids and convolvulus there reigns a solitude never yet broken by the advance of men—a solitude more still than very silence ; a vast virgin wilderness, lonely, trackless, silent-hearted. And yet, while we stand there meditating upon the new suggestions arising from the place, and listening, perhaps, to the scream of the ka-ka, or the mellow notes of the native piping-crow, about our feet on the road-side are clusters of yellow hawkweed, and purple self-heal, and great rough thistle burrs from the far north-west, and all along the way the air is heavy with the scent of the sweetbriar, perhaps all the sweeter to me from a subtle sense of exile shared with this Surrey-loving thorn.

W. WAITE.



“THE REMARKABLES,” FROM THE LAKE (p. 65).

LAKE WAKATIPU.

Bluff—By Rail—The Waimea Plains—Kingston—On the Lake—A Legend—Queenstown—Ben Lomond—The “Remarkables”—Frankton—The Kawarau—Terraces—The Shotover—The Head of the Lake—Mount Earnslaw—The Greenstone—Kinloch and Glenorchy—Eternal Snow.

SOUTH New Zealand is approached by steamer from Australia at a little harbour that is called Bluff, which is to Invercargill what Port Chalmers is to Dunedin and Lyttelton to Christchurch. Invercargill boasts itself to be the nearest town to the South Pole, and is a comfortable and clean town. The streets are, like those of many Australasian cities, exceedingly broad. The second half of the name is the proper name of a leading settler, Captain Cargill, first provincial superintendent of Southland (as this part

of the colony is called), and the first half certainly suggests Scotland; and it may be said of all this part of New Zealand, of Invercargill as well as Dunedin, Southland as well as Otago, that it is *Scotis Scotior*.

From Invercargill to Lakeland the train runs nearly due north.



QUEENSTOWN (p. 63).

About half-way along the line there is a junction with what is known as the Waimea Plains line. The point of junction is called indifferently Lumsden or Elbow. The traveller who is going to Manapouri—an excursion which means saddle-horses and camping out, but also splendid scenery—leaves the train at Elbow. Te Anau also lies to the left of the line, but is very difficult of access, and, like all inaccessible things, it has a great reputation for

enchancing beauty. As the train proceeds to Kingston, at the foot of Lake Wakatipu, it passes through a run known as the Five Rivers, and crosses over some of these rivers. Though we are drawing very near to the lake, none of the five that form this southern Punjaub flow into the basin; all are running away from it. The line has been passing up a broad valley, which it is generally believed was the original outlet of the lake; but some great convulsion of nature has blocked this outlet, and the overflow of the Wakatipu water is now much further to the north. Only at a short distance from Kingston does the train begin to descend.

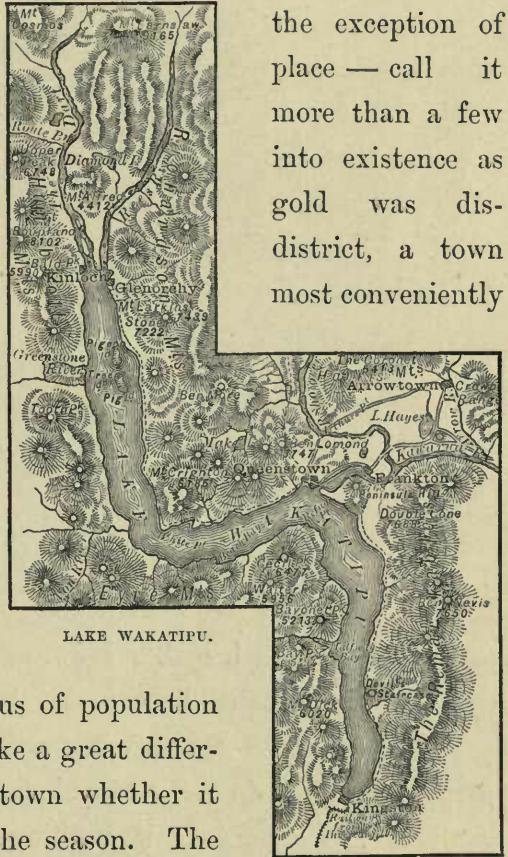
Kingston is a small place, and dull withal. Someone has said of it that, like Mark Tapley's Eden, it would be the better if built. On arriving, no one stops at Kingston; on returning, most are compelled by the time-tables so to do.

Passengers for Queenstown take a steamer, on board which, it may be mentioned, careful attention is paid to the commissariat, and the lake trout (a very large and sightly fish) will be prominent on the table. On a fine summer evening, when the moon is shining, the trip of two or three hours from Kingston to Queenstown is most enjoyable. Along the eastern side of the lake, on the side of the Remarkables, there is a track now hardly ever used, except for cattle meant for the Queenstown butchers. At one point it passes up a very steep climb, known as the Devil's Staircase. From the path the descent is almost sheer, yet sometimes, it is said, the cattle are seized by panic, and have rushed headlong down into the lake.

A Maori legend is sometimes told with respect to the origin of Lake Wakatipu—that in the days of old a giant was burnt, and that the bed of the lake was formed by the fire. He must have been a wonderfully large giant, for the lake is fifty-six

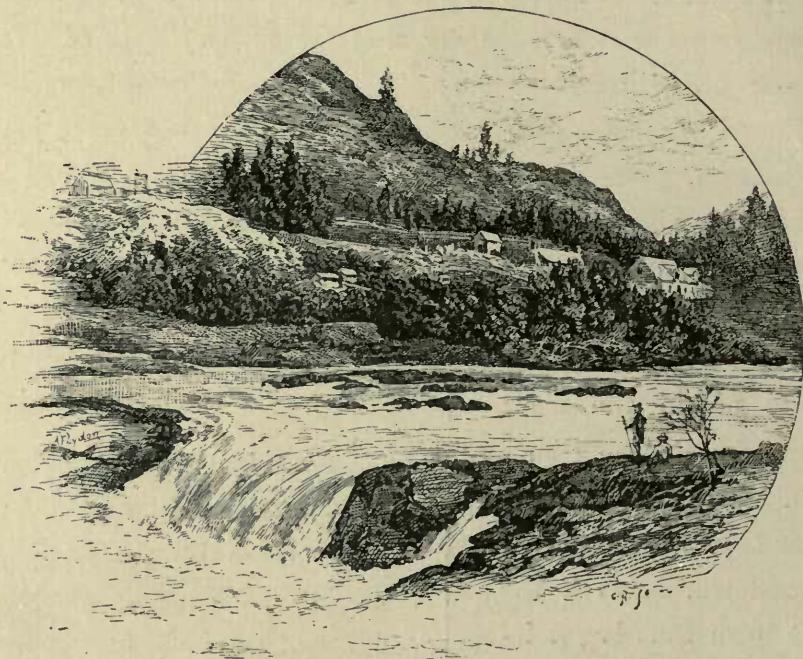
miles long. The total area of the lake has been calculated at 117 square miles. This gives an average breadth of a little more than two miles. Nowhere is the breadth greater than four miles. It may be as well here to say that the final syllable of Wakatipu—a Maori name—is never sounded.

Round the lake, with Queenstown, there is no township or village—with houses. Queenstown came a mining township. As covered all round in the place sprang up in the place central for obtaining supplies. Nothing could be better than the position of Queenstown. But if the little town thus began its life, its future is far more likely to be connected with tourists in search of the picturesque. If a census of population had to be taken, it would make a great difference in the record of Queenstown whether it fell in the season or out of the season. The time to reach the conclusion that Queenstown is a populous place is on the arrival of the boat from Kingston. Perhaps it is as late as eleven o'clock on a summer night; but everyone seems to be about, on the little pier or near it, so that the new arrival has to shoulder his way through a crowd that is very inquisitive. No one seems to come to



the exception of place — call it more than a few into existence as gold was discovered, a town most conveniently

Queenstown by any other route, and the steamer is the link with the outer world. It brings the newspapers and the letters,



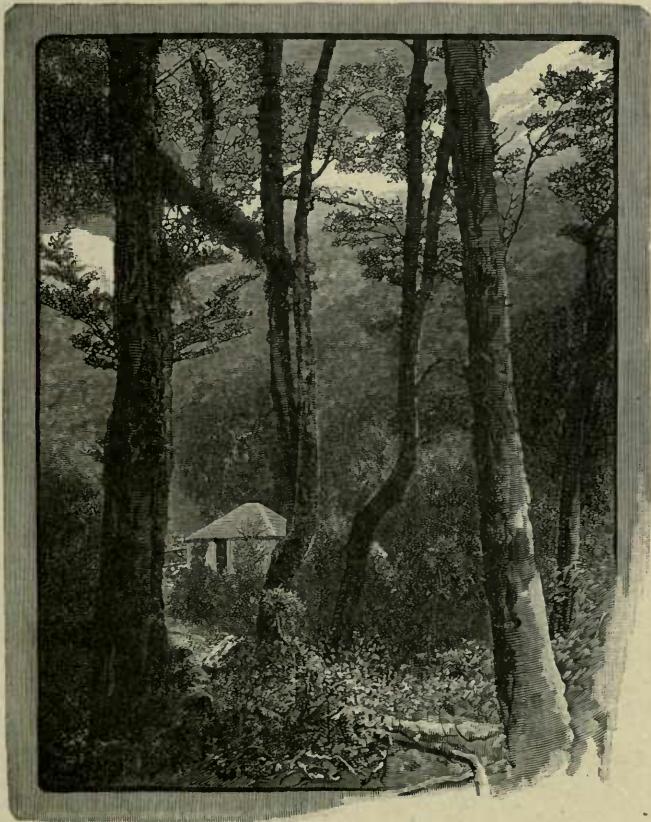
AT FRANKTON.

perhaps the English mail. How, until it has been safely moored, could the inhabitants be expected to go to bed?

The visitor to Queenstown will be told at once that the proper thing to do is to ascend Ben Lomond. To experienced climbers the mountain is nothing—some 4,500 feet above the hotel. If the weather be clear, the view is superb. Though nearest to the Queenstown hotels, Ben Lomond is not monarch of the Wakatipu Mountains. Round the lake there are twenty loftier peaks.

The hills upon the traveller's right as he comes from Kingston, and the most prominent from Queenstown, are the

Remarkables, certainly a very interesting range of mountains. Their official name, Hector, is but seldom used. There is very little vegetation on them; their tops are bare and bleak, and the lower slopes on the side of the lake or river are little better. The line of hilltops is serrated, and has been compared by travellers to the Sierra Nevada, which are visible from the deck of a steamer as it passes the south of Spain. The saw, it must



SCENE NEAR THE LAKE.

be confessed, slopes away quickly, is very irregular, and has its teeth broken and jagged. The highest peak is called Double

Cone; and to the south is a peak called Ben Nevis, higher above sea-level than the Scotch Ben Nevis, as Ben Lomond is higher than the Scotch Ben Lomond. Tourists at Queenstown have ere now misjudged the height of Double Cone, which stands some 6,500 feet above the level of the lake. The peaks are not indeed inaccessible from every side, but they are from the side of the lake. No! The Remarkables must be gazed upon, not attacked. At first they are not friendly; but they have beautiful sights in store for eyes that love changes of colour, as wrought by falling snow or passing cloud. When the clouds are dark, the hills look almost black and very grim. Even in the midsummer month their tops are often covered, or at least sprinkled, with snow, for rain in the valley means snow on the heights. Frequently thin, fleecy clouds hang over them. Sometimes they are completely shrouded. Generally the mountain sides present a rich Vandyke brown. The present writer was privileged to see them at their best one summer evening towards the end of January, as he was walking after sunset along the road by the Frankton arm. The sun had set to those by the lake, when suddenly from behind the western hills its rays shot forth, lighting up the tops of the Remarkables with the most beautiful colours. The iron peaks were glorified by a red sunset glow. To the right of the topmost peak lay a patch of snow, pink with the tinge of the dying sunlight, and offering a brilliant contrast to another patch not far off that the sun did not touch.

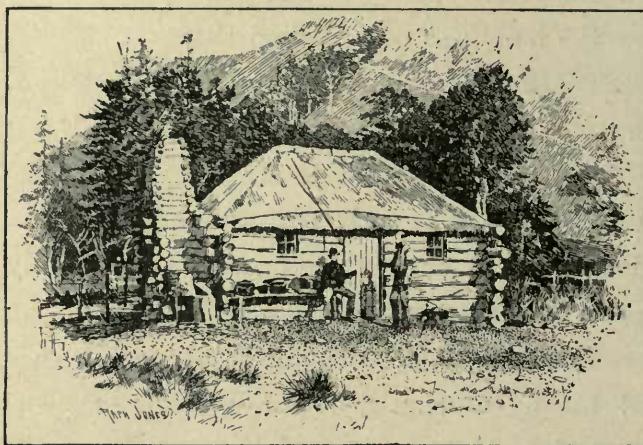
Beneath the shadow of the Remarkables is the present outlet of the lake, the Frankton arm, that runs east from Queenstown. At the south-eastern corner of this "arm," the lake, as the phrase goes, "empties itself" into the Kawarau. It is more

true to describe it as an overflow, for the lake does not empty. The spot, which is well worth a visit, is known as the Kawarau Falls; but there is not much of a fall. "Rapids" would be a more suitable name. When the river is at all full a boat could shoot the rapids, but it would be better perhaps that nervous people should not be seated in the boat. Just below there stands a mill, which makes use of the water-power; and upon the opposite side are the buildings of a station that has suffered much from rabbit depredation, known as Kawarau Falls station. The visitor can take up his position by the side of the mill, and observe the rush of the water as it swirls past. If he knew the lake previously, and has seen the two rivers at the head pour in, as well as smaller rivers, such as the Greenstone, he will certainly come to the conclusion that more water comes into the lake than issues from it. There are those who maintain that the difference cannot be accounted for by evaporation, and believe in some channel beneath the surface that carries off the surplus. This, however, is, and must remain, mere conjecture. The lake is very deep, and the usual tradition is that it cannot be fathomed. This is hardly the case, though it may be true that in parts there are depths not yet sounded. The average depth is 1,300 feet. As the surface is about a thousand feet above the level of the sea, this makes the bottom of the lake reach below the sea-level. Much of the water of the lake is glacier water, and in consequence it is very cold.

Terraces are one of the most common features of New Zealand scenery, and they are usually attributed to the action of water. A line of terrace is clearly visible round the lake a good many feet above its present level. This is believed to be the former level, in the days when the outlet was at Kingston. If,

however, a terrace always marks a former water-level, there must have been a time when the lake was smaller than now, as well as when it was larger, for a line of terrace below the present level is clearly discernible—the terrace which once cost a poor horse and his owner their lives. For a few feet from the shore the water is shallow, then it suddenly deepens. The Terrace formation

is, however, by no means peculiar to the lake. A little below the outlet which forms the river Kawarau, that river is joined by the Shotover, and in the lower valley of the Shotover

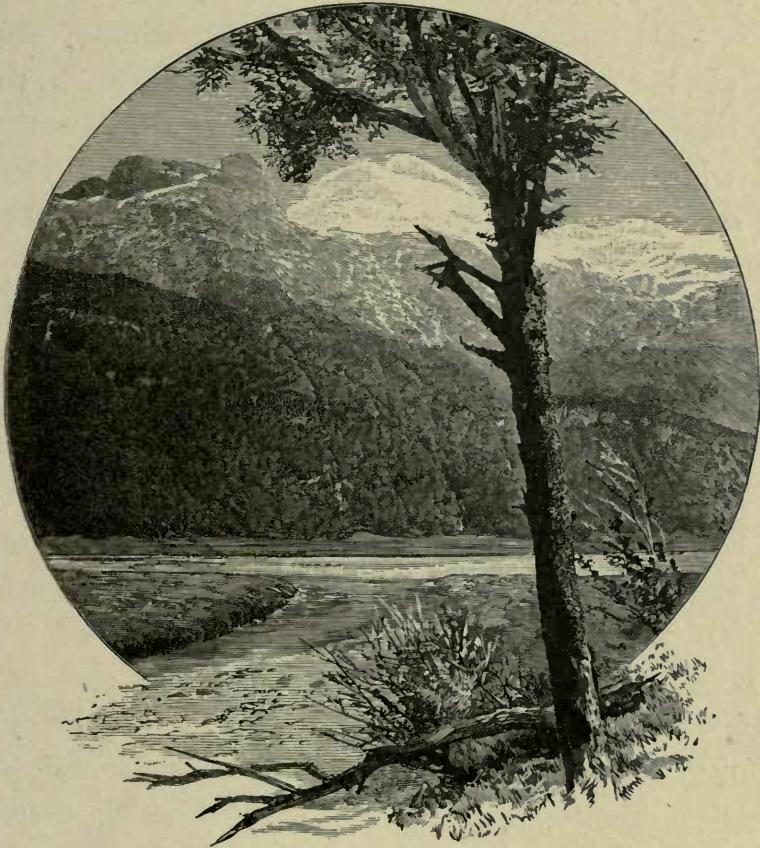


LOG HUT NEAR THE LAKE.

is a most remarkable terrace, as regular as if it were an escarped fortification made by the hands of a corps of engineers. This is, perhaps, the most marked instance, but a visitor who keeps his eyes open will see terraces all round him.

The Shotover—to return to that dashing stream—evidently received its name from some Oxford man remembering the green slopes of the beautiful hill that lies to the south-east of Oxford, dear to all Oxonians who took walking exercise. The Chinamen of the neighbourhood are gold-diggers, content with patiently washing what European miners have left. They are also market-gardeners—growers of vegetables. Hard by the Shotover valley some are trying to raise tobacco. A good deal of gold has been

extracted from the bed of the Shotover, and of the Arrow, another affluent of the Kawarau; but the days of alluvial gold-fields are pretty well over. The gold extracting of the neighbourhood has of late years been chiefly quartz reefing.



MOUNT EARNSLAW (p. 70).

The most beautiful part of Lake Wakatipu is the Head of the Lake, which the steamer company offer easy facilities to visit. In making the trip up the lake, the best part of the scenery opens out to view as the steamer passes the little group of islands—Pigeon, Pig, and One Tree. There is opened to the eye a

panorama of snow-clad peaks, and this is considered the most beautiful view in all the lake district. The greatest of all the mountains is Earnslaw, over 9,000 feet high, and as yet a virgin-peak. Mr. Green and his Swiss guides attempted its ascent in the year 1883; but he was hard pressed for time, and the day that he could spare was unfortunate, so that Earnslaw repulsed those who had defeated the sky-piercing Cook. Since Mr. Green's visit, others have reached some thousand feet higher, but the summit has never been trodden by the foot of man. There are many achievements in these Southern Alps calling for the adventurous; many reputations are to be made by those who understand the craft of climbing, and entertain a real love for it. Climbing upon glacier mountains, it need hardly be said, is not within everybody's compass, and should not be attempted by those who have not served an apprenticeship to it. It is only in Switzerland and the countries adjacent that men can truly learn the craft. This is the reason why we must look to European experience for those who are to scale New Zealand peaks. Many members of the English Alpine Club have plenty of money and plenty of time, and it is to be hoped that before very long the club, or some of its members, will fit out a thoroughly equipped exploring expedition, bring experienced guides and proper appliances, and thoroughly investigate the higher New Zealand geography. There are passes to be discovered between the lake country and the Sounds on the west coast. If Alpine climbers come, it is certain that they will receive a hearty welcome in New Zealand; but they must give themselves more time than Mr. Green allowed himself.

Nearly opposite the little islands is the mouth of the Greenstone River, called after the beautiful stone by which the Maoris

set store, and of which they patiently carved images of heroic and deified ancestors. It is said to be the hardest of stones after the diamond, and a visitor to New Zealand should secure a piece as a keepsake. Probably the stone used to be found in this river valley.

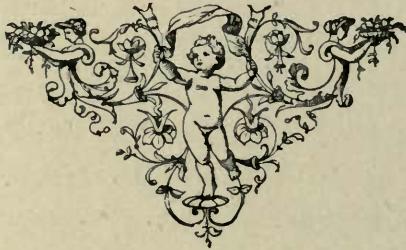
Two rivers, both glacier-fed, enter the lake at its head, the Rere and the Dart. On either side of the lake there is a small settlement, and there is a considerable feud between the two places. Kinloch is the prettier place—just the spot for a honeymoon; but the hill rises so precipitously behind it that fewer excursions can be made. Glenorchy is the more convenient, and hence start those who are bold enough to attempt Mount Earnslaw. There is also a good drive to Diamond Lake and Paradise Flat, beyond. Up the Dart Valley goes the Martin's Bay track—the subject of our frontispiece—leading from the lake to the West Coast.

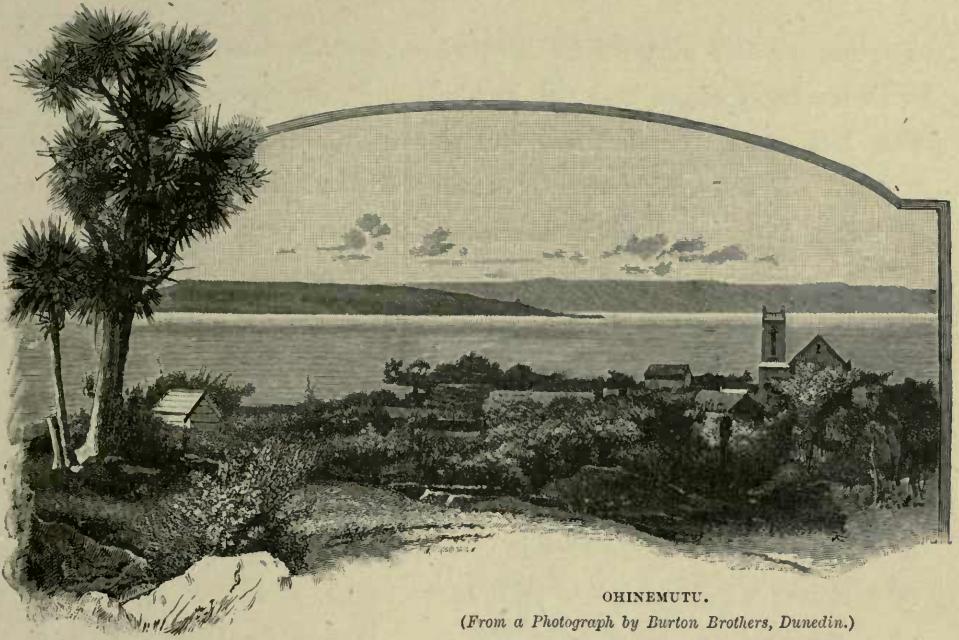
No doubt appreciative visitors part from Lake Wakatipu with the feeling that Mr. Green is right in describing it as “amazingly beautiful.” Mr. Trollope said that he could not imagine finer lake scenery than Wakatipu, though he could easily imagine prettier. What the country round Wakatipu lacks is softness—something that speaks of the presence of man. A few cornfields on those bare hills, some signs of cultivation on those treeless slopes, would relieve the colour and improve the general aspect.

These southern lakes are separated only by a few miles of mountains from the West Coast Sounds, to which they bear a singular resemblance, and at the same time offer a striking contrast. The traveller who has crossed the Southern Alps by the Otira Gorge will remember a similar phenomenon. The lakes, like the Sounds, are long and narrow; their sides are steep and precipitous.

In the background are the snow-peaks. In these points the two are like: as at the Otira, the difference lies in the vegetation.

Before you return to the common world, look back once more northward to the Head of the Lake as the steamer takes you from the sight of it. If the right of the panorama be bare, the hill above Kinloch is clothed with the native birches. The feeding rivers seem to issue from a mysterious distance. Between them Mount Alfred stands distinct in the foreground. Behind, amidst others, are the mighty mountains Cosmos and Earnslaw. Perhaps the snow summit stands forth in clear blue sky; perhaps a fleecy cloud hangs over it; perhaps—and then it is “amazingly beautiful”—the peak has a framing of white cloud outside the sky, setting forth the summit like a picture with a background of blue.





OHINEMUTU.

(From a Photograph by Burton Brothers, Dunedin.)

A VANISHED WONDERLAND.

The Hot Lakes—A Terrible Catastrophe—Oxford and Cambridge—Rotorua—The Boiling Springs—Ohinemutu—Whakarewarewa—Wairoa—Lake Tarawera—Lake Rotomahana—The Wonderland—The White Terrace—The Steam Demon—The Pink Terrace—Vanished!—A New Wonderland.



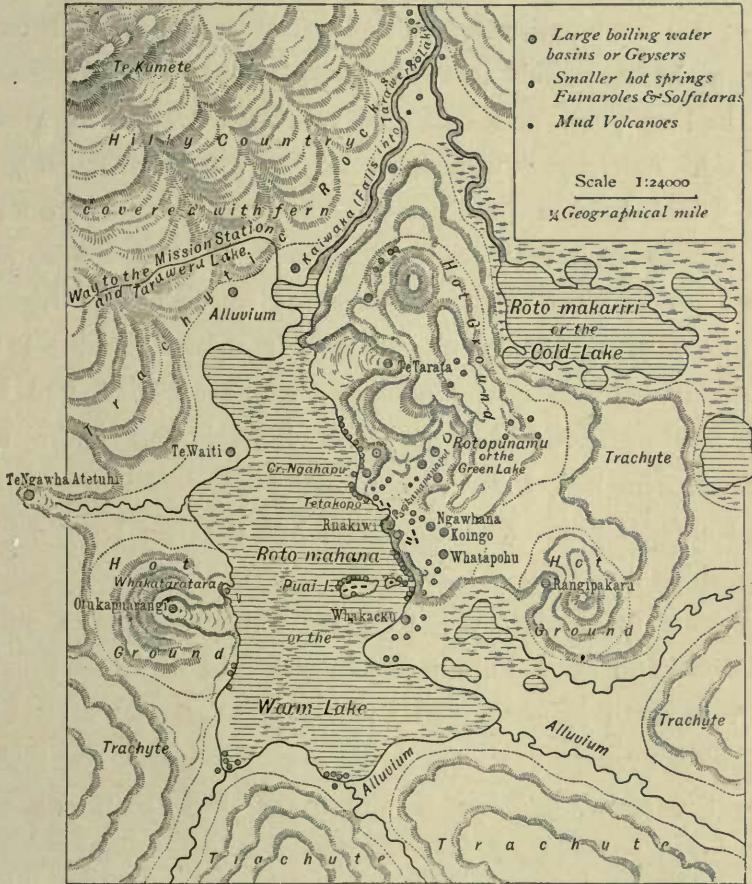
THE Hot Lake district of New Zealand lies in the Auckland province, about one hundred and fifty miles south-east of the city of that name, and forty-five miles south from the port of Tauranga, on the Bay of Plenty. Setting aside the giant lake of Taupo, which should be treated alone, the thermal region includes Lakes Rotorua, Roto-iti, Roto-ehu, Roto-ma, Tarawera, and numerous other *rotos* of smaller extent. All these have their charms of position or of shape, if not their volcanic wonders, but the large lake of Rotorua and the little lake of Rotomahana are the chief centres of interest. There are two inducements to visit the region, cure-seeking and sight-seeing.

For the former purpose the township of Ohinemutu, on Rotorua, with its hot-springs and sulphur-baths, is the special resort; for the latter all the interest culminates upon the terraces and geysers of Rotomahana. Or rather *did* culminate; for though Rotorua and its medicinal springs remain very much as they were, Rotomahana, with its terraces and fumaroles, is now represented, so far as can be ascertained, by a vast and awful crater, or assemblage of craters, active and unapproachable.

All the world has heard of the marvels of this mysterious region, and all the world has heard, too, of the catastrophe which befell it on June 10th, 1886. On that day Mount Tarawera, a hill some two thousand feet in height, and situated at the south-east corner of the lake of the same name, suddenly burst into violent eruption. It startled the good people from their beds in Auckland, a hundred and fifty miles away. It strewed the earth with a thick coat of ashes all along the Bay of Plenty, forty or fifty miles distant. It vomited mud and scoria in tons over all the surrounding country, burying the European village of Wairoa, nine miles off, and blotting from the face of the earth several picturesque Maori hamlets, along with their luckless inhabitants. Standing, as it did, just behind the famous terraces of Lake Rotomahana, it naturally enough made an end of those wonders which Nature had been accumulating for thousands of years. The whole region was for some time turned into a scene of panic and of the wildest desolation. But there is one consolation—such volcanic outbreaks seldom destroy without also creating.

Those who had the good fortune to visit the Wonderland of New Zealand before this awful calamity robbed it of its most delightful, if not of its most marvellous features, will be more

overwhelmed by the present reality of the catastrophe than astonished at the fact that it should have occurred at all. No one gifted with the least imagination could walk warily among



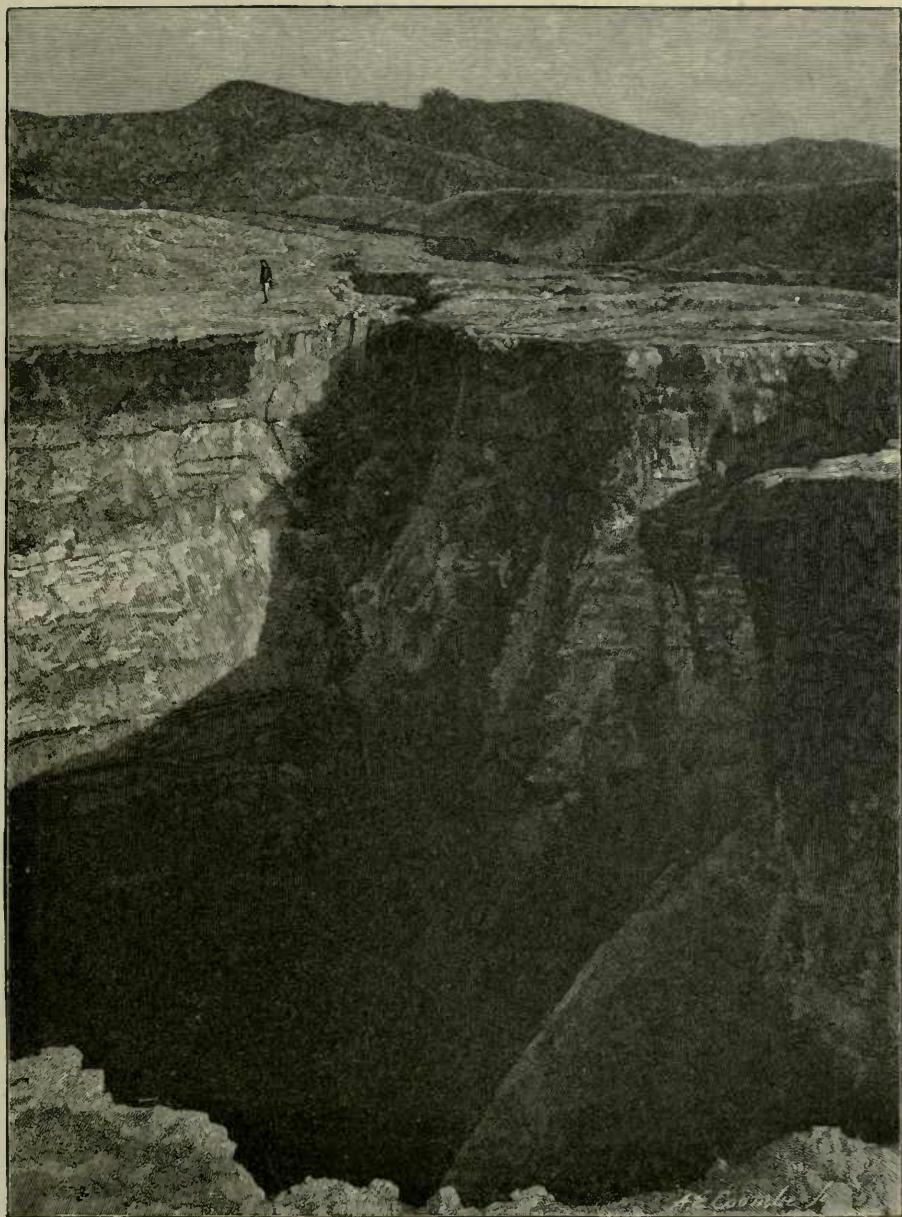
MAP OF ROTOMAHANA AND DISTRICT.

those seething cauldrons, those pools of boiling mud, and those unnumbered jets of steam, without realising something of what was going on beneath; and occasionally a disturbing thought would steal into the mind, and grow and grow—"What if *this* should be the moment of an outburst?" Yet familiarity bred

contempt, and whenever at Rotorua a new mud-spring burst up suddenly through a cottage floor, it would cause but a mild surprise, and in a day or two the occupant of the domicile would be utilising it for the cooking of his potatoes or the curing of his rheumatism. At rare intervals a human being, a cow, or a horse would through some slight inadvertence fall into a boiling pool, and only be recovered thence in ghastly shreds. A newspaper paragraph might record the fact, the Maories would hold a *tangi*, and then men and women would go on cooking their food in convenient holes, and the children would go on playing upon isthmuses of questionable thickness which separated cauldrons unquestionably fatal. And all this was perfectly natural. Any accidents which occurred had been due to carelessness. Mother Earth herself had never been treacherous; she had, indeed, occasionally developed a new hole here and a fresh pipe of steam there, but she had let the roads and townships alone.

And even now, after the warning which was given on the 10th of June, and after finding day turned into night, and feeling all the thin earth beneath quake and shiver for hour after hour, the ordinary resident goes about his avocations, and the tourists flock to the scene, just as if the event had been one of a century ago.

There are two routes to Ohinemutu, which is the central starting-point for viewing the whole district. The one is overland from Auckland, the other by sea to Tauranga, and thence by road. It was only a few short months before the catastrophe that the present writer was amid the scene. He chose the overland route, which is now admittedly superior to that by way of Tauranga. The latter is not indeed without very great



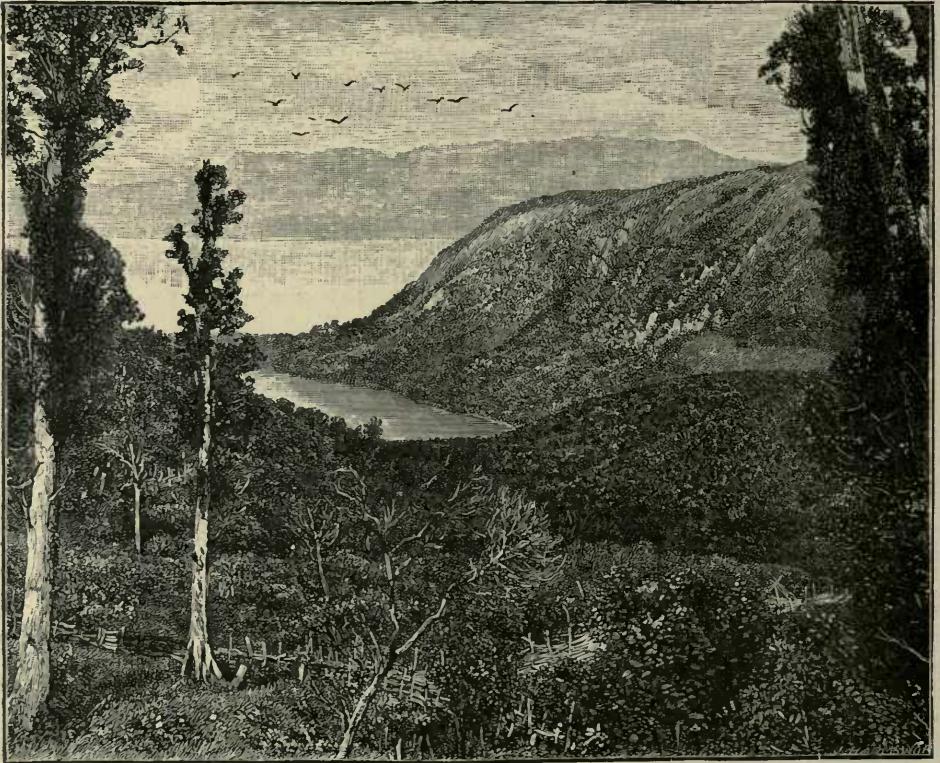
FISSURE IN ROAD NEAR THE TIKITAPU BUSH, AFTER THE ERUPTION.

(From a Photograph by Burton Brothers.)

attractions, passing as it does through many miles of magnificent bush, and through the Mangarewa Gorge. Yet the sea voyage to Tauranga in a comparatively small vessel, and on a rough coast, is apt to be unpleasant and monotonous. The railway, on the contrary, passes through varied scenery in the plain of the large Waikato River, which was once the great field of campaigning, but now smiles with prosperous agriculture. Cattle may be seen browsing quietly by the remains of the Maori "pah" and the British redoubt; and Maori faces may be seen grinning a cheerful recognition where once they gloated over the slain.

For those who would make the journey with the greatest comfort and satisfaction, the way lies by rail from Auckland to Cambridge, distant about a hundred miles; and thence by special vehicle through Oxford to Ohinemutu, the main township of the Lake District, which lies upon Lake Rotorua, fifty-five miles distant. Of the above-named places, Cambridge is but an agricultural village, and Oxford but a place of entertainment for man and beast; but where there is a Cambridge there must be an Oxford, and no doubt both will in due time become places of importance. The carriage drive from Oxford to Ohinemutu is itself worth all the trouble, the road being diversified enough for every taste. The best part of it is, perhaps, the eleven miles of "forest primeval," where on both sides of the winding track there is an infinity of dense jungle, full of that luxuriant growth which distinguishes the North Island of New Zealand. The tall kauris, the puriri, the rimu, the stealthy merciless rata-vine, winding itself like a baleful serpent round the trees from which it sucks the life-blood, the thick undergrowth of raupo and fern—all this reminded one more of the Amazon or the Orinoco than of

anything else in Australasia. Gigantic tree-ferns and graceful nikau-palms edged the road, while curious parasites bulged out here and there upon the tree-trunks, as if the growth were not already thick enough without them. Sometimes the buggy would sway for a mile or so along the edge of the precipice, where we could, if we had nerve enough, gaze down upon gullies which were the consummation of sylvan beauty.



LAKE TARAWERA BEFORE THE ERUPTION.

(From a Photograph by Burton Brothers.)

Emerging from this piece of bush, we descend into the plain of Rotorua. The lake itself is at this point uninteresting, nor, for some few miles does there seem to be anything particularly

attractive or wonderful. A long, flat stretch of clayey soil, covered with monotonous ti-scrub, lies between the hills to the right and the lake to the left; and ahead, upon a kind of



LAKE TARAWERA, AFTER THE ERUPTION.

(From a Photograph by Burton Brothers.)

promontory, we catch sight of the low-lying township of Ohinemutu. As we draw nearer along the dusty road, our first perception is one of the nose. There comes upon the breeze a perfume which is not balmy, and yet is not strong enough to be called detestable. Gradually it grows more pronounced, and emphatically suggests over-ripe eggs, or those matches which unblushingly describe themselves as *ohne Phosphor*. The inhabitants say that one grows to like this sulphurous odour. For our part, we never got beyond toleration.

Here and there, amid the ti-scrub, we notice a kind of bald

patch, with a yellowish covering, which will, on inspection, turn out to be composed of stones coated with sulphur. Next, we become aware of numerous small columns of steam rising by the roadside, or issuing here and there amid the ti-trees, and these grow more and more frequent as we near the town. An exaggerated idea may perhaps be entertained of the size and appearance of the boiling springs, whose presence these columns of steam betoken. In size and shape they are like an ordinary pool which forms itself in the fields after heavy rain, being of an irregular edge, and of all sizes, from a square foot to many square yards. Somewhere towards the middle of them bubbles may be detected rising, from a "pipe" which communicates with an unknown depth of volcanic mystery. Sometimes one of them steams away all alone, like an exile, far away in the scrub, but generally they are in clusters, with only a foot or two of ground between, and how solid that ground may be no man knoweth.

The little township, half native, half European, stood calmly that day amid the springs, just as if they were things that "no family should be without." Between house and house a disregarded cauldron or two steamed and steamed, so that the general appearance of the settlement from a distance was as if every householder were burning a few heaps of garden rubbish. The springs were not provided with any fence, and the tourist had need to accept the warnings he received at his hotel to keep his eyes well upon the ground, never to wander from the main road after dark, and to beware of putting an enemy into his mouth to steal away his control over his feet. Accidents did occur from time to time, but fencing was no one's business in particular, and as no Cabinet Minister or bishop had ever been boiled alive, the danger was allowed to remain. It may

be observed that the "hot" springs are really hot, the water having a genuine record of 212 degrees. The first sensation in walking amid all these wonders was rather disappointing, for the simple reason that there was so much of them, and the residents took all so much as a matter of course. They went to their baths—especially to the one which turned them red, and which was called the lobster-bath—and they discussed the effect on their rheumatism or sciatica, but nothing was said of the wonder or the awe. Even the new-comer was more amused with dropping a sixpence into a shallow pool, and fishing it out again as black as ink, than astonished at these marvels of Vulcan.

Though many of the springs keep at nothing less than boiling point, others are of a milder temperature. Nature seems to have graduated them to suit all requirements, balneatory or culinary. But by a peculiar coincidence, the hottest and largest pools are to be met with exactly where they are likely to prove most dangerous. From a medicinal point of view, the merits of some of the baths constructed from these natural thermal springs are incapable of exaggeration. The faith in their potency displayed by sufferers from all parts of the world must be most unaccountable if it is baseless, most touching if it is a delusion. The Government has declared its belief in them by establishing a sanatorium on Sulphur Point. Many a cripple is said to have been able to take up his bed and walk after due treatment in the baths of Rotorua.

There are, therefore, good hotels at Ohinemutu, and much company of a cosmopolitan nature. There is, moreover, a delightful blending of civilisation and barbarism. As one roams through the village, keeping a wary eye upon the ground, he stumbles against old Maori carvings of the most grotesque description. He will

not be surprised to behold an English church here, an English store there, and a Maori *whare* or meeting-house in another direction. Ohinemutu was one of the earliest fields of missionary work, and a Maori may be beheld conducting a service or a catechism, in his soft native tongue, inside a building which was once used for councils of war and other pagan purposes. All around, the rudely-carved figures of Maori ancestors, with eyes of shell, protruding tongues, and three-fingered hands crossed over the stomach, look on benignantly, if leeringly. The visitor will not be astonished to meet with a neatly-railed tomb, which sets forth, by means of its headstone, how "Helen Hinemoa Wilson was accidentally scalded to death" in such and such a year. He will, if he take care of his steps, arrive safely on a little promontory, where stand the tokens of an old "pah," which formerly stood high and dry, but lies now beneath the water. The point has sunk still lower of late, and its total disappearance is but a question of time.

Beyond curiosities such as these, and its medicinal advantages, Ohinemutu offers no charms to detain the visitor. It is the head-quarters of the whole district, and it gives a foretaste of the expected marvels; but the air is heavy with sulphur, and the scenery of little value. As a starting-point for expeditions on Rotorua, to the island of Mokoia, rich in legend, to Roto-Iti on the north-east, and to Rotomahana east by south, the town is somewhat as Keswick is to the English lakes, though without any pretensions to the beauty of that place.

We mount our buggy again, and as the sulphurous odour grows fainter and fainter behind us, we make for Wairoa, over the hills. Wairoa is the settlement which played the part of Pompeii in the late catastrophe. We have some eleven miles up

and down hill to drive, and the last half of them shall not yield the palm of beauty to any Trosachs or Yosemite's you can name.



WATERFALL AT WAIROA.

(From a Photograph by Burton Brothers.)

The first half of the journey is not interesting. A little to the right we pass Whakarewarewa, with its mud-pools and geysers. Whakarewarewa is a Maori hamlet of a size by no means commensurate with that of its name. Its mud-springs form an agreeable change from the Ohinemutu fumaroles. They are more

alive, and show more varied phenomena than those everlasting water-holes. Generally speaking, they resemble so many porridge-pots, set over a slow fire. To sit up to the neck in a bath of the battery mud, that laps and hugs the limbs with a pleasant tenacity, is a luxury highly appreciated by the natives, and not altogether despised of the European. The same mud is said to be edible, and the Maori smacks his lips and cries, "Kapai" ("First-rate") as he attempts to swallow it. It appears, however, to be caviare to the general. Unfortunately, our recollections of Whakarewarewa are not of the most pleasant character. It is a kind of private reserve, whose owners are absurdly extortionate natives; for be it known that the Maori soon learns to higgle for the means wherewith to purchase gin.

The journey to Wairoa should be made both by day and by night. No more bewitching drive can be imagined in the broad light of day than to plunge downward through the dim twilight of the Tikitapu bush, and then out upon the road which winds by the shores of Tikitapu, the lake whose waters are blue, and Rotokakahi, the lake whose waters are green. The Blue and Green lakes are undeniably what they call themselves. Yet, beautiful as they are, there is something weird about them: an air of mystery, suggesting a secret preserved from a wondrous past. And what of the future?

During the late outburst the road along which we passed was rent across with a yawning gulf, the bush was overwhelmed and broken down with a foul weight of mud and ashes, and the shores of the lakes were stripped of all their marge of verdure, till Tikitapu became desolate as Avernus.

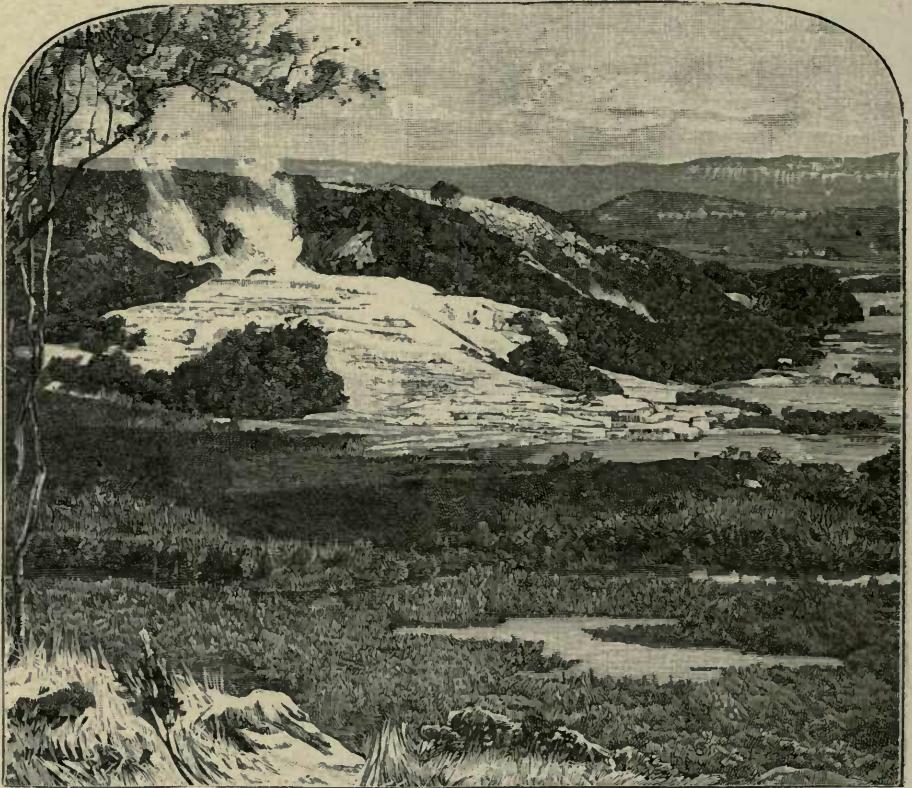
Then the drive at night, with a faint moon peering through the arboreal canopy! Nothing was ever more fascinating. Along

the roadside, under the ferns, tens of thousands of little lanterns were brightly burning. They were only the glow-worms, but the bank was as beautiful as if strewn with diamonds. And now the bush is "uprooted," and all the foliage and the glow-worms covered with scoria and mud. Along we go, under the moon, with the Blue lake and the Green turned each to burnished silver, and finally, through a noisy crowd of natives, we dash up to the door of that hospitable hotel which we know now is "wrecked," and its surroundings buried under ten feet of blue mud and ashes.

It is inconceivable. The little township of Wairoa, almost entirely native, lay in a narrow glen some hundred feet or so above the head of Lake Tarawera. It was one of the most picturesque spots in the world, with its half-civilised inhabitants grouped about in their parti-coloured attire, with its wattled *whares* built on the hillsides amid the eternal green, and with its *haka* dances and *tangi* wakes. And now many of these tattooed denizens are overwhelmed, the vegetation and the *whares* are ten feet deep in mud: a foul-smelling, desolate stretch of ashes covers the most romantic spot on the earth! Where is the genial M'Crae, our guide, philosopher, and friend? Where is the sturdy guide Kate, with her Humane Society's medal? Their occupation has gone for many a day, unless they are following it in other fields of wonder and mystery. A beautiful spot was this Wairoa, with its waterfall in the bush, its peeps through frames of foliage on to the Lake Tarawera below, its jovial Maori life, its apparent separation from all the rest of the world and the world's cares. No doubt by this time the mud has been cleared away and the vegetation to some extent renewed, though it must be many years before the scene recovers all its vanished beauty.

Descending in the early morn along a winding path, we reach

an arm of Tarawera Lake, whereon we embark in a boat manned by eight stalwart Maoris. The lake broadens into a little sea, rimmed in with harmless-looking hills, but we keep always near



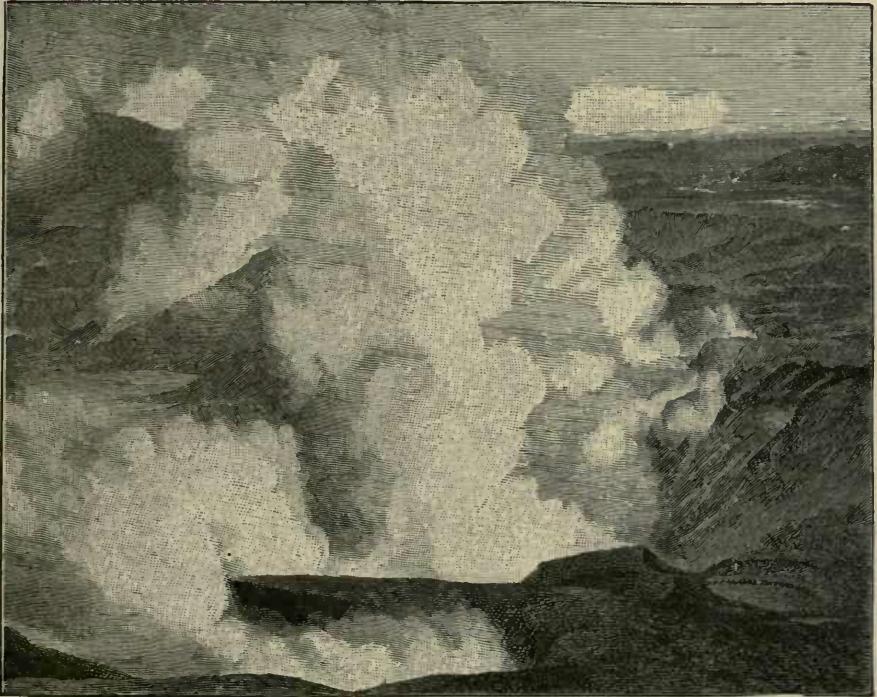
THE WHITE TERRACE, ROTOMAHANA, BEFORE THE ERUPTION.

(From a Photograph by Burton Brothers.)

the shore on our right, under the pohutukawas which hang tenaciously from the fire-seared rocks. Our Maoris chant as they row, and ever and anon stop to perform a rhythmical gesticulation, which vastly amuses them and does not hurt us.

Two-thirds of the journey are over when we touch at a tiny native settlement called Te Moura—now, alas! swept away, along

with its little population of thirty. To have refused to call there would have been to violate all the traditions. Ever since strangers first rowed across Tarawera, they have by prescription been compelled to purchase at Te Moura a certain kind of diminutive cray-



THE WHITE TERRACE, ROTOMAHANA, AFTER THE ERUPTION.

(From a Photograph by Wheeler & Son, Christchurch, N.Z.)

fish. These provisions are subsequently to be cooked in the boiling water close by the Terraces, and their consumption is a necessary part of the programme. There are hundreds of people in every part of the world who will recollect and grieve for the sociable people of this little place of call. Its place knows it no more, and the sheltered corner in which it stood is not recognisable.

Another chant, a short race with a rival boat, and at eight

miles from Wairoa we reach another now vanished settlement called Te Ariki. At the mouth of a tepid little stream we disembark. The stream runs out of Lake Rotomahana, which is but half a mile distant, and it is usual to descend it in a canoe, but as the current is strong, and the course winding, tourists in going upwards make a short cut on foot through the scrub. Suddenly we come on the crest of a little hill, and lo! the Wonderland of the World lies before us. The scene has often been described, but never in such a way as to fully satisfy those who have beheld it. We cannot here do it justice, and must content ourselves with an outline, necessarily inadequate even as a sketch.

Before us, towards the right, lies a lake of something over a mile in diameter, and just at our feet is what may be called the bottom step of the belauded and bepoemed Te Tarata, the White Terrace. It is only separated from us by the little stream afore-mentioned. Stretching away along the shore of the lake is the realisation partly of Inferno, partly of Paradise. The awe, perhaps, exceeds the beauty. The White Terrace, a mass of silica, rises tier above tier, and culminates in an impenetrable mystery of steam. To the right of it the low hills are all alive with jets of vapour. The whole side of the range seems to smoke. We must look at the terrace from every part, and the nearer the better. On every stage of its white surface there are pools of water of a celestial blue, while the edge of each platform is embroidered with curious incrustations, and its surface strewn with petrifications of much beauty. Higher and higher we mount, and the water that trickles over grows hotter and hotter, until we reach the topmost level, and there take our stand on the edge of a boiling horror. We cannot see across

it for the dense steam; we cannot sound it; we can only gaze in wonder. Well do we remember two figures which had approached from a different side, and had taken up their position upon a peak of rock, where they loomed of more than mortal size: Dante and Virgil to the life, from Doré's cartoons. Then we turn and gaze down upon the ever-widening expanse of white and blue below us, and we feel that we never knew colour before, and that the beauty, the grandeur, the awfulness, are too much for the soul to feel at once.

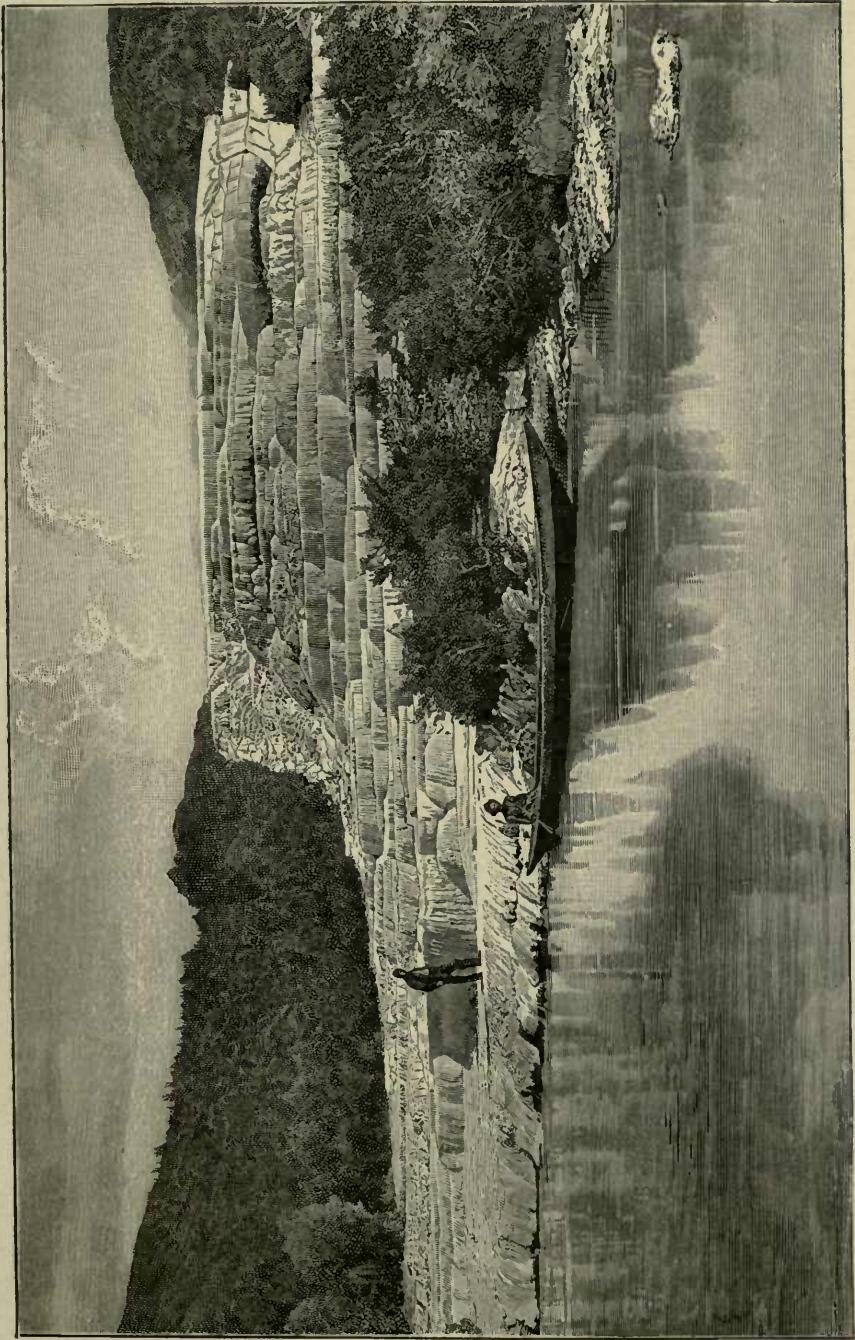
The impressions formed of the Terrace from different points of view were very various. At one time it seemed as if we were walking over snow, marked with those curious and fantastic patterns which frost creates. Here we took delight in the more minute work, the little silicious fretworks spread over the surface of a platform, or the delicate lacework which fell over its edge. In another place it was the regular sweep of the arcs, as stage rose above stage, that called forth our admiration. Again, we met with a space which seemed broken up into a series of pockets, whose white depths were filled with baths of azure water of every degree of temperature. Nearer the summit the gradation was less regular, the formations less symmetrical, and buttresses had formed themselves upon the vertical walls. And this we might expect, for at different times the angle of ejection of the silicated water inclined in different directions; and while this would give irregularity to the shape of the upper platforms, the lower and wider stages would receive a more even distribution of the deposit.

Perhaps the English language never was so ransacked as for terms adequate to the description of this Terrace. How shall we give a simple understanding of the formation as a whole?

Perhaps thus: From the summit downwards it spread itself, in shape like an enormous fan, in build like a vast flight of alabaster steps rising to a throne—the throne of Nature; not the benignant, life-giving Nature, but the Titanic Nature which sent its giant brood to war with the gods at Phlegra. Where the throne should stand was a hissing cauldron, and the scorching vapour hid the ruling majesty from human sight.

These vast steps had taken myriads of years to form, for the plebeian names which those pigmy barbarians Smith and Jones inscribed, according to their Vandal wont, upon these great white platforms in the year 1860, were to the last as visible as when they were first scrawled: a quarter of a century had not contrived to blot them out with an appreciable fraction of an inch of deposit.

Over all the steps a film of water, as soft to the touch as satin, glides incessantly, and trickles into the lake till it gives it its name, Rotomahana—the Warm Lake. Descending, and entering the neighbouring scrub, we pass warily among holes in which mud boils and leaps up, subsides again, again leaps up, and forms huge bubbles, which explode with a “flopping” sound. We stand beside a basin of rock in whose depths we hear ominous rumblings and seethings. Suddenly comes a rush of water, and we flee to a safe distance, turning round in time to see a column of water spout up and fall again with a most gruesome swirl. Yet further, and we become conscious of a loud and sustained roaring, like that of a hoarse steam-whistle, proceeding from a hole or tube of rock some two or three yards square. There is no water or steam visible, but I know nothing more fearsome than that hole. You can look into it, and hear the roaring deeper and deeper down. The suggestion is of an



THE PINK TERRACE, ROTOMAHANA, BEFORE THE ERUPTION.

unfathomable depth, but that hoarse voice of the steam demon is the most terrible of earthly sounds. And all the while a muffled noise is heard as if a diabolic steam-hammer were working deep, deep down in the earth.

Standing on the side of this ridge, putting our fingers in our ears, and turning our backs upon the screaming depth, we look out through the trees over the peaceful little lake and its brilliant shore, thinking it a scene of retirement fit for a *Sans-Souci*. But turn once more, and there are the steaming breath and the horrible yell of the volcanic demon. The sounds and sights are apt to haunt one's dreams for many a day.

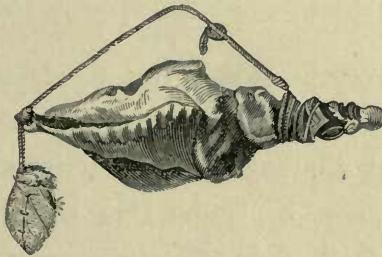
It took long to examine all these things so new and strange; and it was not uncommon for tourists to camp for some days upon the scene. When curiosity was appeased on this side, it was customary to enter a canoe and be shot swiftly across a corner of the lake to the Pink Terrace, in all respects like the White, except in colour and size. It is smaller, more comprehensible, so to speak. Compared with the White Terrace, it was a toy; yet it was necessary to complete the picture. It derived its name from a coloured deposit found among the white silica, and to be seen in perfection it required one of the brightest of New Zealand days. Ah! its sapphire pools were the most delicious baths that man ever knew, soothing the sense, and yet filling the soul with ecstasy! Now a frightful cavern is belching and vomiting where that work of beauty was. Let us row off into the lake, and post ourselves where we can see on the one hand the White Terrace, and on the other the Pink. An azure sky is above us, the sun-lit lake before us; the leafage around is of a glorious green, and here and there we catch sight of a native in gay attire. Let no man deny the truth

of any painting he may hereafter see of the terraces of which New Zealand was so proud. Imagination deserts us when we think of them as gone, and for ever. Yonder Mount Tarawera looked as if his day was done; but so did Vesuvius in the year of grace 79. Yet Pompeii and Herculaneum were but commonplace cities, and might, perhaps, have been spared. The terraces of New Zealand were unique, unparalleled. They are now only, or little more than, a tradition. That awful roaring in the "Devil's Hole" meant something, a perpetual warning, as dreadful as it sounded. Little did we think, as we paddled down the stream on our way back from Rotomahana, trying to believe we had fully appreciated what was past appreciation, that another year would see the whole of this wonder and magnificence wiped from the face of the earth. Nature truly is cruel to her own works. One who has never visited the scene can scarcely understand the grief and wonder of the New Zealander who knew it well. The Wairoa Valley, the little tepid stream, the terraces, all the wonderful places, sights, and sounds, gone, and something, perhaps more awful, but not for centuries as beautiful, left in its place! The children of the future will see the terraces only in pictures, which they will call exaggerated. Truly this was the event of a century. Similar events will no doubt occur in time to come. The Maoris have long had traditions of lost mountains and other wondrous changes, and a Maori tradition always rests upon some basis.

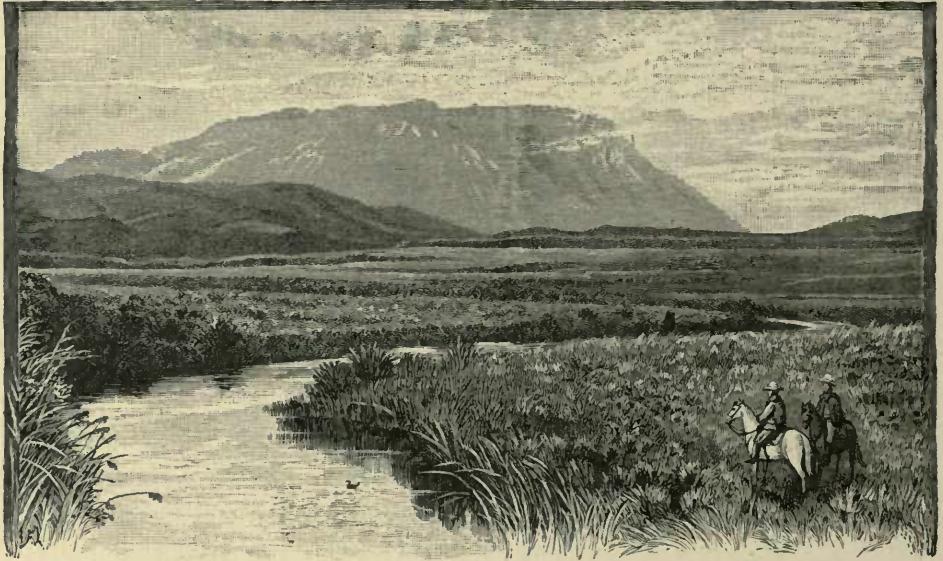
Since the events above described, there has come the news that another Wonderland has been discovered, or rather opened up. A few miles to the south of the old Wonderland, and within the same immediate volcanic radius, lies a mysterious valley named Waiotapu, which, though known to surveyors, was

otherwise unvisited of white feet. That it had its volcanic phenomena was suspected, as being a matter of course, yet, lying away from the broad and beaten road, it was neglected for its inconvenience' sake. But when such a loss as the one we have been describing befalls a country, it is not to be expected that the enterprising explorer will sit still. The colonist is confident of his resources, and therein he is justified. This solitary valley, guarded by two hills of the awe-inspiring names of Maungaongaonga and Maungakakamea, is, we are told, as full of its geysers and its "Devil's Holes" as were the shores of Rotomahana. Nay, it even possesses its incipient terrace; and there is every reason to expect that "Ichabod" will sound but for a little while in the province of Auckland, and that "Eureka" will triumph in its stead.

T. G. TUCKER.



A MAORI WEAPON.



HORA-HORA (p. 105).

FROM NAPIER TO AUCKLAND BY COACH.

The Value of the Weeping-Willow—Frequent Fords—Adventurous Jehus—Kiwauka Cutting and Te Rangmapapa Passes—Puhui—Titiokaura Pass—Te Harato and Te Burra-Burra Range—Down Mount Terangakuma—Taupo—The Waikato River and Plains.



THE coach-road between Napier and Auckland passes through the most entirely pleasing and most thoroughly characteristic tract of country in New Zealand. One would not care to say that at any point it did actually surpass the grandeur of some of the scenes about the West Coast Sounds or on the Hokitika road; but it presents us with almost every aspect of New Zealand scenery, and is more continuously beautiful from start to finish than any other long route in the colonies. At Petane, or, as it is pronounced, Pätenny, the country begins to unfold before us its splendours of hill and valley. We

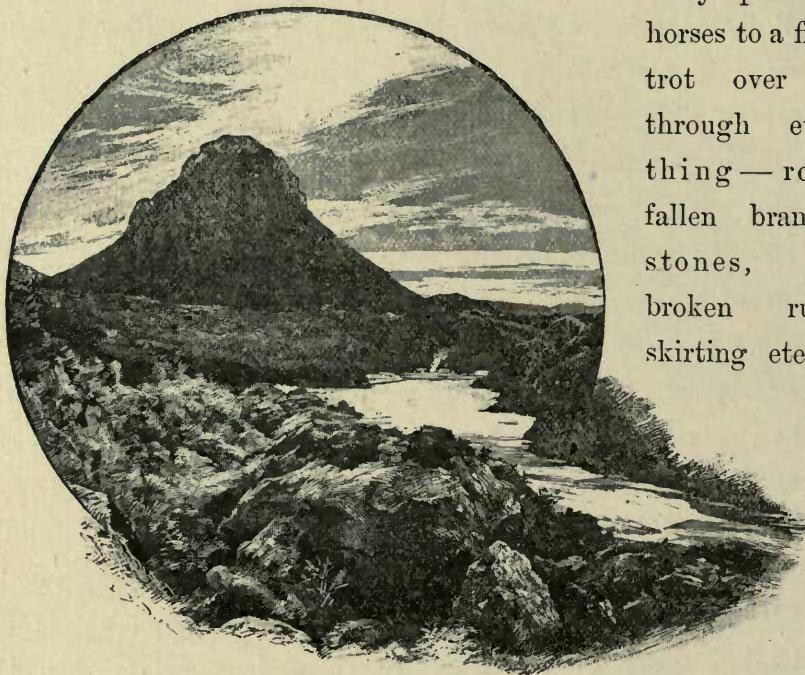
cross a small hill by the Petane Cutting, which somewhat resembles Porter's Pass in the south, but here the grass is green English or "artificial" grass, and grows thick and strong in the land of its adoption. From the summit of the cutting the view is rimmed in by the sea beyond the broken coast-line. From the foot of the northern slope the road passes over a pleasant green plain, picturesquely farmed and planted out with English trees and with gums from Australia and Tasmania. The favourite weeping-willow is of course here in large numbers. The quickest of growers, it is cultivated about the homesteads and in the fields with the object of obtaining shelter from the open sun *quam celerrime*; its other use is as food for the cattle, who in the very dry summer weather are liable to suffer from the complaint known as "the staggers," from dieting exclusively on the parched herbage of the plains. The white farm-buildings add an element of rural charm to the spot; indeed, one fancies that here in future years will be a very pleasant renewal of the farm-land scenery of our own agricultural counties. In the spring the grass is said to be very green, and even in the late autumn the Esk River keeps a fresh belt of vivid green along its banks, where the sheep and cattle graze.

Beyond these pastures the road still follows the course of this river, the Esk or Petane, losing sight of it sometimes behind the rising hills, but always coming back, crossing and recrossing its shallow fords forty-five times in all before parting company. And very beautiful indeed are many of these fords, though in wet seasons they are often impassable.

In addition to the forty-five crossings of the Petane, we had seven times to cross its tributary, the Kiwauka, before reaching the hills and the passes, the part of the journey

where the amazing ups and downs and precipitous zigzaggings of the road make the drivers' task so really marvellous a feat.

They put their horses to a flying trot over and through everything — roots, fallen branches, stones, and broken ruts — skirting eternity



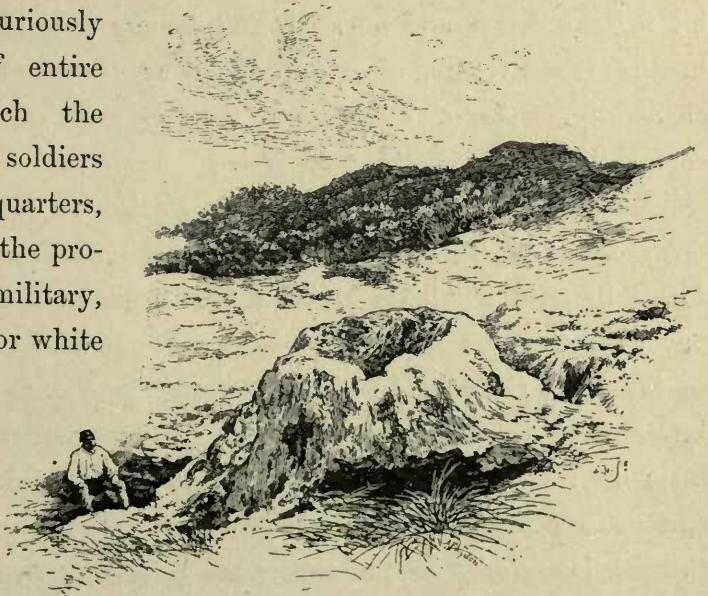
ATEAMURI (p. 104).

at every turn; and the combined jolt, jostle, twist, and jar is “enough to dislocate the supple tongue of Satan.”

The first of these passes is the Kiwauka Cutting; next to that comes Te Rangmapapa, from the top of which a dim line of sea is still visible, and the bluff headland just beyond Napier. A multitude of small wave-like hills lie close around, covered with a thick growth of close, short brake-fern; while the higher hills beyond are robed darkly in a mantle of forest foliage. At the foot of Te Rangmapapa is the village of Puhui, a small settlement of Europeans and Maoris, with a lake and a little stream running through the valley.

From Puhui the road at once mounts up the Titiokaura Pass, remarkable for its terrific descent on the northern side by the Mohaka Cutting into the gorge of the Mohaka River. The character of the scenery here, and for some miles further along the top of the Te Harato range, is quite unique; the entire hills from summit to base are uniformly clothed with a thick growth of short brake-fern, relieved here and there by a solitary palm. The effect of this wide expanse of unvaried deep-green country would be very hard to describe—indeed, the colour was unlike any other green which I have at any time noticed in Nature, unless it is upon the under-side of the wing of the green hairstreak butterfly.

The hills are also interesting from their associations with the Maori War. On the highest point of Te Harato are still to be seen, upon a rising ground to one side of the road, the remains of a large hut, curiously constructed of entire logs, in which the “European” soldiers had their headquarters, when, without the protection of the military, it was unsafe for white men to pass along the main roads of the island. There is a Maori village



SCENE NEAR TAUPO (p. 103).

or "pah" here now, and the women sit in bright groups outside their *whares* or huts, and will answer with cheery greetings if properly accosted—"Denaqui" (good-day), or "Kapai waieena." The little plots of cultivated land showed that their staple food is potato; but we also passed a couple of mounted Maoris, with the divided spoils of a wild pig strapped across their saddles. These pigs are a great boon to the wild people of New Zealand; they are not aboriginal, but are descendants of English swine brought out by Cook at the end of the last century, and have chosen a free, precarious life upon the ranges in preference to wallowing in ignoble luxury among the meal-troughs of the domestic sty.

From Te Harato we pass on to the Te Burra-Burra Range, where we re-enter the forest, and the descent from which by the zigzag cutting down the slope of Mount Terangakuma is the finest passage in the whole excursion, and also the most ticklish bit for the driver and horses. The scenery here is not surpassed in the Otira Gorge, of which so many travellers have written eloquently. As a coach-road, the descent of the Otira is comparatively a smooth, easy trot.

A few miles further along we reach the end of our first day's drive at Tarawera—not the famous volcano, but a small township with a "hotel" and a few cottages. On the second day we get as far as Taupo, where we look across the wide lake to the King Country. This part of the journey is not really less interesting, though the character of the scenery varies less frequently. There is a charm which never fades from these ancient woodlands—that tireless charm which we are apt to think belongs only to the changeless ocean—changeless, but ever fresh with an eternal youth. The modern poets err who send

their melancholy spirits to brood in forest solitudes; the more genial instinct of the earlier minstrels sang more truly,

“’Tis merrie, ’tis merrie, in sweet green-woode.”

After a few hours we come out upon the crest of the last and highest of the ranges—Ranonga. The view down from the summit into the Waipunga Gorge is the most stupendously precipitous thing among the coach-roads of New Zealand, and therefore probably in the world. The hills are about three thousand feet high, covered with fern and palm upon their sides, and crowned with a bushy diadem of mighty forest-trees. Far below, the river falls over the edge of a shelving terrace in a silvery veil of broken water, and beyond, now opening on the view, stretch the long levels of the Kaingarua Plains. Here, then, we have every feature of New Zealand scenery—creek, gorge, forest, hill, precipice, and plain—in one wide expanse of wild country.

Another breakneck swoop down the rough, precipitous road, one more struggle through a stony creek, and we enter the level country. The dust here is extraordinary. The soil is a soft, crumbly pumice-stone, the *débris* of some eruption in bygone years; it is ground to white powder on the tracks, and rises from under the horses’ feet in a smothering cloud, like white smoke. After several hours of comparatively monotonous travelling under these conditions, it is very pleasant to sight the cool blue water-line of Taupo, and know that there we shall end our dusty canter for the day.

Taupo must remain a name only, so far as the present writer’s narrative is concerned; but it would be wrong not to mention in passing the “wonders” of the Geyser Valley of Wairakei,

especially as the Huka Falls of the Waikato are seen upon the way—one of the grandest scenes in these colonies. About seven miles from Taupo the River Kiriohiuekai has cut a valley for the passage of its waters, and scattered along the slopes are a number of very extraordinary volcanic phenomena, in the shape of boiling springs of mud or water, steam-holes, geysers, ponds of hot mineral waters, and the like. The finest of these are Tuhuatahi, or the Champagne Pool; the Great Wairakei Geyser; Nga Mahanga, or the Twins; Terekereke, or the Steam-Hammer Pool; and, a few miles away from the others, Pirorirori, a large lake of hot water, of dull-blue colour, emitting a sulphurous vapour, and enclosed by high cliffs of white and red alum.

The plains which lie between Taupo and Ohinemutu were full of a rich and peculiar beauty of their own. The plains of North and of South Island are as unlike as their hills. In the south the plain country is an unadorned waste, clothed with one monotonous covering of faded tussock-grass, and swept by the eternal winds which in this land seem never to take their rest as elsewhere. In North Island, on the other hand, there is great beauty in the dark expanse of purple manuka scrub, relieved with seams and patches of fresher colour, marking where the watercourses more or less overflow the oozy soil, and where all kinds of tall, rank grass and flax and bulrush maces grow.

But the plain does not reach the whole way unbroken to Ohinemutu. There is the Pass of Tanhua to cross, with a distant blue landscape visible between the spurs of the gorge below. And after Tanhua, beyond a small stretch of grassy level, we come to Ateamuri, a remarkable isolated hill rising abruptly some 650 feet from the plain, with steep cliffs on

every side. The River Waikato flows by Ateamuri, with its beautiful pure, blue water, and beaches of smooth white rock, and overhanging granite cliffs covered with fern and toi-grass

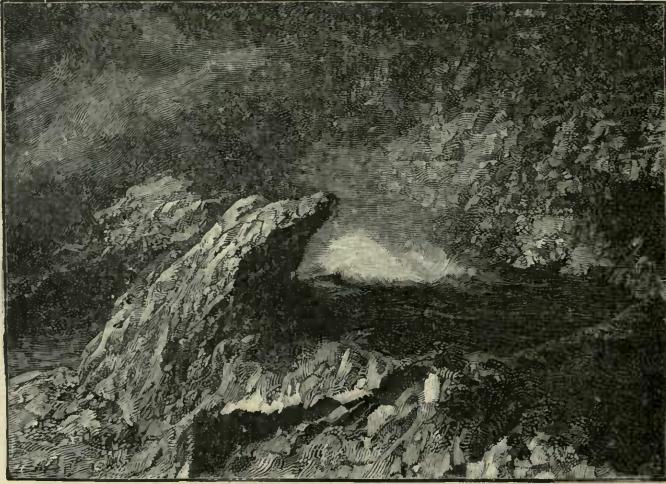


HUKA FALLS, TAUPO (p. 104).

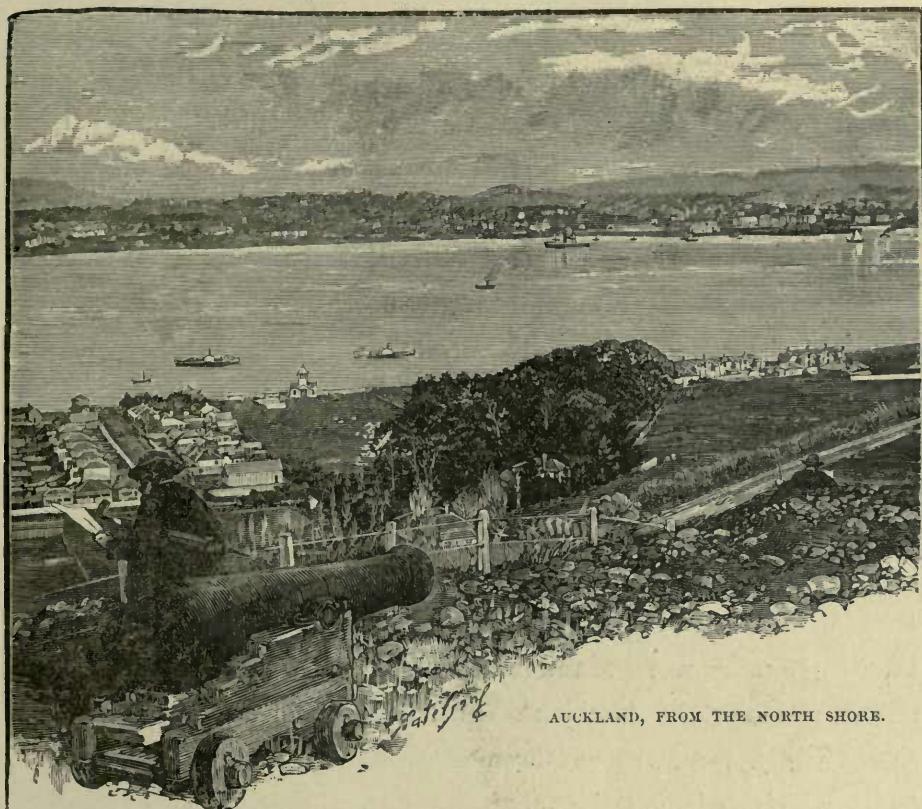
and palm—one of the most delightful spots in the Antipodes. Then, some twenty miles or so beyond Ateamuri, we pass a remarkable range of wooded precipices, under the shelter of which for several miles the Maoris have here and there built their *whares*; this place is Hora-Hora. The configuration of the long miles of inland cliff is very remarkable. The last portion of this long drive, though still beautiful, does not call

for further descriptions; the Oxford Bush is in every way just like the "Seventy Miles Bush" further south, while the plains of the Waikato Valley closely resemble those of Kaingarua.

W. WAITE.



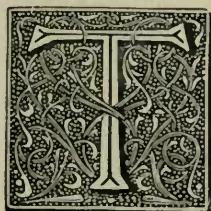
NEAR LAKE TAUPO.



AUCKLAND, FROM THE NORTH SHORE.

AUCKLAND.

Conformation of North Island—The Approach to Auckland by Sea—Devonport—The Wharf—Officers of the Harbour Board—Calliope Dock—Picturesqueness of the City—Its Names—Queen Street—A Mixed Population—Climate—A Land of Wind—Artistic Treasures—Public Parks—Manufactories—View from Mount Eden—The Caves—Onehunga—Dying like Heroes—Rangitoto: a Mountain Isle—Tiri-Tiri—Barrier Islands—A Tragedy—Kawau Island—The Future of Auckland—"Twice Blessed."



THE North Island of New Zealand is one of the most irregular and fantastic of the islands of the sea. The basis of its formation is a square with the angles pointing north, south, east, and west. At the western corner it bulges out, and is terminated by Cape Egmont. From the east it sends out a tongue of land fifty miles in length, the uttermost point of

which is East Cape. From the southern angle there extend for a hundred miles in a south-westerly direction, with a backbone of mountains, the rich plains of Wairarapa, of which the windy and precipitous Cape Palliser is the southern limit. And from the northern corner of this huge square there stretches away for two hundred miles to the north-north-west a strip of land of varying breadth, diversified by a thousand vagaries of island, hill, and harbour, but for the greater part unfruitful. As it approaches its northern limits it degenerates into low hills of white sand, and then, being suddenly endowed with new life, it bids defiance to the Pacific from the rocky heights of the North Cape. At what may be said to be the junction of this strip of land with the mainland of the North Island it is not more than three miles wide, Manukau Harbour being on the western side and Waitemata, or Auckland Harbour, on the eastern. On the slopes which form the southern shore of the latter stands Auckland, which, without its environs, has a population of nearly twenty-nine thousand, and including them some fifty thousand.

The approach to Auckland by sea on a fine summer day is one of the most picturesque that can be imagined. The ship suddenly rounds the North Head at the entrance to the harbour, and an exquisite scene bursts into view. The harbour itself, in point of beauty, is as fine a one as could be found anywhere, being in this respect a dangerous rival even to that of Sydney, although it does not afford such good accommodation to ships. Some patriotic Aucklanders assert that in point both of beauty and of convenience it is the best harbour in the world, and a few travellers have been known to support them in their claims. There are many and good grounds for these assertions, but their value may to some extent be tested by the single fact that

steamers drawing eighteen feet are, or were very recently, often aground at low-water, and have to await the rise of the tide to get under way. Moreover, the tide has a rise of about ten feet, and sometimes causes no small inconvenience. Patriotism is capable of much pardonable self-deception. We have met a



AUCKLAND, FROM THE WHARF.

man, well-read and much-travelled, who believed more firmly than most people believe the Thirty-nine Articles that Glasgow, city of smoke and turmoil and grey skies, is the most beautiful city in the world.

Steaming towards the wharf, you have on your right hand, and just under the shelter of the North Head, the pretty village of Devonport, a quiet nook on the north shore of the Waitemata, inhabited to a great extent by well-to-do people, who make their money on the opposite shore. A few miles further up on the same side may be seen a tall chimney belching forth volumes of smoke into the clear blue sky. It is surrounded

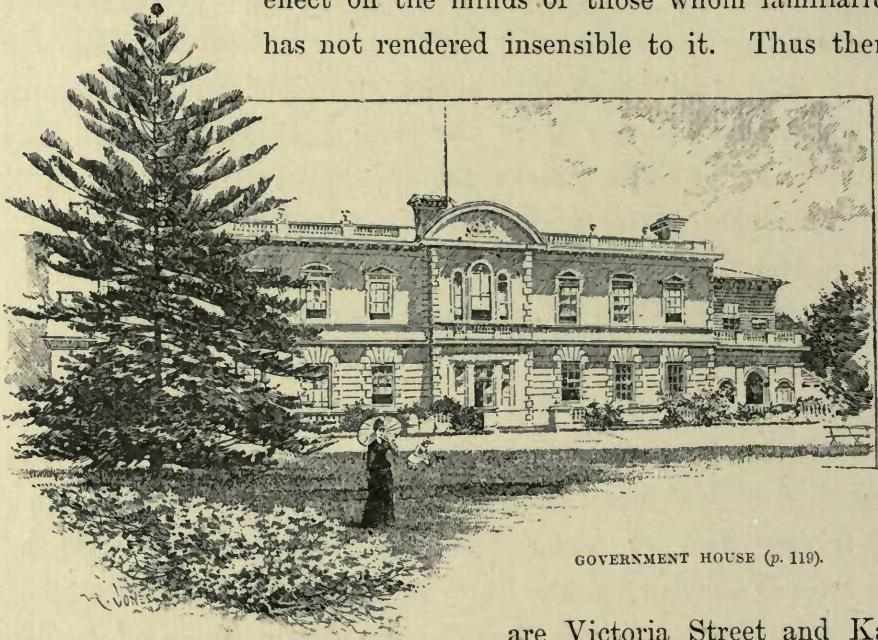
by buildings of such a kind as suggests that some important manufacture is going on within. These are the sugar-works, and there is a little town close by where the workpeople live in neat little cottages, nearly all of the same design. The New Zealand Sugar Company manufactures various qualities of sugar from cane grown on their plantations in the Fiji Islands, and commands a good market. Here and there all over the harbour are merchant ships lying at anchor. Some have just arrived, after a tedious voyage, and are stained and weather-beaten. Others are in all the glory of fresh paint, and, with sails newly bent, are ready for their outward journey. On your left hand, in the foreground, is the wharf, with the town stretching away behind it. The wharf reaches far out into the harbour, and at a busy time offers but scant room to the large number of vessels that would take advantage of it, notwithstanding that it has been enlarged. It is crowded with steamers and with sailing-vessels of all sorts and sizes. Here are to be seen, conspicuous by their cheerful red funnels, the steamers of the Union Company, which run to all parts of New Zealand and to Australia, and a number of smaller fry, of every tint of hull and funnel, which trade on the adjacent coasts, some as far as Wellington. Here, too, may perhaps be seen a big four-master about to proceed to Calcutta or San Francisco under ballast, or to London with a cargo of wool, tallow, and kauri gum; and scores of smaller vessels, from the barques, brigs, and schooners with white hulls and graceful spars, which trade to the islands of the Pacific, down to the humble lighters and ketches, whose daily drudgery confines them within the limits of the harbour and its immediate neighbourhood.

At the head of the wharf, on the right hand, going towards

the town, there is a commodious and handsome square building of three storeys—the offices of the Harbour Board. As one looks at it, and includes in the field of vision the less pretentious structures it may be said to control, the thought is suggested—as it might be by many other instances throughout New Zealand—that governing bodies with money to expend on public works do not always disburse it in the most judicious way. In this instance, for example, thinks the intelligent stranger, would it not have been better to extend the wharf before housing its administrators in such magnificent quarters? Much, however, may be forgiven them on account of another work—a graving dock, called the Calliope Dock. Auckland is very proud of it, and justly. It is one of the largest in the world, and is capable of admitting vessels of the largest size, being five hundred feet long, and at high-water, during ordinary spring tides, containing thirty-three feet of water. It was intended to be used by the greater number of the ships of war on the Pacific station, and not only by British men-of-war, but by those of foreign nations as well; and it is making Auckland an important naval rendezvous, a position for which it has eminent natural qualifications.

The picturesqueness of Auckland is apparent in the sky, in the air, in the turrets and spires, in the labyrinth of ropes, masts, and shrouds; in the suburban villas peeping coquettishly from bowers of evergreens; and in the ever-changing water, at one time content to drink in and treasure up in its serene depths all the beauty that surrounds it, and at another taking to itself a beauty all its own of spray, foam and wave, and an exuberant life and gaiety which is communicated to the beholder according to his capacity to receive it. And not only in all

these, but in the very names of the places in and around it there is an element of the picturesque. The mixture of names from savage and civilised sources has a romantic and pleasing effect on the minds of those whom familiarity has not rendered insensible to it. Thus there

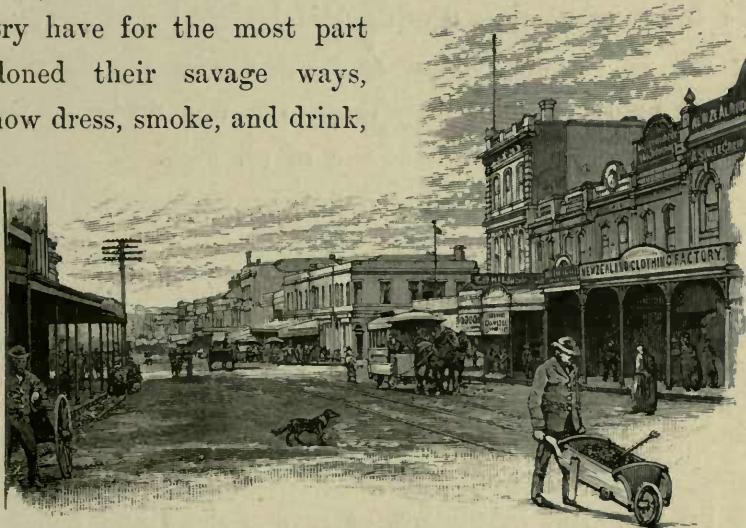


GOVERNMENT HOUSE (p. 119).

are Victoria Street and Karangahape Road, Devonport and Onehunga, Parnell and Remuera, Mount Eden and Mount Rangitoto; and then there is the aforesaid Calliope Dock, named after the man-of-war which, in 1846-48, used to practise gunnery at a point on the north shore of the harbour. Auckland, by the way, has now two docks, there being another much smaller one near the wharf.

Queen Street, which runs from the head of the wharf and in a straight line with it, is the principal street of the city. As you enter it you see on your left the railway-station—a few low buildings enclosed by a brick wall. The street presents no very striking features, and for the principal thoroughfare of such a large and thriving place as Auckland it is decidedly

unattractive, considered from an architectural point of view. After dark it is positively dismal, most of the shops being closed, and the gas-lamps few and far between. In this respect it shows a marked contrast to Bourke Street in Melbourne, and even to Princes Street in Dunedin, both of which between the hours of seven and ten are more or less brilliant and bustling. On the afternoon of a fine day, however, the variety of human nature and costume which Queen Street presents is very remarkable. Auckland, from its position on the route between Sydney and San Francisco, and on account of its being a centre of the South Sea Island trade, has come to have a population of a very mixed sort. As you saunter about town, you may hear half-a-dozen different languages, from Maori to Gaelic. The original inhabitants of the country have for the most part abandoned their savage ways, and now dress, smoke, and drink,



QUEEN STREET.

and otherwise behave themselves, just like Europeans. The men look quite handsome in the garments of civilisation; but on the women these sit somewhat grotesquely. Indeed, some of the

latter, although exceedingly anxious to conform at all points to the ways of their white sisters, cannot bear to have their plump, dusky feet encased in boots of any kind; and it has been the lot of more than one to see the wife or daughter of some wealthy native, like a daw in borrowed feathers, strutting barefooted along Queen Street, dressed in the height of fashion as prescribed by the last mail, and with the addition, it may be, of a briar-root pipe between her snowy teeth. The humbler of the native females are content to go about bareheaded and barefooted, if they can only get a cotton skirt of sufficiently outrageous pattern and a checkered shawl of some gaudy material. Once in a while you will meet a copper-coloured South Sea Islander who has made a few slight concessions to Anglo-Saxon notions of propriety, by adding some nondescript articles of attire to his original waist-cloth. His bleached and tawny hair, sticking out in every direction at right angles to his skull, is the nearest approach to a mop that ever was made by human head, and renders him the cynosure of all eyes.

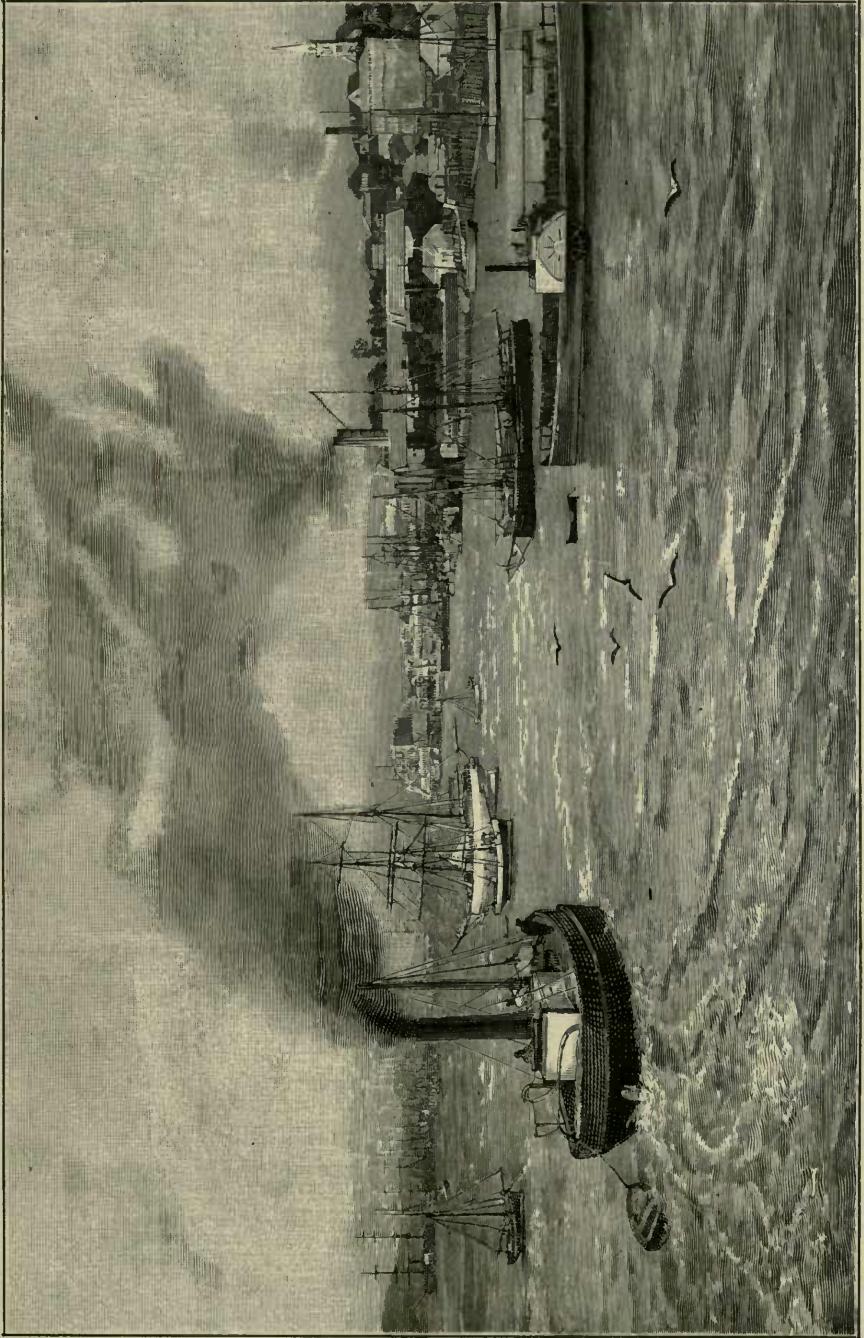
Here, too, but mostly driving a prosperous trade in vegetables in the suburbs, you will find the unobtrusive and universal Chinaman. He is completely assimilated in outward appearance to those whom he calls barbarians, except in the matter of boots. In that particular the wise Celestial adheres to the dress of his fatherland. There must be some serious defect of comfort or appearance in the boot of modern civilisation, when it is both rejected by the most intelligent of savage races and condemned by the long experience of a people whose civilisation, such as it is, was mature when ours was in its infancy, and whose beginning is lost in those dim ages before Homer sang or the builder of Troy had seen the light. Sometimes, too, you may

fall in with an immigrant from Hindostan, clad in a flowing robe of some dark material. He wears a gaily embroidered smoking-cap, and swings a light cane as he glides stealthily along the street on a pair of emaciated legs, whose outlines in every part are strangers to any curves of beauty. More likely he is to be seen selling silk handkerchiefs and other Eastern goods at the street-corners. Here, as everywhere, Jews are abundant and prosperous; and French, Germans, and Italians, together with the Saxons and Celts—including not a few Yankees—who form the bulk of the population, live in the bonds of friendship, or strive in the competition of trade.

Auckland lies about thirty-seven degrees below the line. It occupies a position south of the Equator similar to that which is occupied by Athens and Seville to the north of it, and has the same mean temperature as Rome. There is the same Italian blueness of sky, the same gladness of superabundant sunshine, the same fierce summer heat that drives the inhabitants to flimsy and diaphanous garments, and to general perspiration and breathlessness. Up till now, at any rate, these have not robbed them of their energy of brain and muscle, as to some extent they have done with the Italians. Nay, one might even say that, while this intensity of climate has taken nothing from them, it has endowed them with that swarthy cheek and more restless eye which are the outward tokens of a more sprightly disposition. But nature does not always smile, and it is well that it is so. Even the sunshine itself, from its splendour and continuity, becomes tiresome and baneful to the very organisms of which it is the primary source of life. Human energies flag. Hard work is as impossible a luxury as sound sleep. The supremest effort of which the lazy brain can dream is of

lounging along the shady side of the street with a cigarette, of lying full-length on a verandah, or of assuming in turn, in the deepest shade of the blue-gums, all the attitudes which are compatible with a small expenditure of power. Plant-life takes on the appearance of premature old age. The grass whitens, and sometimes puts an end to its long-drawn agony by going off in a blaze. In the neighbourhood of Auckland, however, things seldom come to such a pass.

New Zealand is a land of wind—not mere local draughts that blow about from one mountain range to another, but great, wide, irresistible, sweeping winds, that rush impetuously from the south-west and cast their gloom of clouds on the whole land, and howl through every mountain gorge and rage across every plain that lies between the Bluff and the North Cape. The thermometer sinks fifty degrees, and rain falls in torrents, especially upon Auckland. Still, the scene loses nothing of its picturesque effect. The tall trees sway and groan, and the little ones creak and rustle, in the mighty wind. The waves, not having room enough to indulge the full extent of their spleen, chase each other round the harbour, and foam with wrath at the impotence of their pursuit. The ships at anchor swing round with their heads to the blast, and the masts of those at the wharf rock gently to and fro, whilst the cordage rattles as if with terror at the memory of similar days and nights passed in places of less security. The signals flying at the North Head are in imminent danger of being torn to shreds; and beyond, all the islands, capes, and seas are lost in a haze of beneficent mist and rain. By-and-by the sun regains his sway, the winds and vapours are driven back to their antarctic caverns, and everything, from the face of man to the meanest



AUCKLAND HARBOUR.

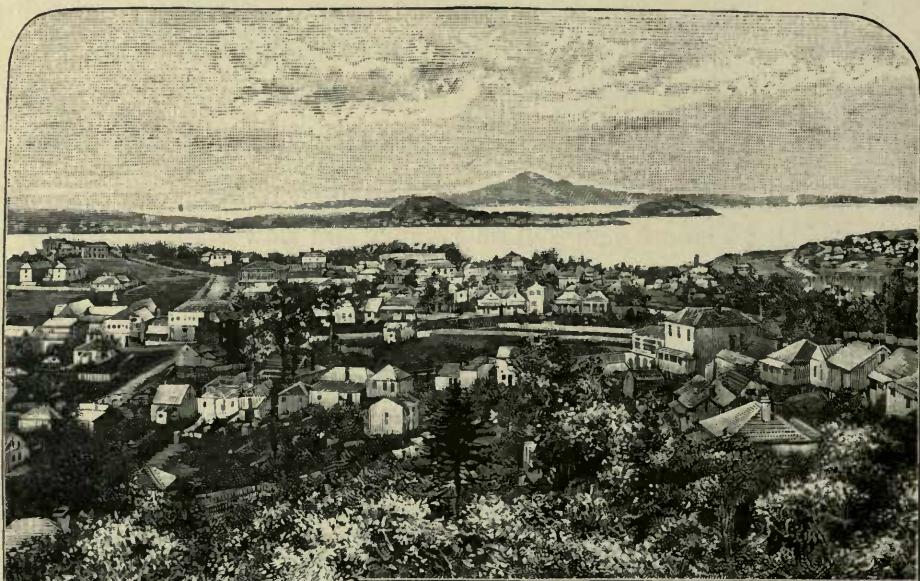
blade that grows, seems vastly invigorated by its term of hydropathic treatment. In fact, owing to the proximity of great expanses of water, the atmosphere of Auckland is often characterised by humidity, and the rain is sometimes too frequent and continuous to be pleasant.

There does not seem to be very much method in the manner in which the city has been laid out. The hilly and irregular nature of the ground has doubtless something to do with this, and it is perhaps hardly to be regretted, for though a little awkward to the visitor who is trying to find his way about, it adds to the artistic effect of the whole. *Apropos* of art, a splendid Art Gallery and public Library are now open. To these Sir George Grey, the veteran statesman of New Zealand, has presented a very valuable collection of old and rare books, MSS., and pictures, of which he had long been an assiduous and appreciative collector. Auckland is now the possessor of works of art which æsthetic circles in Melbourne and Sydney, and even in other places that could be named, might, and possibly do, regard with a longing eye.

Although Wellington, on account of its central position, is now the seat of Government, that honour was once held by Auckland, and the old Government House and the Supreme Court are still features of the place. There is a very good hospital, too—a fine building, situated on the higher ground, and commanding a wide view of the surroundings. The post-office in Shortland Street is an unpretentious building, but suits its purpose just as well as a more imposing structure. There are numerous churches and banks, which would seem to be *primâ facie* proofs of the spiritual and temporal welfare of the inhabitants; and some of the hotels are very good. Few of

these buildings, however, exhibit the architectural magnificence which it is usual to find in Australasian towns of any size, or else they do not possess the same advantages of situation. The city supports at least two daily newspapers—the *Herald* and the *Evening Star*.

Besides several very good schools of various grades, there is



VIEW, FROM AUCKLAND, OF MOUNT RANGITOTO (p. 123).

the College of the New Zealand University, which is able to boast of having had a small but talented staff of professors, including Professor Aldis, who is, according to Froude, “the most brilliant mathematician that Cambridge has produced for half a century.”

There are two public parks—Albert Park and the Domain. The former, which is the more recent, is on the face of the rising ground to the east of Queen Street, and can be reached after a short walk by one of the cross streets. It is laid out,

after the orthodox fashion, into walks, flower-beds and stretches of green turf. The latter lies in a valley between Auckland proper and the suburb of Parnell. It is several hundred acres in extent, and its walks wind in and out among trees of all sorts and by patches of the original bush, where ferns flourish luxuriantly.

Besides the sugar-works already mentioned, there are several other manufactories in Auckland. Then there are the freezing-works near the railway-wharf, where the canning of preserved meats is extensively carried on. Eggs and butter are also exported in pretty large quantities. The cream from which the butter is made is extracted by a cream-separator, and the persons who supply the milk, after waiting a little, can take the skim-milk away with them to feed their pigs. Of course the principal business of the works is to freeze mutton for exportation to England. Then there are manufactories of confections and preserves, soap and candle works, and flour and grain mills. Neither must the various timber companies be forgotten. They deal for the most part in the invaluable kauri—durable, handsome, and easily worked. It is exported to Australia, not only in sawn boards, but also manufactured into doors and sashes. There used to be immense forests of it in the provincial district of Auckland, but now there is a cry going up that it will soon be extinct. At the Colonial Exhibition it came more closely under the notice of timber experts, and, being highly approved of, it is likely to command a market at home. Vehicles of all sorts are manufactured from various colonial timbers, and are as good as are made anywhere.

One of the chief sights of Auckland is the view from Mount Eden—a truncated cone of no great height, which offers no

difficulties of ascent, and is within easy distance of the city. The summit commands a peculiarly fine prospect. Owing to the extreme narrowness of the island at this part, there can be seen, stretching away into the dim blue distance, both the eastern and western coasts, with their inlets and promontories and adjacent seas, and their intermediate concourse of mountains. The landscape is of a strongly marked volcanic type, and cone rises behind cone in apparently never-ending succession. More positive proof of this was furnished not long ago, when a land that is generally spoken of as flowing with milk and honey had a short turn of volcanic *ejecta* in the shape of dust and ashes, fire and clouds, the noise and sulphurous odour of which penetrated to the very heart of Auckland, and brought with them an indefinable horror. Mount Eden itself shows signs of activity at a comparatively recent geologic period. The dregs of the last eruption lie congealed at the bottom of a deep crater whose sides are covered with vegetation, and the surrounding country is strewn with scoriæ. It was also at one time a fortified Maori *pah* or village, and on its sides the excavations and terraces are still visible in a state of almost complete preservation. They evince much intelligence and skill, and with the addition of palisades of strong timber they must have been nigh impregnable to such modes and engines of war as could be directed against them.

Another remarkable sight, about five miles to the south of Auckland, is a number of caves, big and little, said to be caused by the bursting of immense bubbles of cooling lava. The entrance to each is through a bower of ferns, whose beauty ill consorts with the ghastly collection of bleached and broken bones strewn about in the sepulchral gloom of the interior. They

lie in the vicinity of a group of extinct volcanoes called the Three Kings, and are connected with the town by a good road.

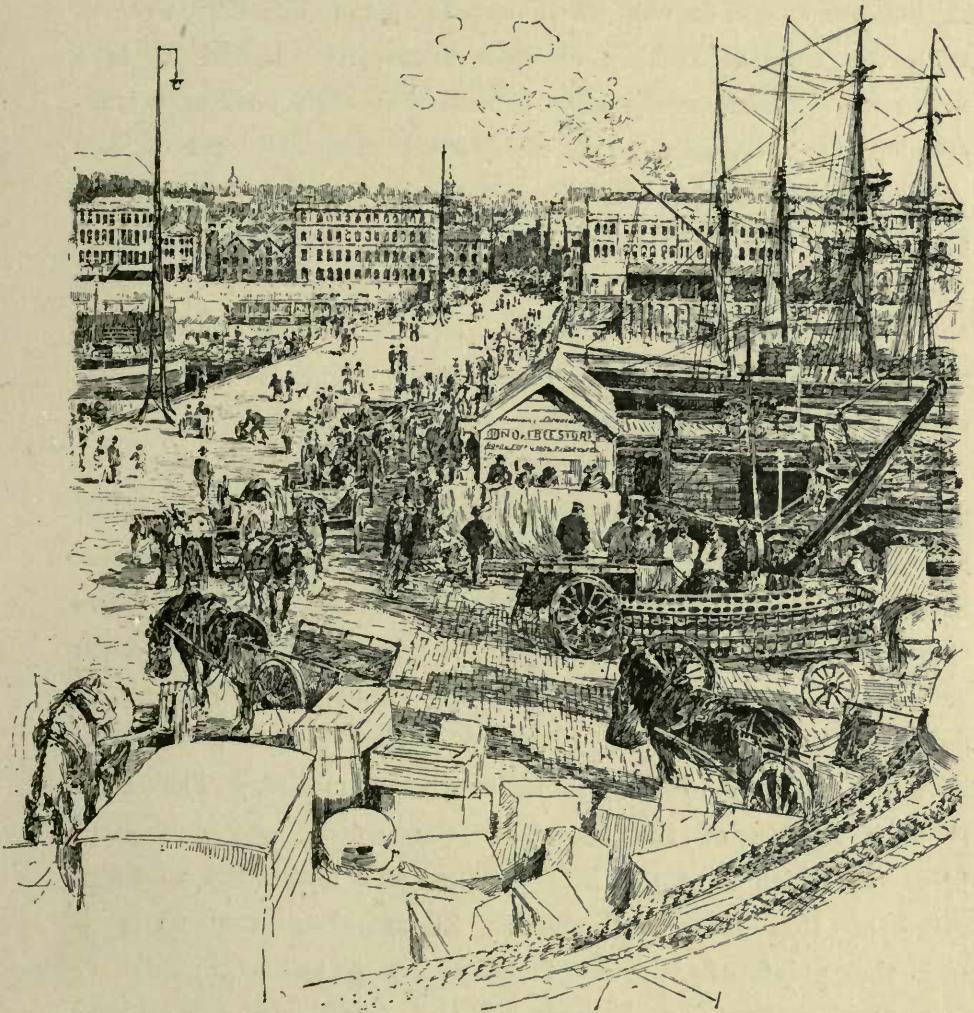
A few miles from the city by road or rail is Onehunga, on the Manukau Harbour. It is by means of this port that the traffic with Wellington and the West Coast is chiefly conducted. At the entrance to the harbour is one of the most dangerous bars in New Zealand, which are certainly not a few. On this terrible bar was lost H.M.S. *Orpheus*, with nearly all on board. As the masts went by the board, the men who were clustered in the rigging gave a cheer, which must have echoed through the "land of the hereafter," for next moment the brave fellows were no more. About twenty miles to the north-west lies Helensville, on the southern reaches of the Kaipara Harbour. It is united to Auckland by rail, and is the centre of the timber trade. Returning again to the north shore of the Waitemata, and journeying three or four miles by road from Devonport, you come upon Lake Takapuna, a small but beautiful sheet of water with very pretty surroundings. It is yearly becoming a more favourite resort of Aucklanders on account of its being completely out of sight and hearing of what they are pleased to call the city's din; and a large hotel has been erected, where one may have all the conveniences which are to had within sound of the city's "central roar."

Just outside the harbour, on the southern side of the channel leading to its entrance, is the mountain isle of Rangitoto. It is an extinct volcano, whose regularly ascending sides, covered with dense bush, rise to a height of 920 feet. The meaning of its name is the mount of the "bloody sky," and it has, perhaps, some reference to the rising or setting of the sun, or more likely to an eruption witnessed at, or soon after, the

arrival of the Maoris from Hawaiki, their traditional birthplace. Away to the north of it is the small island of Tiri-Tiri, on the highest point of which, three hundred feet above the sea, there is a lighthouse. Still further north, and towards the deep sea, are the Great and Little Barrier Islands, with many more that spring up for miles all along the eastern coast almost as far as the North Cape. Both the Barrier Islands, as their names signify, act as huge breakwaters to the mighty Pacific waves and swells that might otherwise seriously discompose the offing of the harbour, and even the harbour itself. They are nearly covered with bush, and are very precipitous, the Little Barrier being 1,400 feet high, and the Great Barrier 2,300 feet.

With the greater of these islands is connected a singular tragedy. A few years ago the captain and mate of a small but fast-sailing vessel, called the *Sovereign of the Seas*, proceeded therein to the Great Barrier, taking with them, by her own consent, a young woman. At the Barrier the captain attempted to carry off a woman who had once been his sweetheart, but who was now married to another man. In the scuffle that followed the woman escaped, but her father was shot dead. The murderers then fled to their vessel, and sailed away with the black flag at the masthead. For some time nothing was heard of them. The whole coast and neighbouring seas were scoured, but to no purpose. Three months later the *Sovereign of the Seas* was dashed to pieces on the Australian coast. Her crew escaped the waves only to fall into the hands of the law. They had suffered terrible privations, and the men had lived in mortal fear of each other. They were brought back to Auckland. On the evidence of the girl the men were condemned and hanged, and shortly after their execution she might have been

seen about town in the deepest mourning, and evidently highly gratified by the notoriety she had attained.



THE WHARF (p. 110).

Kawau Island also deserves mention, as having been for some time the residence of Sir George Grey. It is thirty miles, almost due north, from Auckland, and is separated from the mainland by a narrow strait. It is a well-wooded, picturesque

island, four or five miles in length, and about the same breadth at its broadest part, and is much indented on its western side. A few years ago it was purchased by some Victorian Cræsus, with the view of making of it a home; and indeed it is a home worthy not merely of a Cræsus, but of a poet or a transcendental philosopher. The residence lies at the head of Bon Accord Harbour, the largest of the bays on the western side, and looks more like an English manor-house than the ornamental piles of wood and ironwork which are usually met with. In the grounds which surround it there is a rare collection of flowers, shrubs, and trees from almost every latitude—pines, palms, roses, magnolias, peaches, plums, bananas, oranges, not to mention half a hundred more. A native tree called the pohutukawa (“dipped in spray”), whose limbs are strangely twisted and gnarled, and which bears a wealth of crimson flowers at Christmas-tide, grows all round the shores. Over the island there roam flocks of sheep, cattle, wallabies, and fallow deer; at every part of its rocky coast are to be found colonies of delicious oysters, and in the waters that surround it there is an abundance of fish, from shark to mullet. The most striking feature of the island is the woody promontory of Momona, which runs out into the sea, and forms the southern shore of Bon Accord Harbour. In ante-European times it was the point of vantage from which a powerful tribe of marauders made their descents on the neighbouring mainland and islands, till they were at last dislodged, and in great part eaten, by a grand alliance of the injured tribes. On the coast, half-way between Tiri-Tiri and Kawau, lies the pleasant little watering-place of Waiwera. It has regular communication with Auckland by steamer, and is becoming a favourite health

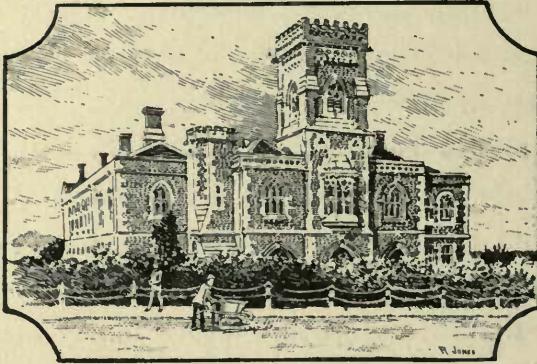
resort on account of the hot springs in its neighbourhood. Waiwera means "hot water."

Of the future of Auckland it may not be out of place to say a few words. America and Australia are two great continents which do not yet contain more than a very small fraction of the population which it is possible for them to support. As their populations increase, and their magnificent resources develop, and when the march of intellect and the dear lessons of experience have combined to teach sounder economic principles than now prevail, a great trade is sure to spring up between them. In this traffic Auckland will always be a port of call, not only because it is in the direct route, but also because it has command of large supplies of coal from the mines of Kawa-Kawa, Kamo, Taupiri, Waikato, &c., besides others which may yet be opened. It will moreover be the outlet through which the tributary of New Zealand trade will join the larger stream. The South Sea Islands, though not the El Dorados our forefathers believed them, possess a sufficient abundance of wealth and of possibilities of wealth. Auckland is the most convenient port for carrying on trade between them and New Zealand, and has already engaged, in what will become an important traffic, scores of small craft and at least two steamers. But space would fail if all were to be told that the Auckland of the future will certainly be, long before the sun begins to burn low. It will be a sort of Neapolitan Liverpool, with docks, wharves, shipbuilding-yards, and immense warehouses, and also a kind of Tyrrhenian Portsmouth, with war-ships, forts, and arsenals.

It cannot be doubted that the circumstances of a more genial climate, of natural features more varied, fantastic, and rugged,

of a situation amidst apparent infinitudes of ocean, of economical conditions of existence which take all the fever, strife, and bitterness out of the struggle for a livelihood, of contact and amalgamation with other races, and of a somewhat different diet—it cannot be doubted that these circumstances are slowly evolving from the original Anglo-Saxon elements a people which will

differ from the parent stock as much as, and probably a great deal more than, the typical American of the States does; or as the Spaniard of the Mexican plateaus differs from him of the Castilian sierras; or as the Boer of the



THE SUPREME COURT (p. 119).

South African mountains from the plodding Dutchman of dykes and canals. What by the lapse of centuries will become the leading characteristics of the inhabitants of this maritime city it would be presumptuous to predict in detail; but it cannot be wrong to say that they will not be quite the same as those which will be developed in the inhabitants of more southern cities—Dunedin, for example, where the climate is colder, and there is less diversity of type among the present settlers. Doubtless they will be a vivacious and pleasure-loving community of merchants and sailors, with an aristocracy of politicians and men of letters, though their policy may be more dashing than prudent, and their literature more brilliant than profound, more Byronic than Wordsworthian, more Pickwickian than Johnsonian.

Altogether, Auckland is a place twice blessed—blessed in climate and blessed in situation, blessed in the present and likely to be more than ever blessed in the future, provided its municipal conduct be in accordance with those laws which, with cities as with men, are the inexorable conditions of greatness.



VICTORIA STREET.

THE MAORI WARS.

The First Cause of the Troubles—The Maori Character—The Wairau Massacre—Rauparaha and Rangihaeata—Governor Fitzroy's Decision—Heke's "Rebellion"—An Assault on the "Pahi" Repulsed—A British Soldier Tortured—Taken Unawares—Heke's Latter End—Trouble in the South—Arrest of Rauparaha—A Mischance at Wanganui—Revenge and Retribution—An Agrarian Agitation—The King Movement—New Plymouth in a State of Siege—A Truce—The Maoris Driven Out of Rangiriri—A Last Stand at Orakao and Heroic Retreat—Maori Triumphs and Generosity at Tauranga—Hau-Hauism: A New Religion—The Wanganui Campaign—Murder of a Missionary—Te Kooti's Rebellion and Suppression.

FROM the signing of the Treaty of Waitangi, which formally ceded to the Queen the sovereignty of New Zealand in 1840, up till about 1870 or later, troubles were continually arising between the settlers and the natives. The immediate causes of the greater part of the bloodshed were disputes about land; but it is not at all clear that the more distant and real causes were not very different.

The Maoris were intelligent, courageous, and utterly fearless of death. They were, moreover, savages of a most cruel and ferocious type. Before the advent of the white, they were constantly fighting with one another; war was their vocation, war was their recreation, war was a principal source of their food supply. To conquer was their highest ambition. To be defeated was worse than death. They drank the warm blood of their fallen enemies. They plucked out and swallowed the eyes of the chiefs whom they vanquished. Captives of war were fattened, and then they were eaten. Human flesh was a staple commodity, bartered from one tribe to another, in strict accordance with the laws of supply and demand. Such being their character, it was only natural they should resent the neglect and contempt they experienced at the hands of the whites. For

the same reason that the white man was anxious to acquire land, the Maori became anxious to keep it. "The money we get for the land," he said, "is soon gone, but the land remains for ever."

The history of the war may be naturally divided into three epochs—the first being the fighting between 1843 and 1848; the second, the Taranaki war of 1860–61, and the war of 1863–64, which was fought out in the country south of Auckland, and was the greatest of the Maori wars; the third, the troubles arising from the foundation among the Maoris of a superstitious fanaticism, the votaries of which were called the Hau-Haus.

The Wairau massacre is one of the most lamentable incidents in the authentic history of New Zealand. Rauparaha and Rangihaeata were great chiefs, who owned a large tract of fertile land on the southern shore of Cook Strait. This block, known as the Wairau Valley, lies about seventy miles from Nelson, in a south-easterly direction. The New Zealand Company professed to have purchased it from the natives. Rauparaha denied having sold the land, refused the payment which was offered, and said the land was his own, and he meant to keep it. The Company, moreover, had nothing to show in evidence of their purchase, as was afterwards declared by the commissioner appointed to inquire into disputes about land. The agent of the Company at Nelson sent surveyors to the place. Rauparaha and Rangihaeata, who had crossed the strait in canoes, fired the surveyors' huts, alleging that the materials of which they were constructed belonged to themselves. The surveyors' own property had been first removed to a distance and carefully preserved from injury.

Upon this the Government magistrate at Nelson issued a warrant for the apprehension of the two chiefs on a charge of

arson, and, accompanied by the Company's agent and a party of constables, proceeded to execute it. On the chiefs refusing to submit to the magistrate's authority, a shot was fired, which hit one

of the natives.

A *mélée* ensued.

The Europeans, overpowered by

numbers, fled,

but not before

thirteen had been

killed and nine

taken prisoners.

The blood of the

chiefs was up.

Te Ronga, wife

of Rangihaeata

and daughter of

Rauparaha, was

lying dead, killed

by the bullets of

the "pakehas."

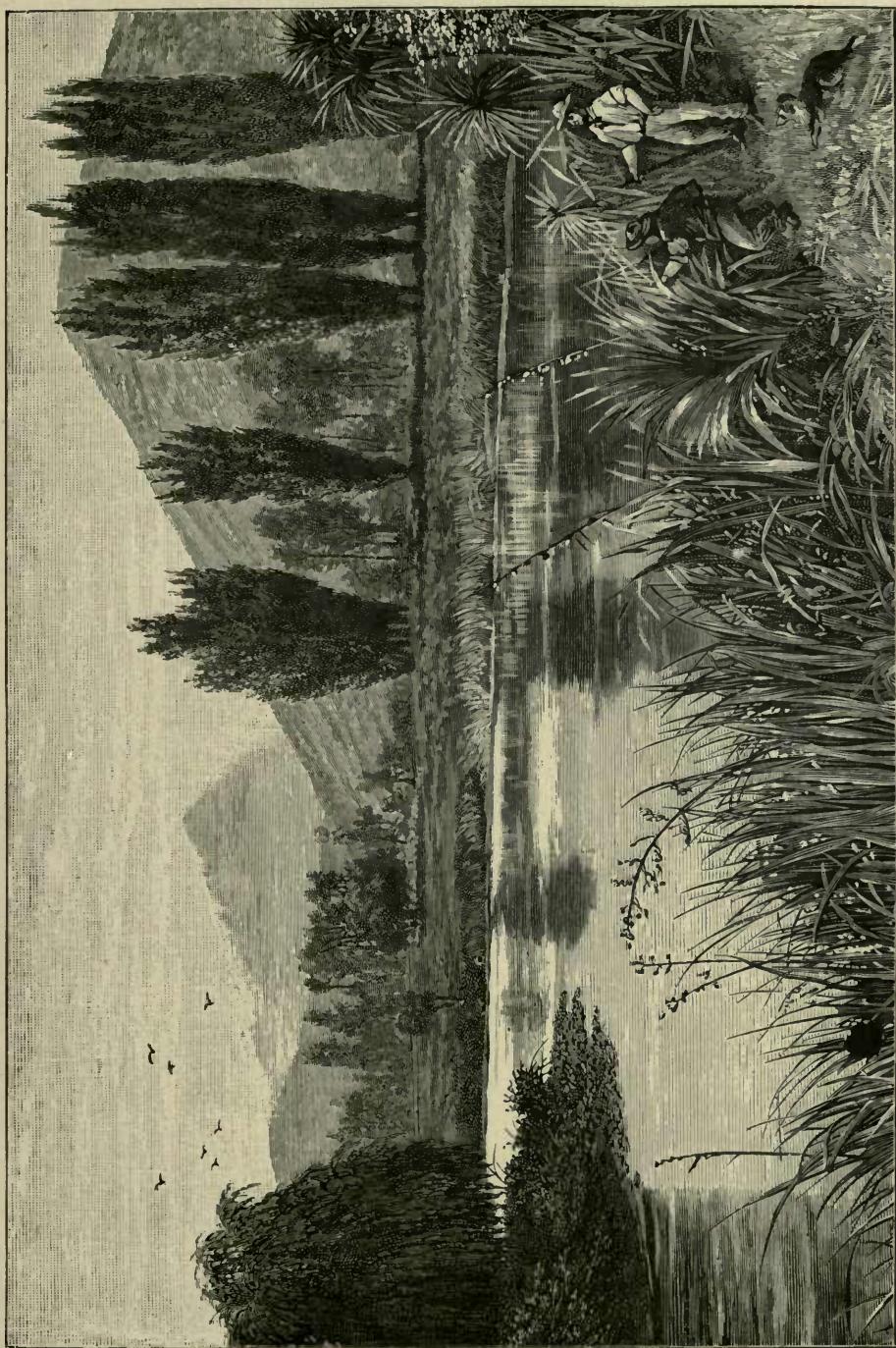
In the heat of

the moment, and



MAP OF THE WAR DISTRICT.

in conformity with the Maori usage, which demands blood for blood, the captives were slain as they stood, all defenceless. The magistrate and the Company's agent were among those who found a grave where a larger estate had been hoped for; and a monument to their memory, and that of the rest of the fallen, now marks the spot, which is known as Massacre Hill.



SCENE OF THE WAIRAU MASSACRE.

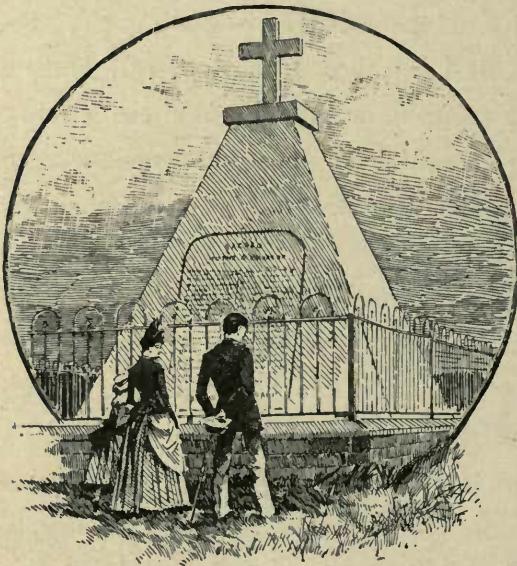
In the year following, Governor Fitzroy, having investigated the circumstances, decided in favour of the natives, but his verdict was mistaken for cowardice, and turned the natives' admiration for Europeans almost to contempt.

The next conflict is generally, but very erroneously, called the rebellion of Hone, or Johnny, Heke. Notwithstanding that the cases are not exactly parallel, it is quite as absurd to call Heke a rebel as it would be to call Kosciusko or William Wallace a rebel. Heke was married to the daughter of the renowned warrior Hongi, who had in 1820, under the wing of the missionaries, visited England, had been introduced to George IV., had collected arms and ammunition, and had returned to New Zealand only to carry fire, death, and ruin far to the south by aid of his superior weapons. Heke was less travelled than his father-in-law, though hardly less remarkable in other respects. He had reached an advanced stage of civilisation. From being a savage he became a Christian. When receiving the sacrament, he was so deeply affected as to shed tears. His knowledge of the Scriptures was most profound, and references to Bible events and characters were ever on his lips. From Christianity he drifted into scepticism. He hated the whites, comparing them to the Egyptians, and his own countrymen to the Israelites whom the Egyptians held in bondage. He was chief of the Ngapuhi tribe, among whom the flagstaff erected at Kororareka was the symbol of the cause of all their calamities. This was repeatedly destroyed, as well as settlers' property, and at last Governor Fitzroy offered a reward of £100 for the apprehension of those who had interfered, and a like sum for the capture of Heke, who in turn offered £100 for the head of Governor Fitzroy. The flagstaff, sheathed with iron and surrounded by a stockade, was once again

set up, and soldiers were posted to defend it. In the first days of March, 1845, the signal-station was again taken, the town sacked and burnt, and the inhabitants forced to flee in ships to Auckland. Heke's *coup* spread dismay throughout the

colony. At Auckland, Wellington, and Nelson, defensive works were begun, and the people were daily expecting an attack.

The only way to bring about a better state of things was to suppress Heke. On the 3rd of April, 1845, troops sailed from Auckland for the Bay. The English force consisted of 400 men, who were



MONUMENT AT MASSACRE HILL, NEAR BLENHEIM (p. 132).

joined by 400 native allies under Tamati Waka Nene. In a few days Okaihau, where Heke was entrenched, was reached. It was defended by two lines of palisades. Inside these there was a ditch or shallow excavation all round, from which the enemy fired. The outer fence, being interwoven with the long tough leaves of the New Zealand flax, served also as a screen. A sally was made from the "pah," but it was easily repulsed. Within the "pah" the enemy were secure. It soon became quite evident that, without artillery, the place was impregnable; and the troops, therefore, fell back on the coast.



HEKE AND HIS WIFE.

Flushed with success—for the failure of the English he reckoned as success to himself—Heke became still more arrogant. In a letter to the Governor he said: “Cæsar, Pontius Pilate,

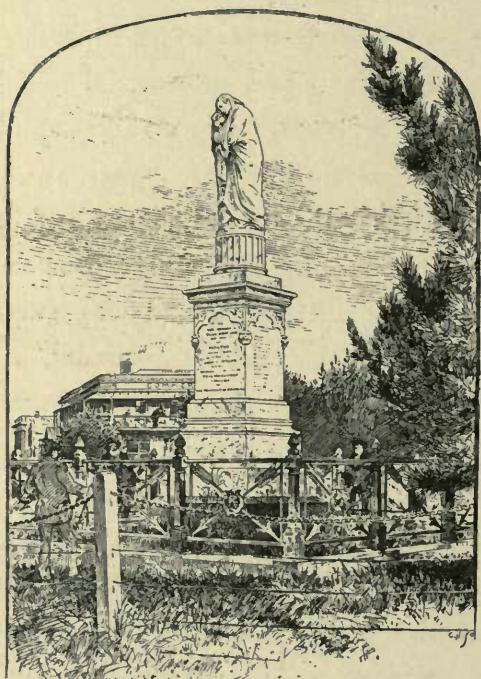
Nebuchadnezzar, Pharaoh, Nicodemus, Agrippa, and Herod were kings and governors. Did they confer any benefit? Or did they not rather kill Christ Jesus?" He attacked our native allies, and received a wound which prevented him for some time from taking an active part in the war. Kawiti, his colleague, became fighting general, and took up a strong position at Ohaeawai, nineteen miles from the coast. An expedition of 900 men, including natives, advanced upon him. This time the artillery, of which there were four pieces, had not been overlooked. The "pah" was surrounded by three rows of high palisades, and a ditch five feet deep was dug on the inner side of the inmost row. The enemy were estimated at 250. A thirty-two pounder was fired continuously against the palisades, and when it was thought a sufficient breach had been made, a storming party was organised. Shortly after 3 p.m. on the 1st of July, 200 men advanced to the assault. It was then discovered that the inmost fence was quite intact; and after ten minutes of terrible and utterly ineffectual fighting, in which half our men were killed or wounded, a retreat was made. In the cold and darkness of an Antipodean winter they lay in momentary expectation of an attack from the jubilant enemy. The latter, however, were otherwise engaged. The night was perfectly still, and every sound within the "pah" was distinctly audible. A soldier of the 99th had been captured, and every half-hour he was tortured with red-hot irons. His screams of agony, and ejaculations of "O my God! O my God!" together with the yells and ferocious merriment of the savages, rang with horrible distinctness far into the solitudes. On the 10th the "pah" was abandoned, the retreat being concealed by the howling of the dogs, who were tied up for that purpose.

During the next four months Governor Fitzroy did nothing but wait. The forces at his command were insufficient to ensure success. At last Captain Grey assumed the arduous duties of Governor-in-Chief. Reinforcements also arrived. Governor Grey immediately proceeded to the Bay of Islands, and informed Heke that he gave him four days to decide for peace or war. In his reply Heke quoted the words of a war-song which sufficiently indicated his intentions:—"Oh! let us fight, fight, fight, aha! Let us fight, aha! for the land that lies open before us!" Kawiti was entrenched at Rua-peka-peka, a "pah" of enormous strength. It measured 170 yards by 70 yards, and was surrounded by two rows of high and strong timber palisades, a parapet of earth, and a ditch. Its defenders numbered about five hundred. In the besieging party there were about 1,200 Europeans and 450 Maoris.

Sunday came round; the enemy were under the impression that there would be no fighting on the part of those who were the countrymen of the missionaries. They retired, therefore, behind the "pah" for the purpose of cooking their Sunday dinner and holding their Sunday services beyond reach of the shot and shell that hurtled and burst around them. This was discovered and the place was soon in the hands of the English; and the Maoris, ceasing their hymns and prayers, rushed to attack the position they had so lately defended. After making a gallant fight of it for four hours, they made a retreat no less gallant, carrying off all their wounded comrades under fire.

Heke, being left alone and powerless, drowned his sorrows in the cup. He died of consumption five years later, in 1850. A free pardon was proclaimed, and so, in January, 1846, ended the memorable war of Johnny Heke.

There was peace in the north. In the south, however, the smouldering ashes of disaffection were here and there bursting into flame, and threatened to culminate in a general conflagration.



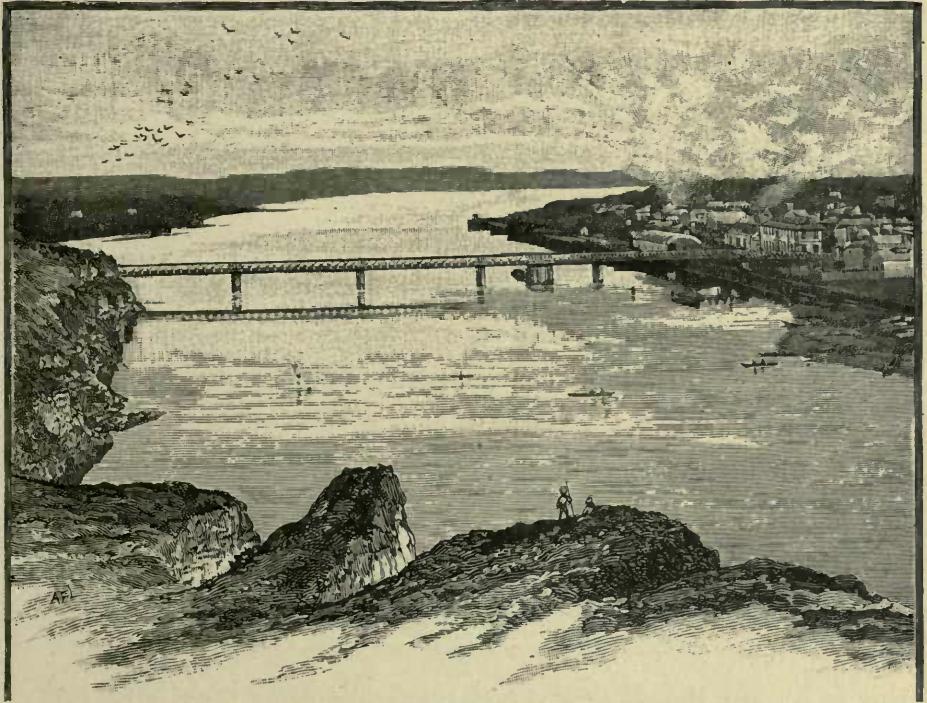
MONUMENT AT WANGANUI (p. 157).

Rauparaha and Rangihaeata were supposed to be at the root of these troubles. Rauparaha professed to be friendly, but it was strongly suspected that from him emanated the directions which Rangihaeata carried out. Governor Grey, taking for granted that Rauparaha was playing double, suddenly made the old chief a prisoner.

Towards the end of the year there was more fighting in the neighbourhood of Wanganui. The dispersed adherents of Rangihaeata

carried thither the tale of their wrongs. By this means the discontent of the natives was developed into active hostility, and disputed land was made the cause of quarrel. At Wanganui, in April, 1847, a chief was accidentally shot in the cheek by a midshipman of the *Calliope*. Maori custom demanded blood for blood, and on the next day but one, six young natives murdered a Mrs. Gilfillan and four of her children. Five of them were taken, and four were hanged. The young men were related to the principal chiefs of the district, and their execution

aroused the natives from their irresolution. Wanganui was attacked on the 19th of May, 1847. Several skirmishes took place, with loss on both sides. Ten months later the natives



WANGANUI.

sued for peace, which was formally proclaimed, and a pardon was extended to all.

After the wars of 1843-48, no further fighting took place till 1860. When it had once begun, it continued off and on for about ten years. The first sign of it was the Land League. This movement can be traced as far back as 1848, and was simply a variation of the fighting which ceased in that year. From being physical, the antagonism became moral. The League was formally initiated at Taranaki in 1854, when a Bible was

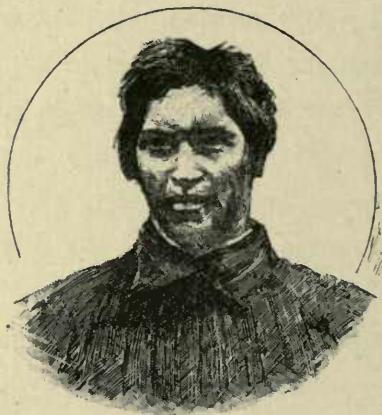
buried in the earth and a heap of stones piled over it. The land in the possession of a native tribe was not the aggregation of the lands belonging to, or cultivated by, the individuals of the tribe, but was a certain district, more or less well defined, which belonged to the tribe as a whole. The produce of the cultivation of certain allotted patches was the only private property which individuals could claim. Further, according to native law, all the land of a conquered tribe became the property of the conquerors, but they could only lawfully sell it after they had occupied it. In 1854 seven natives were killed and ten wounded, at the instigation of the League, while they were cutting the boundary-line of a block of land which was to be sold to the Governor. Shortly afterwards, in a continuation of the same feud, twelve more were killed and sixteen wounded.

The King movement, also, was a further indication of the breach between the two races. The idea was first suggested in 1853 by Matene, a Cook Strait chief. The following letter was widely circulated:—"Listen, all men! The house of New Zealand is one. The rafters on one side are the 'pakehas'; those on the other are the Maoris; the ridge-pole on which both rest is God. Let, therefore, the house be one." The movement was thus not intentionally hostile to the sovereignty of the Queen. In June, 1858, an aged and influential chief, called Te Whero Whero, was formally accepted as king, with the title of Potatau the First. The constitution of his kingdom was partly British, partly Biblical, but, for the greater part, savage and even childish. The King movement grew rapidly, became an ally of the Land League, and in five years was neither more nor less than a hostile faction entrenched in the heart of the island.

In 1859 a native named Teira, or Taylor, offered to sell the

Governor a fine block of Waitara land a few miles to the north of New Plymouth, but the Maoris objected. In February, 1860, martial law was proclaimed; and the war thus begun lasted a whole year. All the settlers were forced to gather into the town of New Plymouth. Their homesteads were burnt, their crops destroyed, and their flocks and herds driven off, by the hostile Maoris. Besides the ships of war on the coast, there were two thousand British troops in the province. New Plymouth, the capital, was in a state of siege. It was garrisoned and fortified, and stockaded works were erected a few miles both north and south of it. There was not sufficient accommodation in the town for all the people who flocked thither. The women and children were sent across the strait to Nelson, and many of the settlers went to other parts of the colony or back to England, ruined men. Sickness, too, the result of overcrowding, decimated the devoted defenders.

The principal operation of the war was the attack on the "pah" which stood on the ridge of Puketakauere. The position was a strong one, and our soldiers did not find out its real strength until the actual time of their assault upon it, when they were put to flight. After other engagements, peace was concluded through the intervention of Wiremu Tamihana Tarapipipi, a great chief of the north, the leading adviser of the king, and probably the greatest of his race. On the British side, according to official returns, there were 64 killed and 174 wounded during the war. The natives had successfully resisted our arms, and although the immediate cause of the war was the possession of the Waitara block, we had not even gained that. The sole result of the war was a compromise. Said Wiremu Tamihana, the peace-maker, "Let the law have the care of the Waitara; let a good man from the Queen investigate the case."



TARAPIPIPI (p. 143).

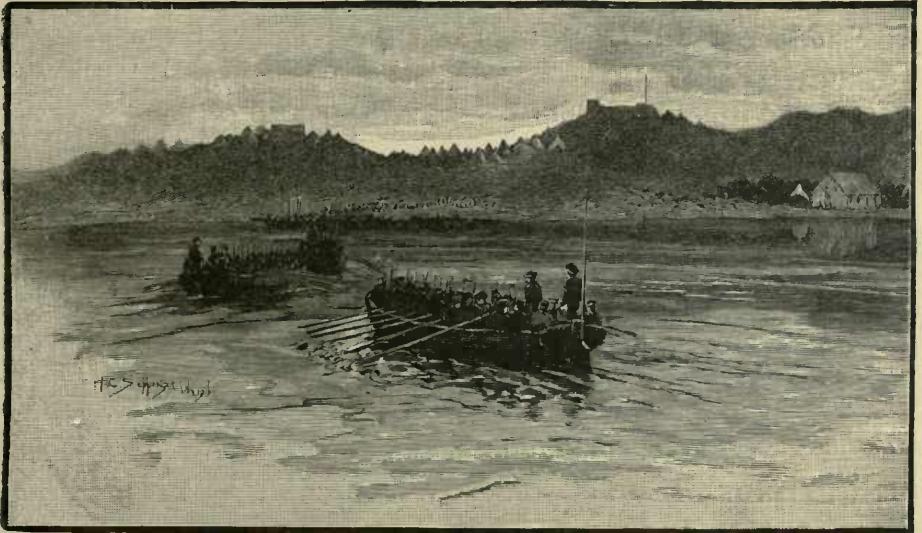
Sir George Grey was appointed in Governor Browne's stead, as the "good man" who was to settle all disputes. The dispute which it was necessary to settle before all others was the possession of Waitara; but the chiefs of the Waikato, with whom the decision lay, kept ominously silent and aloof. For a year and a half Sir George and his advisers were untiring in their

policy of conciliation, but nothing satisfactory could be arrived at. Owing to an unfortunate delay on the part of the Ministry, the Maoris, suspecting treachery, again went to war. There was now in the colony, besides gunboats for river service, a fully-equipped force of 15,000 fighting men. The first important engagement was at Koheroa, where the enemy were entrenched in rifle-pits. They were finally dislodged, after showing the utmost obstinacy, and were pursued for a distance of five miles, up to a point where many of them escaped by the Waikato in canoes. The Maoris entrenched themselves twelve miles higher up, at Rangiriri (angry heavens). The fortifications there were situated on a narrow belt of land between the rushing Waikato and Lake Waikare. Right across this strip of land a wall of palisading was erected, with a square redoubt at its middle point. Round the



TE KOOTI (p. 157).

redoubt a ditch twelve feet wide was excavated, and from the bottom of the ditch to the parapet of the redoubt the height was about twenty feet. Five hundred yards behind these works there was a steep ridge, fortified with rifle-pits. General Cameron advanced along the river-bank with 860 men. Three hundred more, to be landed in rear of the enemy's



BRITISH TROOPS ADVANCING UP THE WAIKATO.

works, were conveyed up stream in two steamers. Four gunboats also proceeded to the spot, and it was intended that they should open fire from the river upon the same part of the fortifications as would be attacked by the land forces, and at the same time. After the shelling had been carried on for an hour and a half without much apparent success, the order for the assault was given. The men advanced rapidly under a heavy and killing fire, and, scaling the palisade to the right of the central redoubt, carried all the outworks before them, and drove the Maoris into the shallows and marshes of the lake, where

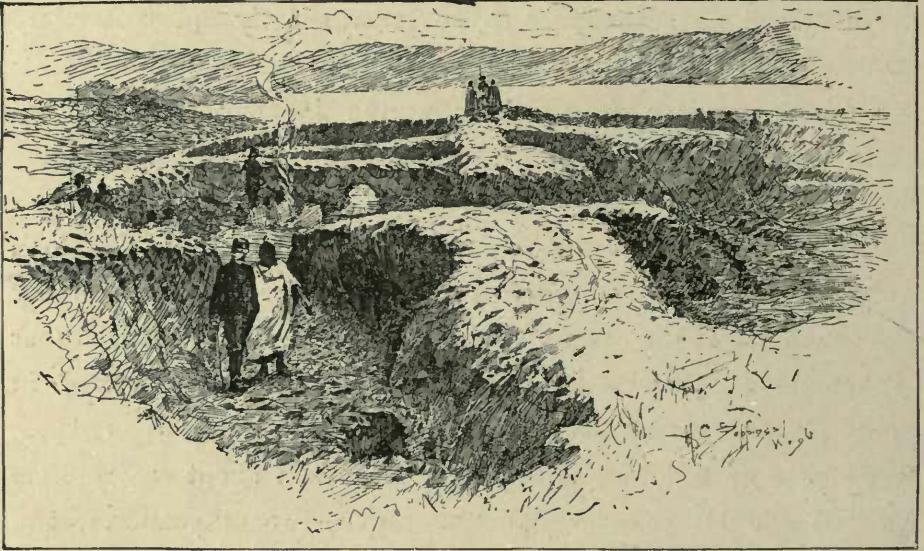
many of them were shot down. The ridge in the rear, honey-combed with rifle-pits, was captured soon after by the troops which by this time had been disembarked from the steamers. Assault after assault was then made upon the strong remaining work, but it defied every attempt as effectually as the keep of a Norman castle, and before long it was surrounded by a ghastly ring of English dead. Darkness having set in, further operations were postponed till the following day, and during the night the soldiers remained in the various positions they had gained. At dawn, however, the enemy hoisted a white flag and made an unconditional surrender. One hundred and eighty-five prisoners and a large quantity of arms were taken.

But the game of war was not over. A final and desperate stand was made at Orakao. This "pah" was of the usual nature of a Maori fort, being defended by palisades and ditch, and standing on an eminence. Our troops approached it on three different sides, and one or two attempts were made to take it by storm. As these not only utterly failed, but were accompanied by serious loss, it was decided to have recourse to the surer method of the sap. All the while the enemy kept firing. There were women and children in the "pah," and on the second day the General sent word to the besieged:—"Hear the word of the General. You have done enough to show you are brave men. Your case is hopeless. Surrender, and your lives will be spared." They replied, "This is the word of the Maori:—We will fight for ever, for ever, for ever." "But," urged the General, "send your women away." "The women will fight too," was the answer. On the following afternoon the Maoris, in a compact body, emerged from the "pah" on its south side, and without firing a shot, or making any noise whatever, made for the near scrub.

They were pursued for some miles, and many of them fell. General Cameron, in his report to the War Office, said, "I cannot in justice refrain from paying a tribute to the heroic courage and devotion of this band of natives, who without water and with but little food for more than two days, and deprived of all hope of succour, held out so long against a vastly superior force, and at last, disdaining to surrender, silently and deliberately abandoned their position under a terrific fire from our troops."

Across country from Waikato, the harbour and town of Tauranga are situated on the east coast. The natives there were in sympathy with the insurgents, and had sent them reinforcements and provisions. It was thought advisable, therefore, that the war should be carried thither. The Maoris, probably not more than two hundred in all, entrenched themselves at Pukehinahina, near Taūranga. The force which mustered in front of the "Gate pah" on the morning of the 28th of April, 1864, was as follows:—1,695 men (of whom about eighty were officers) one 110-pounder Armstrong gun, two 40-pounders, two 6-pounders, two 24-pounder howitzers, two 8-inch mortars, and six Coehorn mortars. With this astonishing array, we succeeded in being signally and shamefully defeated. At daybreak on the 29th fire was opened. For the first two hours excellent practice was made at a red flag cunningly placed a hundred yards behind the "pah," and three men of the 68th were wounded. The *ruse* was finally detected, and every effort made to compensate for the waste of ammunition. A rain of shot and shell poured incessantly into and around the "pah." There, almost absolute silence was maintained, and scarcely a shot was fired. By four in the afternoon—that is to say, after eight hours' cannonading—a practicable breach was made. A rocket was fired.

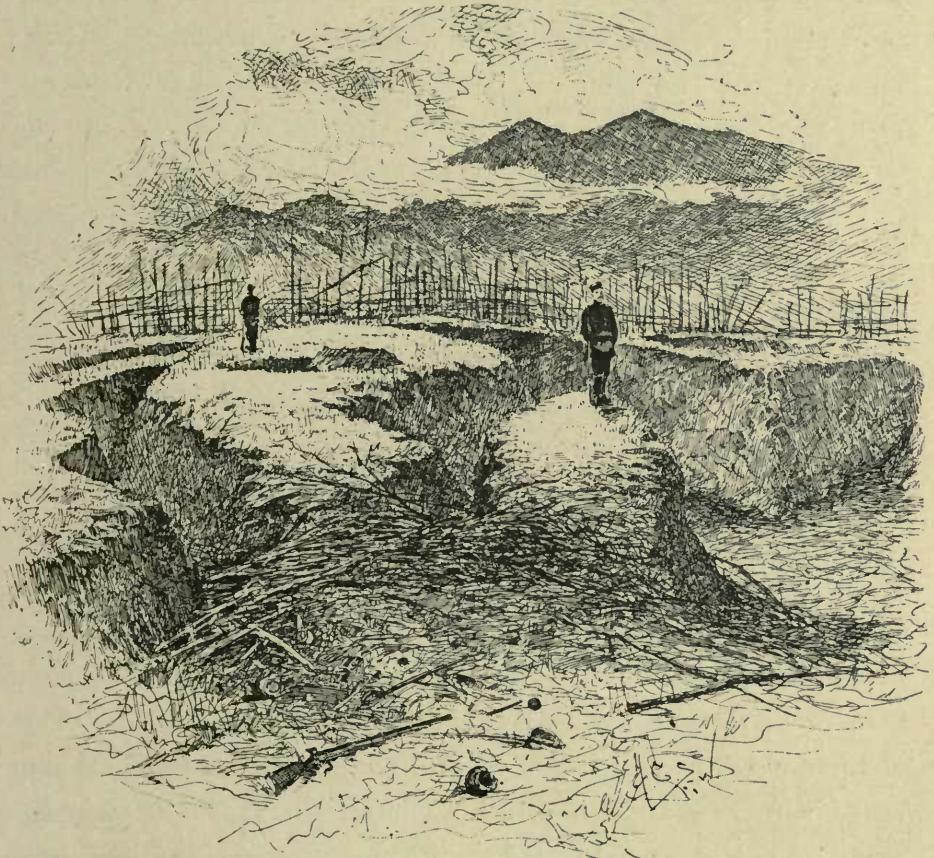
The 68th, at the rear of the "pah," obedient to the signal, drew closer up. Three hundred men, four abreast, advanced to the attack. Three hundred more followed as a reserve. An entrance was easily effected, and a fierce encounter followed. The retreat of the Maoris was effectually barred by the 68th,



STRONGHOLD OF THE MAORIS AT RANGIRIRI (p. 144).

and, brought to bay, they fought desperately at close quarters with their guns and tomahawks. Nearly all our officers fell, and the loss among the rank and file was very great. Suddenly the remnant turned and fled, crying, "There's thousands of them!" As the soldiers were thus flying, a Maori mounted the parapet and shouted after them, "O pakehas, our trenches are blocked with your dead!" During the night the Maoris, after their usual fashion, left the "pah." One of them, hearing an English officer, who was seriously wounded, asking for water, took a calabash, and passing through the English lines at the

risk of his life, brought some water from the neighbouring swamp. Next morning the troops took possession of the "pah," and it was found that the bodies of the slain had been neither



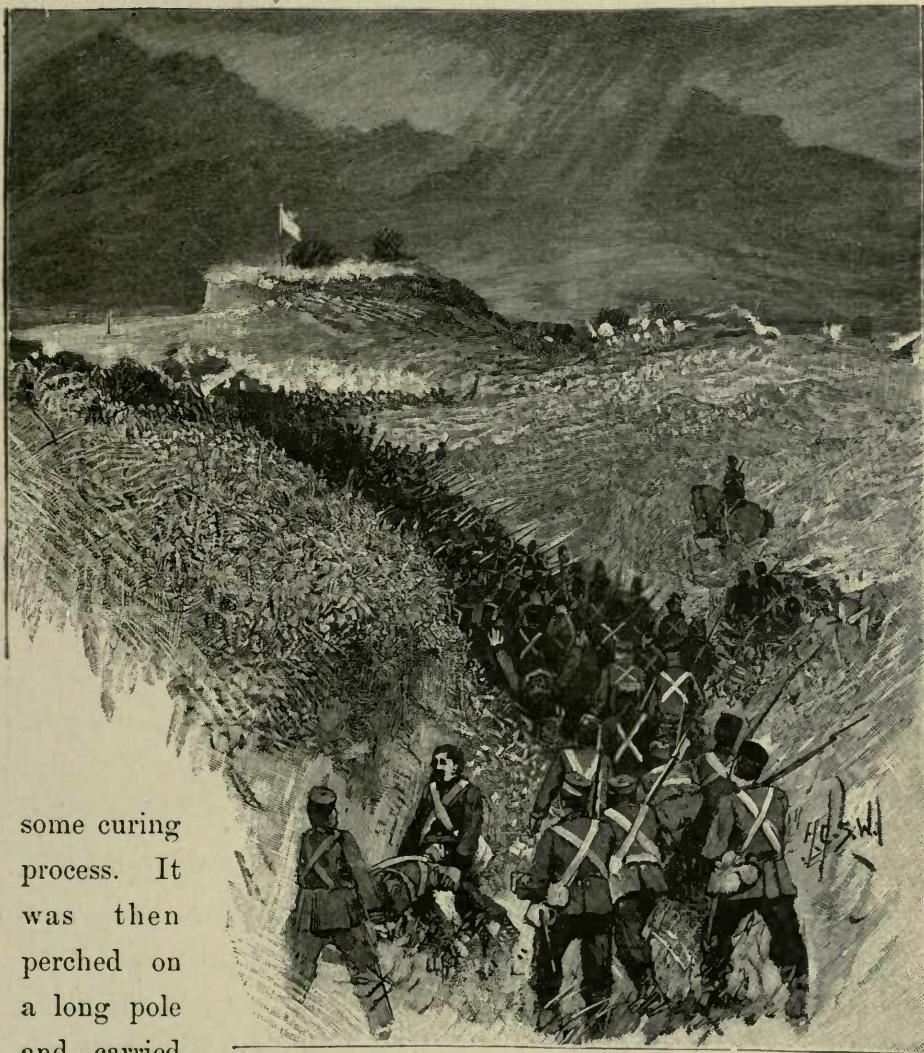
INTERIOR OF THE GATE "PAH" AFTER THE ATTACK.

robbed nor disfigured, and that beside each of the wounded a water-vessel had been placed. The loss was twenty-seven killed and sixty-six wounded. Two months later the Te Ranga "pah," three miles farther inland, was successfully stormed, the loss of the Maoris being considerably over a hundred, and that of the English, eight killed and thirty-nine wounded.

The Hau-Hau religion sprang up in Taranaki about this time, and cut the two races completely asunder. Up till now they were more or less agreed in matters of faith, but in Hau-Hauism the natives adopted a creed one of the leading principles of which was hostility to the Christianity of the missionaries. The name of the new religion, and of its followers, was Pai Marire, of which the interpretation is "good and peaceful," a title to which the lie was given in every possible way. The Virgin Mary, Saint Peter, the angel Gabriel, and all the heavenly host were continually in their midst to protect them from their enemies. Christianity was false, and all Bibles were to be burnt. Sunday was not to be observed, but every day was to be alike sacred. That the Maoris might become a people numerous as the sand of the sea-shore, and that so they might drive the Europeans from the land, men and women were to live promiscuously together. By ejaculating the sound "hau" (from which they derived their name), and by making certain signs and passes not unlike those affected by mesmerists, they would deprive their enemies of strength. They also supposed themselves to be proof against the bullets of the English. Part of their worship consisted in singing strange chants while dancing round a pole, and yelling like madmen, till they fell upon the earth convulsed or exhausted. When the Europeans had been exterminated, angels from heaven would come and teach the Maoris all things. The priests professed to have supernatural powers, to be able to cause ships to run ashore, and to speak all languages.

In April, 1864, the fanatics made their first descent on our troops near New Plymouth and killed several. The rebels cut off the heads and drank the blood of those who fell, thus making a dangerous approach to a relapse into cannibalism. A few days

afterwards the head of Captain Lloyd, the officer in charge of our troops, who had been slain, was disinterred, and submitted to

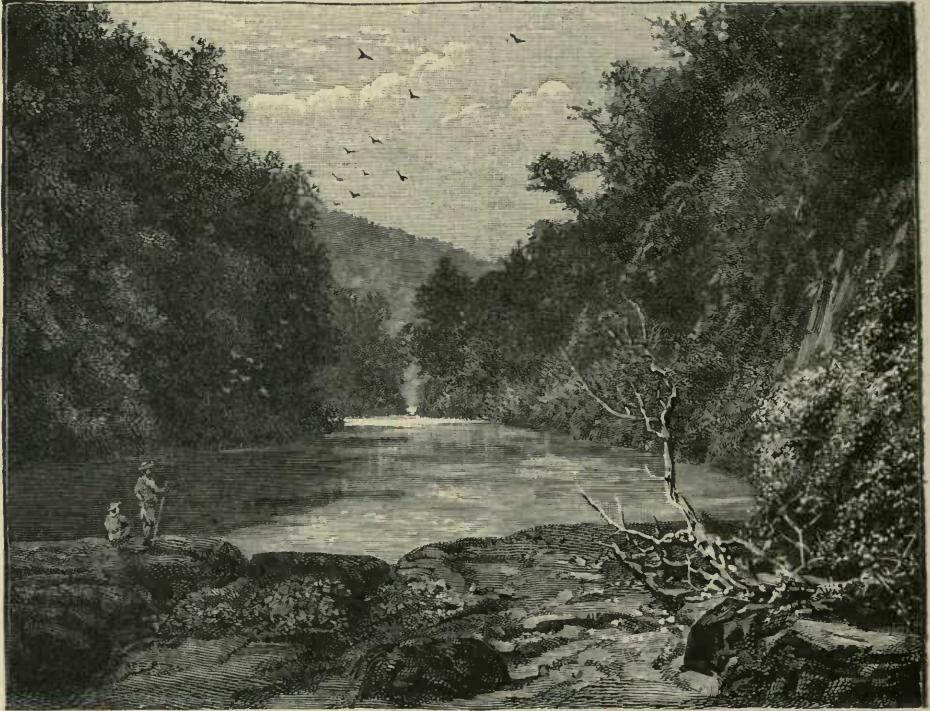


THE ATTACK ON THE ORAKAO "PAH" (p. 146).

some curing process. It was then perched on a long pole and carried about from

place to place, and became the medium of communication with heaven. When it had been borne all over the island, the reign of the "pakeha" was to be over.

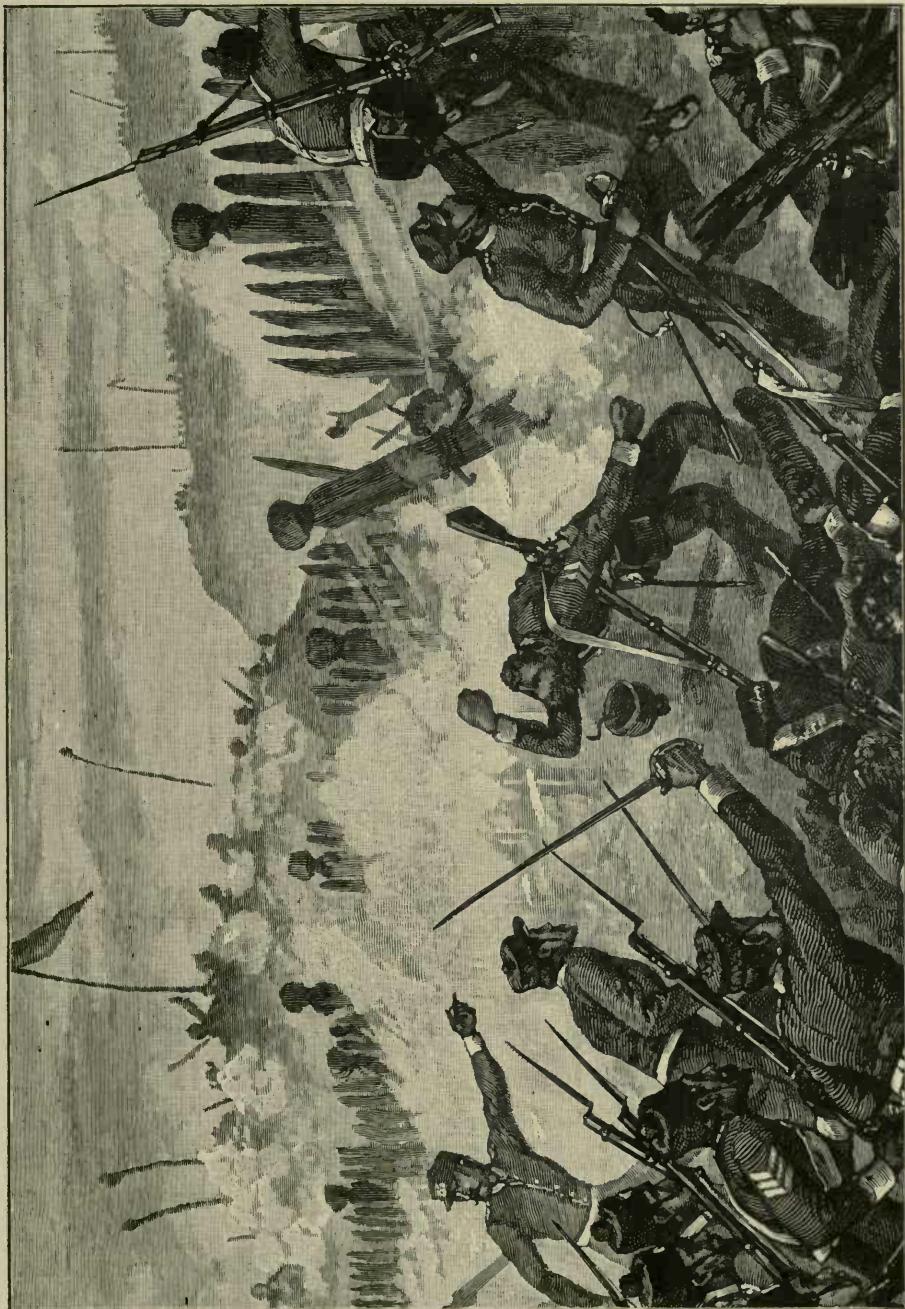
In the same month our soldiers had another experience of the "good and peaceful" Hau-Haus at Sentry Hill, a redoubt six miles north of New Plymouth, garrisoned by seventy-five men. Some three hundred Maoris attacked, but they were repulsed, and



ON THE WANGANUI.

one of the chief priests was slain. Thus the new faith at its very outset stood refuted in one of its principal articles.

After this the head was carried into the country in the upper reaches of the Wanganui river, and an attack on Wanganui was projected. For something like five years the road along the coast between Wanganui and Taranaki had been blocked by the natives, who threatened death to all who should attempt to traverse it. In order to open it up, it was resolved to undertake



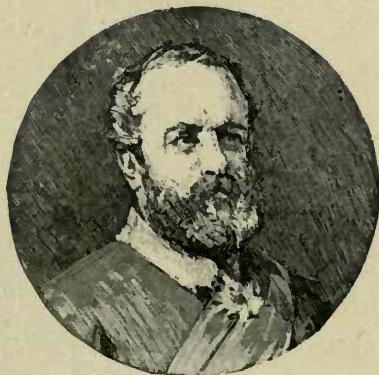
ATTACK ON THE MAORI "PAH" AT RANGHIRI (p. 145).



REV. C. S. VÖLKNER.

what is known as the Wanganui campaign. The first move was made in January, 1865. General Cameron, arrived with scanty laurels from the north, was in command, and had 7,000 men at his disposal. He informed the Governor, Sir George Grey, that, in his opinion, a certain "pah" could not be taken without a considerable reinforcement. The upshot was that Sir George Grey himself, with a scratch force of Colonial troops and friendly natives, captured the place by stratagem, and took fifty prisoners, without the shedding of blood on the English side. The General really thought the war unjust, and resigned his command. About this time, also, instructions for the withdrawal of five regiments were received from the Imperial Government. Henceforward the fighting was done by the Colonial forces, with more successful results.

In March of the same year an extremely popular Lutheran missionary named Carl Sylvius Völkner was hung by the natives. Wiremu Tamihana, shortly afterwards, as if wishing to show that he had no sympathy with the Hau-Haus in their horrible excesses, forwarded to General Carey a document he was willing to sign. "We consent," it ran, "that the laws of the Queen be



GENERAL CHUTE (p. 156).

the laws for the King, to be a protection for us all for ever and ever. This is the sign of my making peace, my coming



WATERFALL ON THE WANGANUI.

into the presence of my fighting friend, General Carey." An expedition was organised to punish the murderers of Völkner, conducted by General Chute, and in January, 1866, peace was mutually

consented to, and was to be eternally preserved on the banks of the Wanganui. The monument at Wanganui, shown on page 140, commemorates natives who were slain by the Hau-Haus in one of the conflicts.

Only one more series of incidents remains to be mentioned. Te Kooti, a clever and unscrupulous Maori, was banished, with others of his kind, to the Chatham Islands in 1866. In 1868, with the help of two hundred fellow-prisoners, he seized the schooner *Rifteman*, and the whole convict colony, with Te Kooti in command, made its way to Whareongonga, in Poverty Bay. At Gisborne, in November, thirty-three Europeans and thirty-seven friendly natives were massacred. After the cessation of hostilities on the west coast, the native question resolved itself into the suppression of Te Kooti. He was driven from point to point, making all through a gallant and desperate resistance. By 1871, when the last expedition set out against him, his followers had greatly dwindled, and he himself was driven into the King Country. To prevent further bloodshed and expense, the Government desisted from their pursuit of him, and he gave no more trouble.

Thus, in 1871, ended the great racial struggle which had begun with the inception of British rule. Between 1860 and 1871, 470 Europeans were killed, and 766 wounded; 223 friendly natives were killed, and a proportionate number wounded; 1,785 hostile natives were killed, an unknown number wounded, and about 1,500 taken prisoners. The total number killed was thus 2,488.

W. GAY.



RUSSELL (p. 160).

SOME NEW ZEALAND PORTS.

Bay of Islands—Historical Associations—A Piebald Alsatia : Kororareka
 —The Manuka—A Flagstaff with a Tale—The Treaty of Waitangi—
 —British Reverses—The Keri Keri—Poverty Bay—Cook's Landing
 —Hawke's Bay—Gisborne—Napier—Port Ahuriri—Hastings—
 Wanganui—The Rutland Stockade—Nelson—Akaroa.

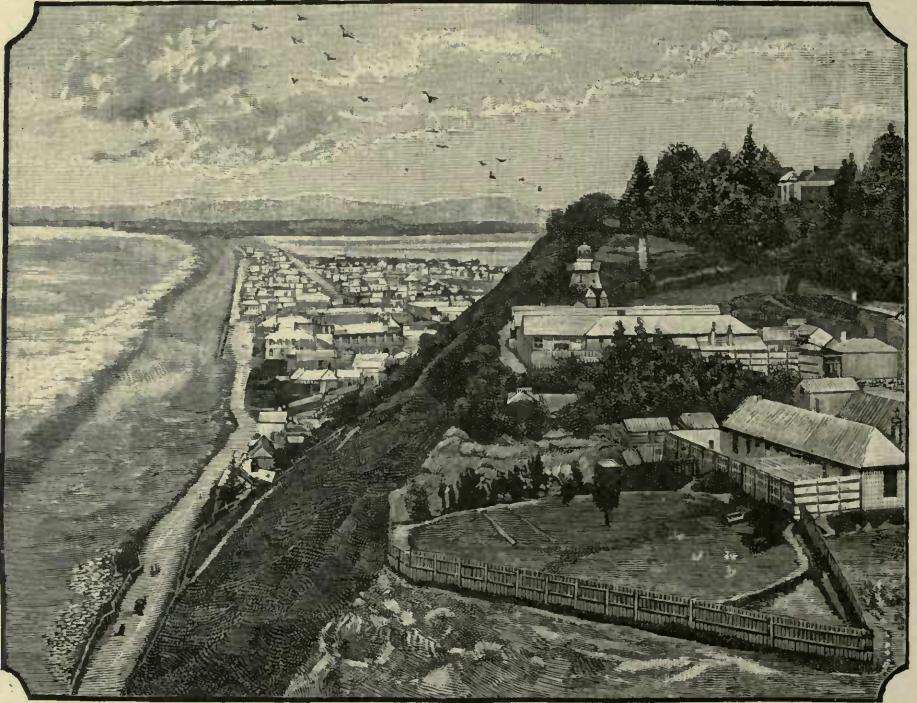


THE epithet "picturesque" is eminently applicable to many of the districts and smaller towns of New Zealand, and to give some account of these is the design of the present article. The BAY OF ISLANDS, to begin with, is, of all places in the colony, one of the most interesting and beautiful. It is situated near the north end of the east coast of the North Island, and stretches southwards into the land for about twenty miles. With its placid and sunny

waters it encircles many islands, and curiously insinuates its way among hills and peninsulas and promontories. You can hardly get away from it. At some point you strike off at right angles to the shore, and before you have gone, it may be, half a mile, you come upon it again; and as the waters murmur and smile in the sunlight, which they nearly always do, you can almost imagine that, in this particular instance, they are quietly laughing at yourself, and enjoying your astonishment. To get a view of the country beyond, you make for the top of some ferny hill, not far off and easy of ascent, and what do you see? Lapping the further base of the hill, and still purring with satisfaction to behold your delight, the bay stretches away to the opposite shore, where there are hills like the one you stand on. Its waters are beautiful with all the hues of green and blue. They are decked with ten thousand dancing points of gold, and flecked and fringed with white and delicate foam. Cape Brett, the high and abrupt limit of the eastern shore of the bay, is 120 miles north of Auckland. The bay is about ten miles wide at its mouth, and, corresponding to Cape Brett on the east, Cape Wikiwi stands guard on the western threshold.

In this locality, that is now so peaceful and sequestered, there took place a great part of all that is interesting in the history of New Zealand during the first forty-five years of the century. The bay was the rendezvous of large numbers of whaling-ships, whose crews were not very select. It offered a safe hiding-place to runaways from the convict settlement of New South Wales. Outcasts from all parts of the world mysteriously found their way hither. The Maoris here had their first lessons in civilisation. In the drinking of gin and the smoking of tobacco they proved the aptest of disciples, and this

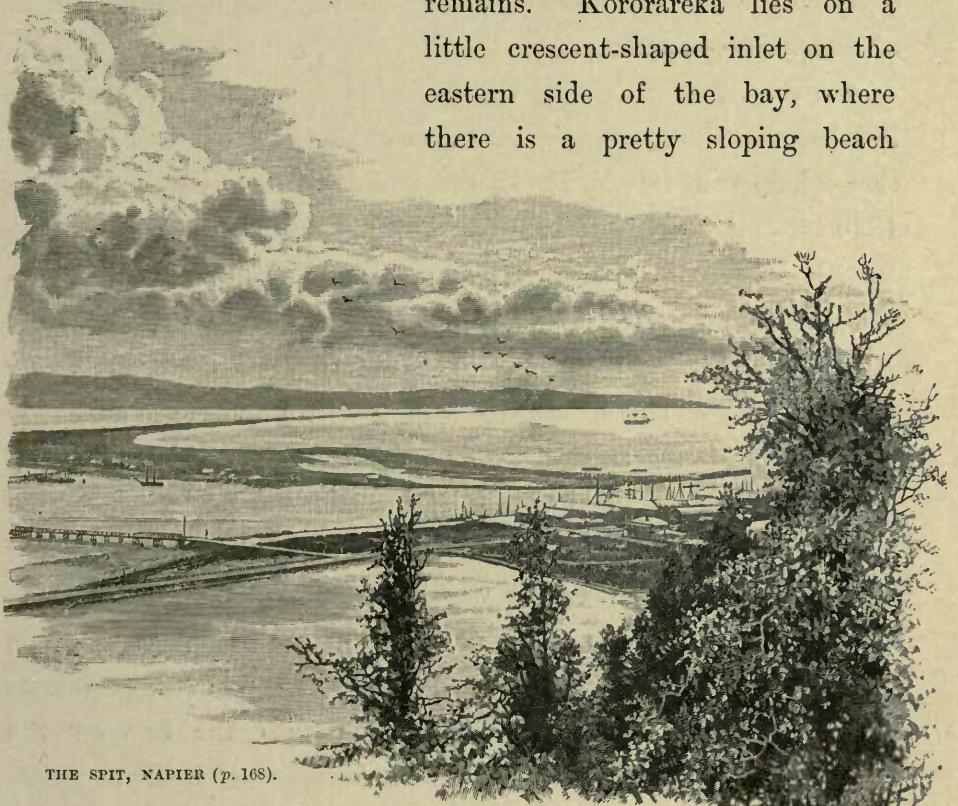
aptness the laws of heredity have spent their full force in transmitting and confirming. In this diminutive pandemonium many mixed marriages took place. Abandoned whites took barbarian wives, and were honoured by the union, for the savages, according



NAPIER (p. 168).

to their lights, were a hundred times better than most of the Europeans. The name of this piebald Alsatia was Kororareka. It is still the most considerable township actually on the shores of the bay, and is generally, but incorrectly, called Russell. Russell—named after Lord John (afterwards Earl) Russell, the famous statesman of the Reform era—was the first seat of Government in New Zealand. It is of a much more recent date than Kororareka, and was situated farther up the bay.

Shortly after its establishment the seat of Government was removed to Auckland, and at the present day no trace of Russell remains. Kororareka lies on a little crescent-shaped inlet on the eastern side of the bay, where there is a pretty sloping beach



THE SPIT, NAPIER (p. 168).

of pebbles. It consists only of a few white wooden houses, and does not boast more than some 230 inhabitants. The principal street runs along the beach, and the rest of the buildings straggle backwards into a hollow between two hills. By following the path through this hollow another arm of the bay is reached—Matavai Bay. The northern horn of the crescent on which the village lies is a bold promontory, 340 feet high, and covered with manuka and fern. Manuka is a shrub which is rampant

throughout New Zealand. If it were less common it would be thought more beautiful. In summer it is covered with white blossoms; and there are few more charming sights than a plain of flourishing manuka.

On the summit, then, of this headland of manuka and fern close by the township, there stands a flagstaff, and by this flagstaff there hangs a tale. It is the standard that was erected in 1840 to mark the incorporation of New Zealand with the British Empire. Matters in Kororareka had been going from bad to worse, and to try to mend them, a British Resident was appointed in 1835. This move effected little good, for His Majesty's Representative was entirely without authority to use the only kind of discipline that could appeal to the men with whom he had to deal; and he found that pure reason, and even promises and threats, fell unheeded on their well-tanned moral hides. It was resolved, therefore, formally to annex the islands, and for that purpose Captain Hobson arrived in the *Rattlesnake* in 1840. The Waitangi—Waters of Lamentation—is a river that flows into the bay on the opposite shore; and on its banks there was held a grand palaver, in which Captain Hobson met and reasoned with the principal native chiefs.

This was the flagstaff which Hone Heke, the Ngapuhi chief, destroyed time after time, as already described, the result being that the British were repulsed, and Kororareka, with the exception of the English and Romanist churches, was burned to the ground. In the churchyard a tombstone was afterwards erected in memory of the fallen, and it bears as an inscription the last two verses of Mrs. Hemans' striking poem, "England's Dead"—

“The warlike of the Isles,
The men of field and wave,
Are not the rocks their funeral piles,
The seas and shores their grave ?

“Go, stranger, track the deep ;
Free, free, the white sail spread ;
Wave may not foam, nor wild wind sweep,
Where rest not English dead.”

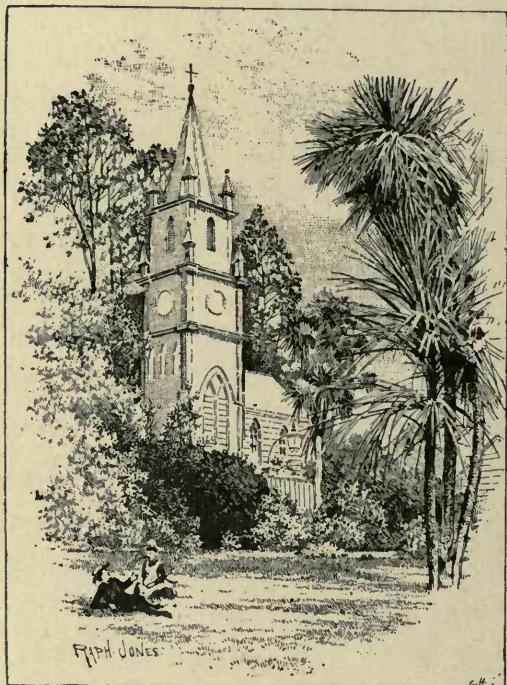
Kororareka now is no more than a Sleepy Hollow. The standard of St. George waves unchallenged above the manuka. The Maoris are dying out, and those who are left pass the time in drinking and smoking, lounging and billiard-playing, in all of which they excel.

On the opposite side of the bay, which is here about ten miles wide, nestles the little village of Paihia. Further to the right is the estuary of the historical Waitangi; and a few miles up the river is a picturesque waterfall. Nearer still to Cape Wikiwi and the open sea the Keri Keri flows into the bay. The river is chiefly interesting on account of the old Church of England Mission Station, which lies two miles below the falls. In a large stone building, which is now used as a store, Bishop Selwyn had his library, to consult which he often used to walk over from his head-quarters at Waimate, nine miles off. And an event which is not the least interesting, perhaps, in the history of the bay was the visit of Charles Darwin in 1835, when he stayed with the Rev. Mr. Williams and made such observations of the natives and natural features as will be found in the account of his voyage round the world in the *Beagle*.

At the head of the bay is a wharf where steamers take in coal. Close by is a railway-station, and a little township called Opuā. The coal is brought by rail from the mines of Kawa

Kawa, nine miles distant. If there be any future for the Bay of Islands, it will most likely be as a watering-place and resort for tourists. Possibly it may have good mineral resources. Coal and manganese have already been found, but the cost of

of labour and transit is very great. The waters teem with fish, and all round the rocky shores there is an abundance of oysters.

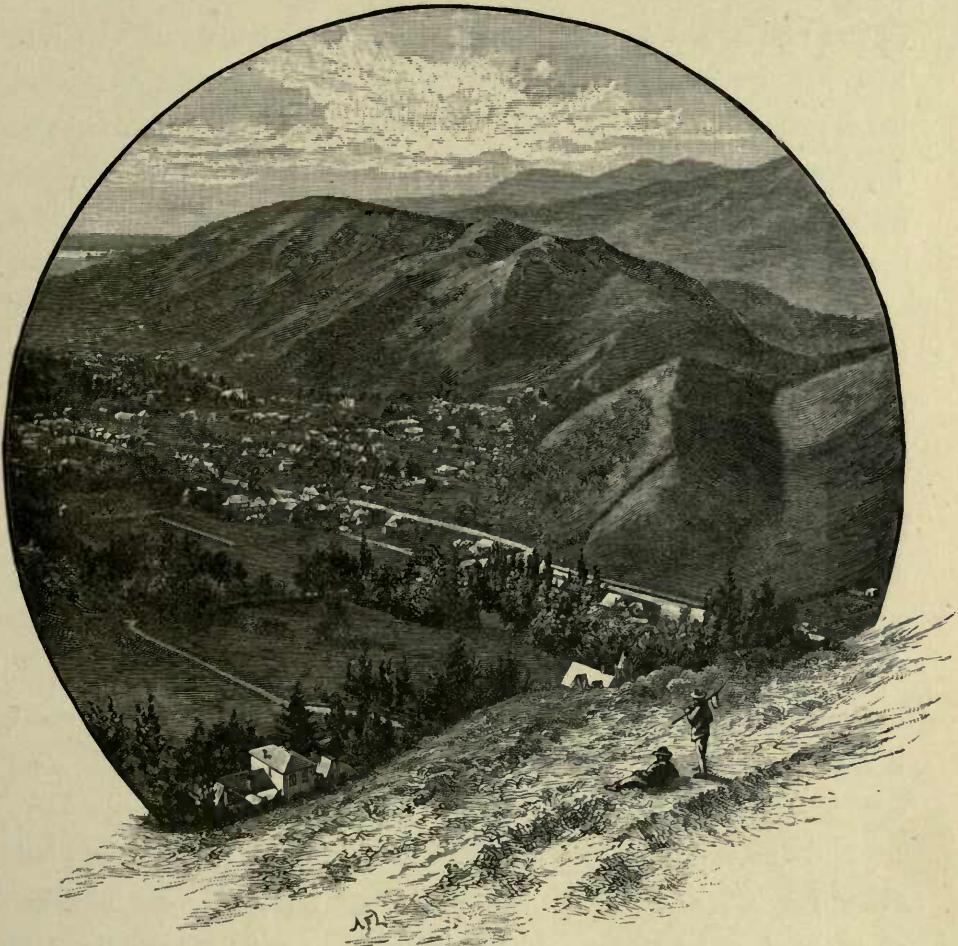


THE CHURCH, NAPIER.

Scooped out of the coast which extends from East Cape to Cape Palliser are two semicircular bays. The more northerly of the two is POVERTY BAY; and the other, which is by far the larger, is Hawke's Bay. Both of them are associated with a still earlier epoch of New Zealand history than that which is connected with the Bay of Islands. They are associated, in fact, with the dawn of its history, so far as it is related to civilisation. In 1769, a boy named Nicholas Young, nicknamed, in sailor fashion, "Young Nick," of the crew of the *Endeavour* (Captain Cook), first descried the white headland that terminates Poverty Bay to the south, and which is still known as Young Nick's Head.

Here is an account of Cook's first landing, from his own

pen :—" We landed abreast of the ship, on the east side of the river, which was here about forty yards broad, but seeing some



NELSON (p. 172).

natives on the west side, with whom I wished to speak, and finding the river not fordable, I ordered the yawl to carry us over, and left the pinnace at the entrance. When we came near the place where the people were assembled, they all ran away; however, we landed, and leaving some boys to take care of the

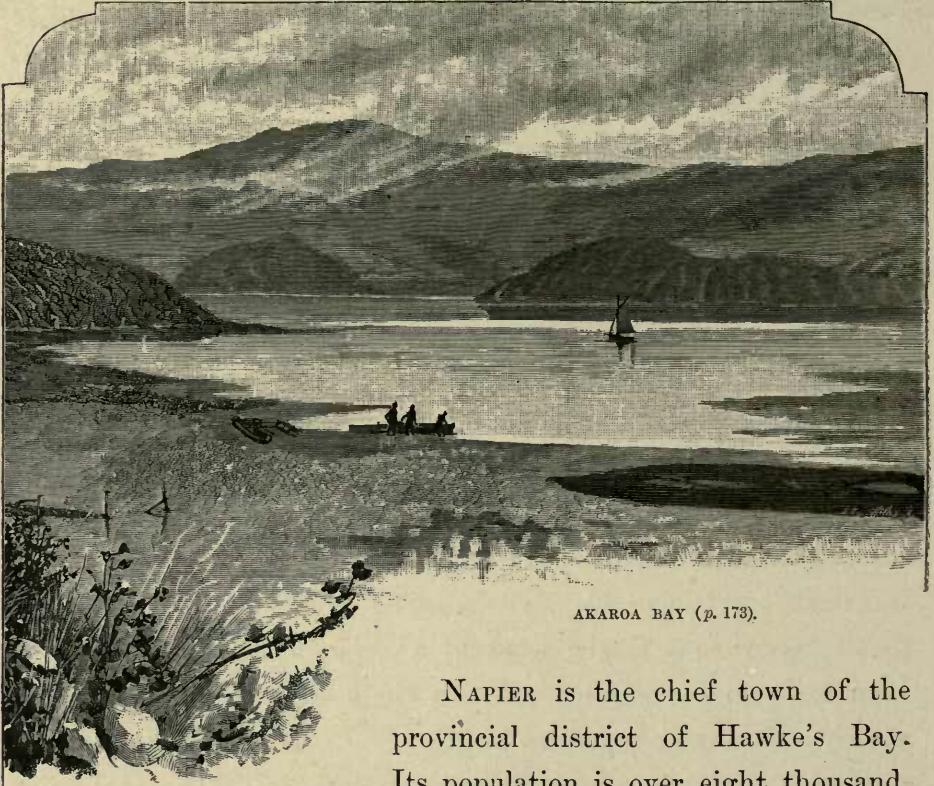
yawl, we walked up to some huts, which were about 200 or 300 yards from the waterside. When we had got some distance from the boat, four men, armed with long lances, rushed out of the woods, and running up to attack the boat would certainly have cut her off, if the people in the pinnace had not discovered them and called to the boys to drop down the stream. The boys instantly obeyed; but being closely pursued, the coxswain of the pinnace, who had charge of the boats, fired a musket over their heads. At this they stopped and looked round them, but in a few minutes renewed the pursuit, brandishing their lances in a threatening manner. The coxswain then fired a second musket over their heads, but of this they took no notice; but one of them lifting up his spear to dart it at the boat, another piece was fired, which shot him dead. When he fell, the other three stood motionless, as if petrified with astonishment. As soon as they recovered, they went back, dragging the dead body, which, however, they soon left, that it might not encumber their flight. At the report of the musket we drew together, having straggled to a little distance from each other, and made the best of our way back to the boat, and crossing the river we saw the native lying dead on the ground."

Not only were the natives hostile, but this first place at which Cook had touched in New Zealand was in other ways very unsatisfactory. He called it an "unfortunate and inhospitable place," adding that "it did not afford a single article they wanted, except a little firewood." It is hardly to be wondered at that he branded it for all time with the name Poverty Bay.

HAWKE'S BAY Captain Cook named after Sir Edward Hawke, the famous English admiral, who had in the glorious year 1759,

just ten years earlier, won a brilliant victory over the French Fleet. Cape Kidnappers, at the south end of its great curve, is a high and bare projection of some light-coloured rock, dangerous to mariners; here the waves are ever restless and seething. Off this point Cook's favourite little black boy was stolen by the Maoris, but managed to escape by swimming back to the ship.

On Hawke's Bay lies the town of Napier; on Poverty Bay, GISBORNE. Of the latter there is not much to be said. It stands on a wide strip of level country between the mountains and the sea. Petroleum is found in the district, but the flow is not great, although in time it may become so, and materially increase the prosperity of the place. The town is made up principally of one long wide street, called Gladstone Road. The population is about two thousand. The climate is dry and warm. The greatest drawback is the want of a good harbour, but this has been to some extent remedied. In the cemetery that lies near the sea there is a monument on which are inscribed the names and ages of the victims of a horrible massacre, briefly referred to in the preceding chapter. In 1868, during the last Maori war, Te Kooti, a hostile chief, surprised the settlement, and butchered men, women, and children, European and native, to the number of seventy. This fierce and undisguised savage, who could murder in cold blood not only white infants, but also his brother natives who refused to join in his nefarious proceedings, was still alive at the time of writing. When the aged Te Kooti passed through a settled district, which he did as seldom as possible, he had to be guarded by an escort of police, lest the sight of him should be too much for the son of some murdered mother, or the brother of some sweet baby sister who lies within sound of the waves as they roll into Poverty Bay.



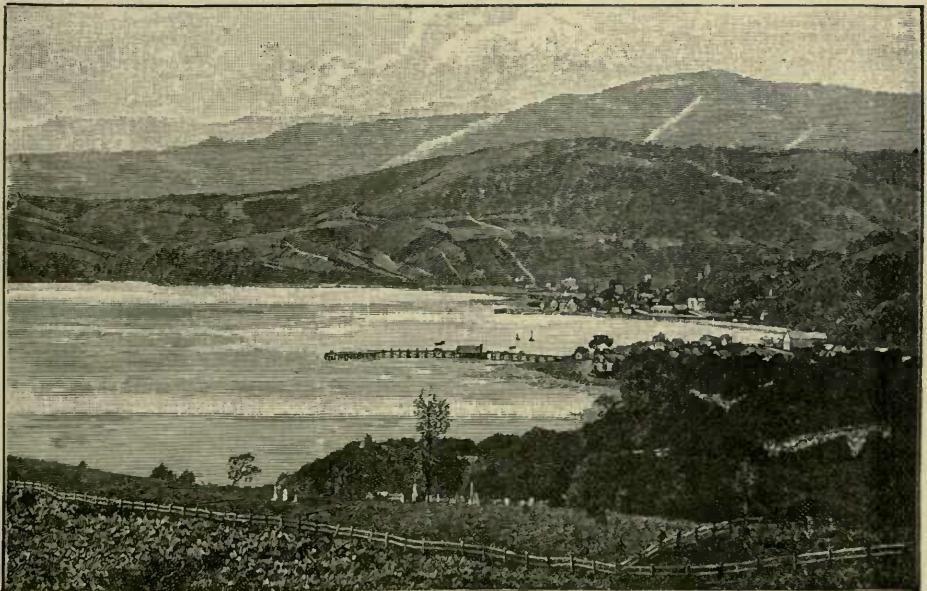
AKAROA BAY (p. 173).

NAPIER is the chief town of the provincial district of Hawke's Bay. Its population is over eight thousand.

It stands on the shores of the bay about fifteen miles north-west of the Kidnappers. The harbour is narrow at the entrance, but after it has penetrated into the land for some distance without increasing its width, it suddenly spreads to north and south in a large expanse of shallow water. Two projections of land are thus formed. They are connected by a long wooden bridge. The northern one, called The Spit, is low and sandy. The southern one, called Scinde Island, although only a peninsula, is also low in great part; but in one direction it rises gradually to a pretty good height, and descends perpendicularly to the sea. On this hill and the flat ground to the south of it Napier is built. On Prospect Hill, as it is called, the homes of the wealthier citizens

are established. Here also is the hospital, almost an ideal little place for the treatment of the sick, certainly one of the best in the colony. It is this hill, with its villas and gardens and trees, and with its outlook on one of the most beautiful bays in the world, a bay that is ranked with that of Naples, which chiefly entitles Napier to be called picturesque.

But while Napier stands on as fine a bay as that of Naples, it has none of the dirt, disease, and dire poverty of the classic city. Of all the towns in both hemispheres it is one of the neatest and cleanest, one of the most cheerful and well-to-do. The public buildings are neither many nor imposing. The Government Buildings, Town Hall, and Athenæum are the chief. The principal hotels are as good as any in the colony. The streets in the lower part of the town run parallel with and at right angles to the beach. Their names are sure to



AKAROA (p. 173).

arrest the attention of the visitor. Shakespeare, Milton, Chaucer, Tennyson, and Browning have each a street allotted to them. Poets are evidently much thought of. The poor philosophers are represented by the sole names of Carlyle and Emerson; and the only novelist is Dickens. The society of Napier has some reputation for culture; but it would hardly be rash to say that the attention bestowed by the citizens on these several classes of writers is inversely proportionate to the recognition of them by the municipality.

Over the hill from the town, and on the right bank of the lower harbour—that part of the harbour below the bridge—lies PORT AHURIRI (“Angry Winds”). It has accommodation for vessels of small tonnage only, but this drawback will be destroyed if engineering enterprise can alter existing conditions.

The Hawke’s Bay province possesses large tracts of rich country. The plains are dotted with pretty and prosperous villages, of which HASTINGS may be taken as a type. It is twelve miles from Napier, and is connected with it by rail. All around it there are thousands of acres of sturdy grain, and green fields with great flocks of sheep and herds of cattle. The broad and still Ngaruroro winds through the neighbourhood. Willows, pines and poplars, and gums red and blue, are scattered all over the pastures, and congregate in many places into clumps that hide comfortable homesteads, or afford shelter to the stock in the glaring and breathless heat of summer. It is hardly consistent with literary dignity nowadays to refer to “Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain,” but as one approaches Hastings, and sees the spires of its little churches peeping over the trees, and notes the fatness of the land, and the good condition of man and beast, he cannot but think that Auburn,

under the conditions of modern colonial life, would have been Hastings; although for the latter he hopes a better fate. It has three or four churches, several hotels and stores, a free library and reading-room, and a daily newspaper. The climate for the greater part of the year is delightful.

WANGANUI is a town with a population of a few thousands. It lies in a picturesque and romantic neighbourhood on the northern shore of Cook's Strait. Like Kororareka, it possesses much interest, as being in a great degree associated with the tribal feuds of the natives, and the conflicts between the natives and the settlers. The chief beauty of the district is the Wanganui River, on the banks and near the mouth of which the town is situated. At the entrance there is a somewhat inconvenient bar; but that once crossed, the stream is navigable by small steamers for nearly thirty miles, and by rowing-boats for about seventy miles. It is about two hundred yards wide at the town, and offers splendid facilities for boating and bathing, and indeed is very largely taken advantage of for these purposes. At this part it is spanned by a fine iron swing bridge, so constructed as to admit of the passage of vessels up and down the river. Charming walks, that here and there disclose glimpses of exquisitely beautiful river scenery, run along either bank. Reeds and willows and moving water are, of course, the principal factors of each of these scenes; but, just as in the kaleidoscope a few pieces of coloured glass form so great a variety of combinations, so, in this case, Nature, with a skilful and delicate hand, arranges her few but sufficient materials in such wise that fresh vistas of loveliness are ever being presented to the eye.

The native population is more numerous than it is in most other districts of the colony. Native "pahs" or villages abound,

especially on the river banks. Each of them—for they are all very much alike—consists of a collection of “whares,” or huts thatched with raupo, an indigenous reed. The same entrance serves for light, air, and the persons of the occupants. Nondescript curs, whose appearance is so wretched as to be sometimes pathetic, but more often ludicrous, prowl about, occasionally snarling at each other. The children, wholly or partially naked, behave in very much the same way as all children behave, whether black, brown, or white, whether young barbarians or young Britons. They are entirely absorbed with play. The men and women, whom it is not seldom difficult to differentiate, are loafing about or squatting tailor-wise on the ground, all of them smoking; and they salute every passer-by with a chorus of gruff and shrill “tena koes,” their usual formula of greeting.

The principal street of Wanganui is Victoria Avenue, where a good deal of business is done. In the middle of the town is a group of sandhills, on one of which stands a building used as a gaol. It was originally erected, however, in anticipation of an attack from the Hau-Haus, a fanatical up-river tribe (of whom mention has already been made), and is called the Rutland Stockade. A monument* was erected in memory of the Wanganui natives who were slain in the conflict with the fierce zealots, and records how they fell at Moutoa, May 14th, 1864, “in defence of law and order against fanaticism and barbarism.”

Across Cook’s Strait, about one hundred and thirty miles in a south-westerly direction, the town of NELSON lies on the northern shore of the South Island. It stands at the head of Tasman Bay, and is the chief town in the province of Nelson. It has a population of about seven thousand. Vessels cannot

* See *ante*, p. 140.

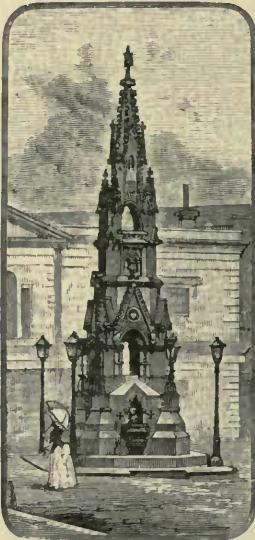
go right to Nelson, but land passengers and cargo at the port, a mile from the town. It is the centre of the hop industry in New Zealand. The back-country is of a mountainous character, and unsuitable for anything but sheep-farming. The mountains, however, serve to protect the town from the cold southerly winds, and to endow it with such a climate as is to be found in few places on earth.

From the top of the neighbouring Zigzag Hill a very good view of the town and bay is to be got. Not far from the town is the lighthouse, and stretching across the bay for about seven miles is an extraordinary bank of boulders. The chief buildings are the Boys' and Girls' Colleges, which have some fame in the colony as educational institutions, the Hospital, and the Institute, the latter being a sort of combined library, reading-room, and museum. Trafalgar Square lies appropriately in the centre of the town, and near at hand is Church Hill. Along some of the streets there are rows of trees, and through the town there flows a stream dignified by the name of the Matai River. What the Matai lacks, however, in strength and volume, it makes up for in beauty.

There is only space left for the barest mention of the harbour of AKAROA, on the eastern coast of South Island, although it is one of the finest in New Zealand. It is about a mile wide at the entrance, and the anchorage is some six miles from the heads in Pakariki Bay. A town of some six hundred souls has grown up on the eastern shore, and as it is not more than forty miles from Christchurch, it is the wont of many of the inhabitants of the "city of the Plains" to flee to it for refuge from the heats of summer.

DUNEDIN.

New Zealand Towns—First Appearances—View of Dunedin from the Bay—The Surveyor *v.* Nature—A Distinct Type of Humanity—Private Offices and Public Buildings—A Typical Town Hall—The Athenæum—The High Schools—The University—The Chief Churches—A Palatial Lunatic Asylum—The Hotels—Business in Dunedin—The Harbour—The Town Belt—The Suburbs—"Ocean Beach"—The Refrigerating Company—Dairy Farming—General Prosperity.



THE CARGILL FOUNTAIN.

THE long, narrow shape of the islands of New Zealand naturally breaks up the colony into a series or chain of districts, each link of which has its own outlet port or focus. Hence population is more evenly distributed than is usual in colonies. Wellington, with some 34,000 inhabitants, is the political capital. Auckland comes next, followed by Christchurch and Dunedin. For a quarter of a century Dunedin was the largest city, and it still retains many claims to the premiership. So far as buildings go it

is most advanced, and its commercial interests are still more important. Its educational institutions are on a larger scale, and its churches look more substantial than those of Auckland. For the last few years things have been almost stationary in Dunedin, and this gives it a more settled aspect than Auckland, where the large buildings are mostly of recent erection, and seem scarcely to have shaken down into their places. Going further back, Dunedin, which is Gaelic for Edinburgh, was founded by Scotch Presbyterians with malice aforethought, and derived

“grand” ideas from the gold-fields which built up its prosperity, whilst Auckland, like Topsy, has “grewed” somehow, deriving scant advantage from having been the seat of Government in early days. If one may be allowed yet other odious comparisons, I would add that Auckland has been largely affected by Sydney, and Dunedin by Melbourne, ideas, whilst semi-ecclesiastical Christchurch bears a distinct resemblance to Adelaide. For Wellington we cannot find a parallel nearer than Washington.

Auckland and Dunedin are essentially commercial cities, though the churches of Dunedin hint at the origin of the settlement. Christchurch is rather the country town where business plays second fiddle, and the squatter and the farmer support the cathedral, which forms the central point. Government House, Parliament Buildings, and the Government Offices, give the key to the character of Wellington, though the rapidly extending wharves also point to its growing importance as a distributing centre.

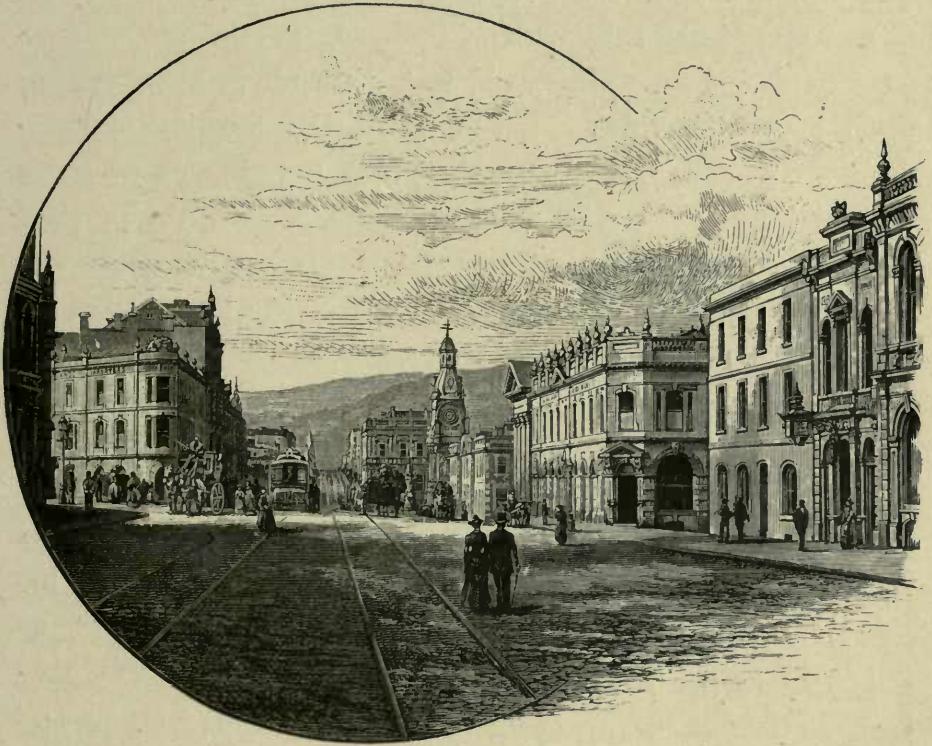
Even the Victorian, who is popularly supposed by other colonists to look upon London as representing quantity without quality in comparison with Melbourne, always recognises that Dunedin is a city, and a fine city. The first appearance of the town is much in its favour. Whether you land at the wharf from the Australian steamer, or have come by rail from Port Chalmers, where the ocean steamers stop, you at once face the heart of Otago, as the district of which Dunedin is the capital is called. A vacant space gives an open view to a row of fine warehouses forming the right side of a triangle, with the railway station for its base, and the wharf, or rather the street containing the wharf, for its left side. At the apex is a fountain, erected to the memory of Captain Cargill, the founder of the province, which marks the centre of the city. Right and left runs Princes Street. At the corners are two

palatial banks, and in front is the Grand Hotel, perhaps the largest and most imposing in New Zealand.

And the sights that precede the business-like scene round the Cargill Fountain put the visitor in a humour to be pleased. Unless he has made the journey overland from Invercargill, in which case he traverses a fertile but not very interesting district, he must come up the Otago harbour, the meanderings of which are pretty enough to delight everybody except the Sydneian, for whom there is but one harbour, and all those who live around it are its prophets. The view of Dunedin from the bay is attractive. It is a long, narrow town, winding along the base and slopes of a range of hills, the lower portion of which is known as the "Flat," having been reclaimed from the bay. A belt of grass and bush land, on which building is prohibited, forms a dark background, which throws up the town as viewed from the bay, and divides it from suburbs extending along the top of the hills. Behind these rise higher hills, forming a branch of the Southern Alps, and separated from those on which the town is laid out by a narrow valley which cannot be seen from the bay. In front of the town, the bay stretches for about a mile across to the opposite peninsula, a high-lying plateau, which rises almost precipitously from the water. In the distance one catches a glimpse of the open ocean across a narrow neck of low land.

A more picturesque situation it would be difficult to conceive; it is much more picturesque, indeed, than convenient, for enormous have been the sums spent in levelling a tract of ground sufficient to lay out a main street at the foot of the hills, in cutting out tracks up the hillside, and, as the town grew more populous, in reclaiming land from the water to provide room for expansion. One feature that strikes attention as you approach, is that several

of the streets ascend the hills in a direct line, and are crossed by terraces laid out horizontally. It is said, with what truth I am not prepared to vouch, that the useless expense and inconvenience of these steep streets arose from the town having been



PRINCES STREET (p. 182).

(From a Photograph by Burton Brothers.)

laid out on the rectangular plan in Edinburgh before the pioneers started, under the supposition that the site would be level, or nearly so. When no level site was obtainable, it came to a choice between altering the plan, or making out a new one with the usual zigzag ascents of a town built on the side of the hill. But the surveyor was not prepared to depart from his instructions on his own responsibility, and thus nature was made to

bend to the Edinburgh plan. In latter days these hills have proved admirably fitted for cable tramways, of which Dunedin constructed the first in Australasia. Indeed, Dunedin is generally considered to be as enterprising a place as could well be found. The first settlement was established in 1848 under the auspices of members of the Free Kirk of Scotland, who did not welcome other creeds and nationalities, and took life hardly, without making much material progress. But in 1861, the discovery of gold-fields at Gabriel's Gully—now the pretty township of Lawrence—about seventy-two miles from the town, flooded the province with an adventurous population principally hailing from the Victorian gold-fields, the yields from which were then slackening. These "new iniquities," as they were called by the "old identities," soon made a little Melbourne of Dunedin, but without altogether destroying its fundamentally serious character. The graft of the adventurous Victorian upon the stout and canny Scotch stock has been very successful. The moral fibre of Otago will stand comparison with that of most communities; and if Dunedin has led the way in commercial enterprise, its long-headed pioneers introduced a good system of education at the first, and established a university directly the gold flowed in, which university still maintains its pride of place.

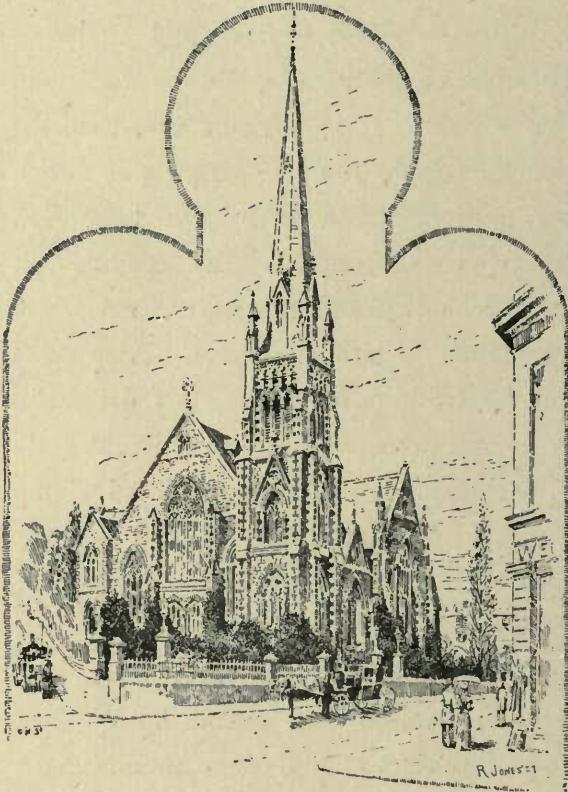
The traveller who comes from Australia, or has been to other parts of New Zealand, will notice that the Otago type of humanity is distinct. What sailors call the "cut of the jib" bespeaks the origin of the settlement at once. Probably scarcely half the present population are Scotch by birth or descent, yet you could not mistake them for any other nationality, the Scotch having given the lead to the rest. The superior stamp of the working classes is specially remarkable. A more intelligent-

looking population it would be hard to find. There is a general sharpness of feature and angularity of body as compared with the average English crowd; not much animation, but an occupied air. Country visitors are few. This is essentially a town, and the passers-by townsmen. The buildings around, and the style of the shops, are certainly superior to what would be found in an English town of the same size. It is obvious, too, that the enormous, well-built warehouses supply a much larger population than that of the province, although you will learn later that direct steam communication with England has rendered it inexpedient to keep large stocks in hand nowadays, and many of the warehouses are larger than is now necessary. Nice fresh faces the people have, not so fresh as at home, but delightful after the sallow Australian complexions, and not so different from the English as to strike attention. The proportion of young people, however, is noticeable, and also the general healthy appearance. Everybody is well though rather carelessly dressed, much after the Scottish fashion. Beards are much worn. The business man is in a black frock-coat and tall hat; clerks and the generality in more modest tweeds and round hats. Few have gloves with them, and of these not half wear them. After all, it is very much like Glasgow, only rather "more so."

The banks by which the Cargill Monument is flanked on either side are the Bank of New Zealand and the Colonial Bank of New Zealand. And here one must own that strangers will at first find some difficulty in discriminating between banks and insurance companies which rejoice in similar names. The want of inventive power in this direction presents a striking contrast to the American fertility of nomenclature. In the States the value of a distinctive name for advertising purposes is too

well appreciated for similar names to be adopted; in Australasia one might think that new companies were trying how near they could get to the name of some old establishment without infringing the law.

But to return to the banks in question. The Colonial Bank, with its clock tower and handsome arcade, looks far more like a town-hall than a bank. It was built in the days when Otago enjoyed Home Rule, and was to be the seat of the provincial authority; but when the Provincial Governments were abolished, the Provincial Buildings, as they were called, were sold to the Colonial



KNOX CHURCH (p. 188).

(From a Photograph by Burton Brothers.)

Bank of New Zealand, an institution born in Dunedin and managed there. The Bank of New Zealand (without the "Colonial") has its head-quarters in Wellington. It is the principal financial house in the colony, and keeps the Government account. The Dunedin establishment is only a branch office, but this does not prevent it from being the handsomest building in the town, admirably suited to its purpose, and constructed with excellent taste in every detail.

A remarkable structure is the head office of the Union Steamship Company—the company which caters so well for the inter-



NICHOL'S CREEK FALL (p. 195).
(From a Photograph by Burton Brothers.)

colonial and coast traffic. The architect has succeeded in giving the building a maritime air, by means of a number of little turrets surmounted by weathercocks. There are many more fine commercial buildings: insurance offices on a much larger scale than a prudent

shareholder can approve; warehouses than which there are none larger in Melbourne and Sydney. But buildings of this type are all very much like each other, and a description of the petty differences which distinguish them could only weary the reader. Somewhat out of the ordinary, however, is the interior of Messrs. Sievwright, Stout, and Co.'s office. These gentlemen are lawyers, but they have cast aside the old-world traditions as to legal offices, and built theirs after the model of a bank, there being a large central hall, into which the light is let through a stained glass roof, with a large counter at the end of the ground floor, and offices round.

But we ought to see the public buildings first. Walking up Princes Street, we come to the Octagon, an eight-sided "square." On the upper side of the Octagon is the Town Hall, which is no bad emblem of the history of the province, with its "grand" ideas and love of putting its best foot foremost. In the sixties and seventies everyone thought that Dunedin was going to be a little London, but the eighties changed all that, and many are the citizens who have begun their private town-halls in the sanguine belief of indefinite progress, and were long stopped short in the building by subsequent "bad times." On the lower side of the Octagon is the Athenæum, of which no Dunedin citizen cares to have more notice taken than he can help. It is the only approach to a public library that this fine town can boast, but it is an approach carefully guarded from those who most need it by a subscription, whilst both the quality and the condition of the books leave something to be desired. There is, however, a reading-room with newspapers and magazines, to which visitors to the town can have free access by giving their names to the librarian. At the University there is a library containing some good books, but it has

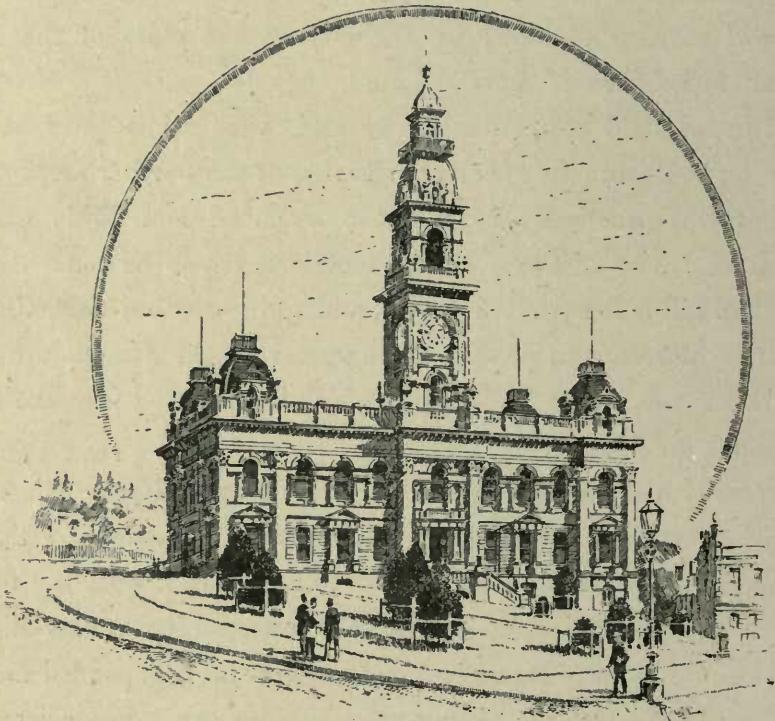
been starved ever since the depression set in. In the Supreme Court, again, there is a legal library, to which one can get access without much difficulty. But it remains a blot upon the fair fame of Dunedin that it has no proper public library. An art gallery has been added to the University, in which are housed fine specimens of Maori carving obtained by the city at the close of the New Zealand Exhibition of 1890.

Although laid out on level ground, the public gardens are pretty, but unfortunately they are situated at the northern extremity of the town, practically beyond the reach of two-thirds of the population. The Museum is also too far north to be conveniently accessible. But it is well arranged, and quite worth a visit, though neither so large nor so popular in character as the famous museum at Christchurch. The building in which it is located is remarkable for simple good taste.

Probably the largest public building is the High School, a pretentious structure, unpleasantly heavy but decidedly striking, standing out well on the brow of the hill. It is a building which conveys the just impression that the community values higher education. Nor have the school endowments been expended merely on outward show, for school inspectors declare the interior arrangements to be a model of convenience. "The boys are drafted and yarded easier than sheep," was the expression in which this intelligence was conveyed to the writer; and ample sums have been provided to secure efficient teaching. The school is attended by over three hundred pupils, whose blue cricket caps with white facings are to be seen out of school hours in every quarter of the town.

Not far from the Boys' High School is the modest building which they previously inhabited, now turned over to the girls. Such is our degenerate chivalry! But the girls are as well

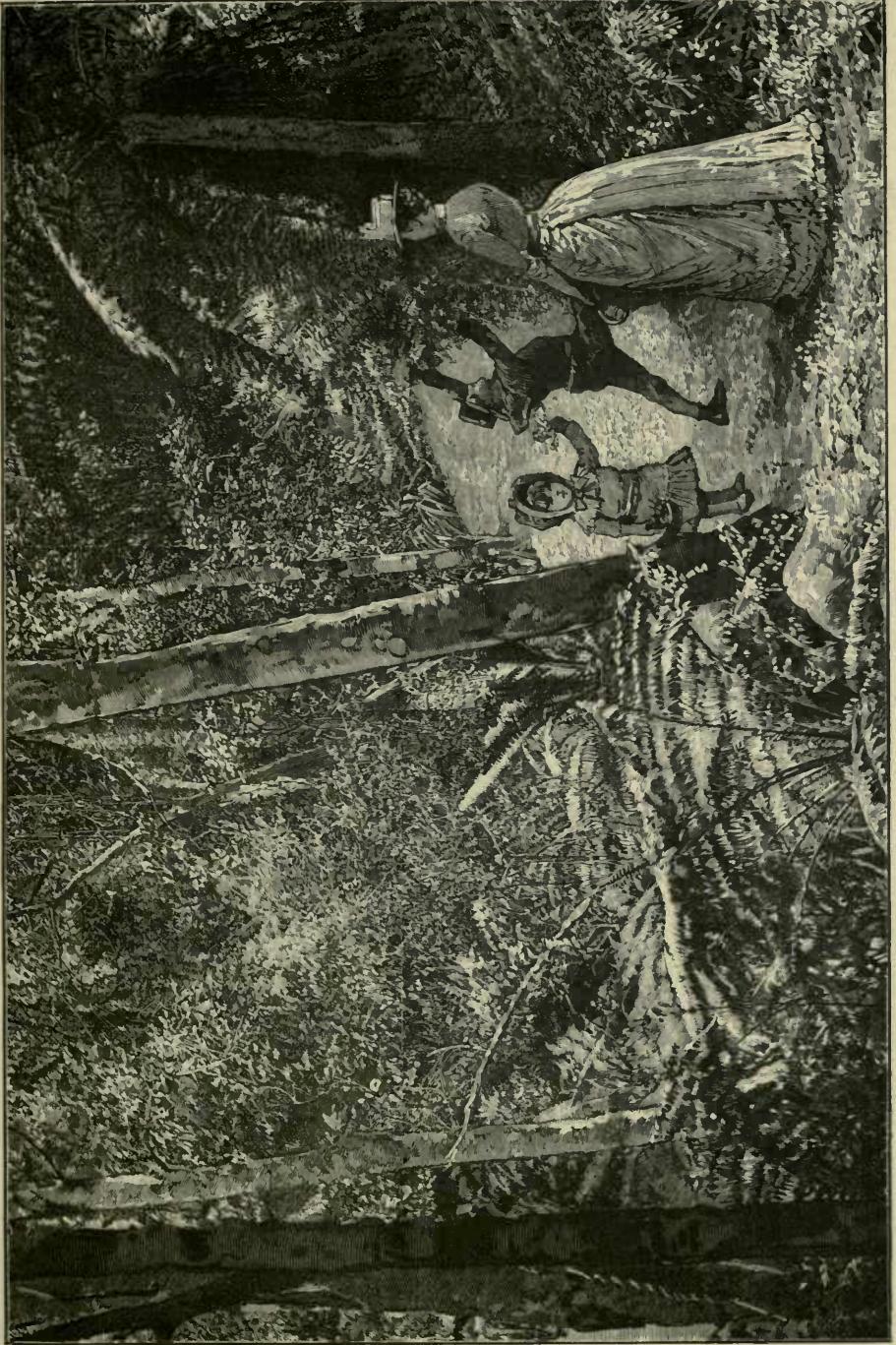
taught as the boys, which was scarcely the case in the days of "*Place aux dames.*" One of the most interesting sights in the town is that of the High School girls going through the gymnastic exercises which form part of the school course.



THE TOWN HALL (p. 182).

(From a Photograph by Burton Brothers.)

It would be a weary task to count the number of primary schools in this land of free, secular, and compulsory education. In 1891 no less than £474,368 was spent upon education by a population of 626,658, excluding Maoris. Wherever, out of the business streets, you see a good-sized building, it is safe to put it down to be a State school; and one must add that as a rule these school buildings are respectable in architecture, and admirable in their interior

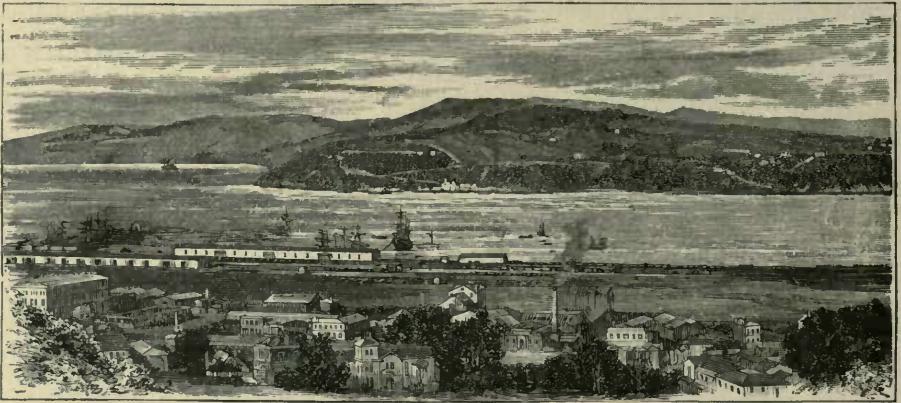


THE TOWN BELT, DUNEDIN (p. 109).

arrangements. They form a fitting antidote to the overpowering materialism of the business quarters of the town, which are calculated to give the impression that colonists think of nothing but money-making, and devote much more care to the glorification of their places of business than they are worth.

In a fine open space on the banks of the Water of Leith, a stream which runs into the harbour at the north-eastern end of the town, stands the University, a fine but not exactly handsome stone building, attended by two scholastic-looking red-brick double houses, the residences of four of the professors. This is the oldest University in the colony, and although affiliated to the New Zealand University—which, like that of London, is a purely examining body—it has been allowed to retain the designation of the Otago University, whereas its neighbours in Canterbury and Auckland have to content themselves with the title of University College. The University may reasonably be considered well equipped in the matter of professors, and the lectures are well attended. The medical school has been specially successful and attractive. Besides the University, the High School, and the Primary Schools, there is a Normal School in Dunedin which serves for the whole district.

The Hospital is an ugly building, with nice gardens round it; it was originally constructed to hold an International Exhibition, and therefore is perhaps not very suitable for its present purpose. But the large empty central hall has at least the advantage of affording ample ventilation. The dormitories contain between 150 and 200 beds, and are lofty and admirably kept, though in the male wards male nurses are employed. Amongst other charitable institutions in and about the town are the Industrial School for Destitute Children, the Benevolent Institution, and the



LOOKING ACROSS THE HARBOUR, FROM THE SOUTH-WEST (p. 191).

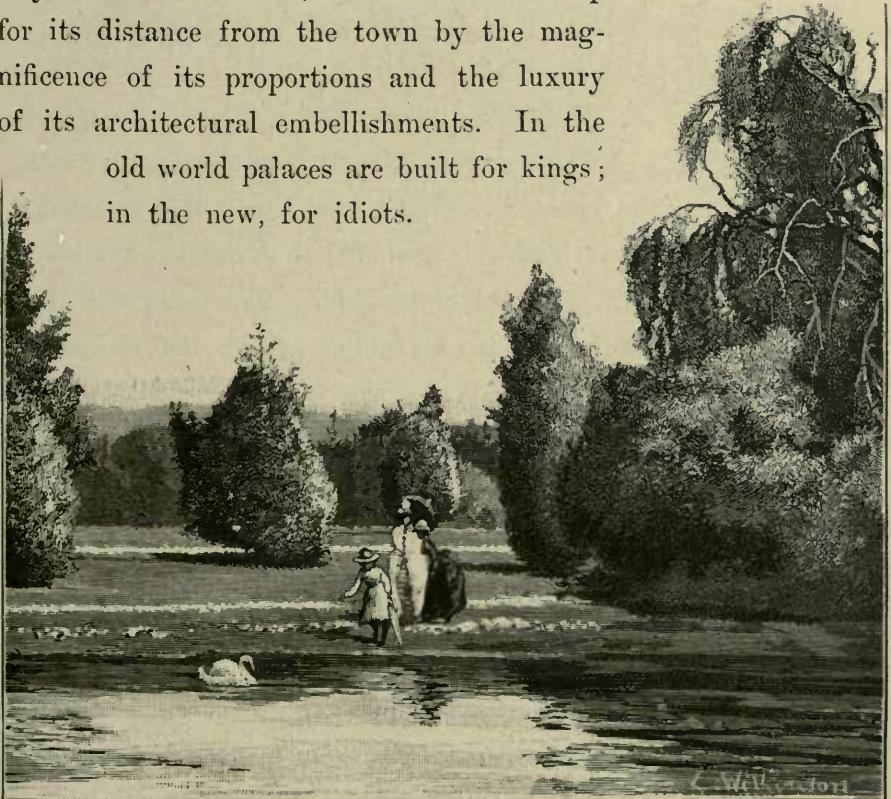
(From a Photograph by Burton Brothers.)

Church Orphanage. Nor amongst public buildings ought one to omit mention of the Supreme Court, the Post Office, the Custom House, all unpretending, useful buildings, massed round the Cargill Monument, or of the Garrison Hall, the largest building of the kind in Australasia.

Churches, as previously noted, form a striking feature in the panorama of the town. There is one on the eminence opposite the railway station, which every stranger takes for the Cathedral, owing to the prominence of its site and the pretentiousness of its architecture, which one can only describe as "wedding-cake" Gothic. It is the Presbyterian "First Church," so called not because it was the first church built in the town, for it was not, but from its being the leading church. Another large Presbyterian place of worship in the Gothic style is the Knox Church, at the northern end of the town. A little way up the Roslyn cable tramway is the Roman Catholic Cathedral, certainly the prettiest of Dunedin churches. Both this and Knox Church, like the University and the High School, are built of a gloomy dark blue stone found

near Port Chalmers, faced with a handsome white freestone which abounds in the Oamaru district. When fresh, this white stone can be carved with the greatest ease, and thus lends itself readily to ornamentation; but, unfortunately, it speedily loses its colour, St. Matthew's, southward, is a large edifice belonging to the Church of England, larger than can easily be filled by the Churchmen of the neighbourhood, and unattractive both without and within.

The inevitable Lunatic Asylum, generally the handsomest building of colonial cities, may be sought in vain. You will see it from the railway, some twenty miles out of Dunedin on the way north, at Seacliff, where it makes up for its distance from the town by the magnificence of its proportions and the luxury of its architectural embellishments. In the old world palaces are built for kings; in the new, for idiots.



THE BOTANIC GARDENS (p. 193).
(From a Photograph by Burton Brothers.)

The town is well paved, well lighted, and extremely well kept. Many of the streets are named after those of Edinburgh. They are mostly of good width, and a splendid boulevard, Cumberland Avenue, has been laid out after the most approved French fashion. The water supply is ample, but occasionally of questionable quality in summer, and never so good as a water-drinker would wish. Of the footpaths one cannot speak too highly; throughout the town they are asphalted, and even in the most out-of-the-way suburban lane comfortable provision is made for "Shanks's" mare. The ocean breezes keep Dunedin amongst the healthiest towns in the world; but this is more than its citizens deserve, for the system of drainage is still inadequate, and the sanitary arrangements generally leave something to be desired.

Cabs and hotels are practically the stranger's first want on arrival, and should perhaps, therefore, have been dealt with earlier. Waggonettes are the kind of cab most used—primitive ramshackle boxes on wheels, with leather coverings; but excellent hansoms and livery carriages are easily obtainable. The fares are about twenty-five per cent. higher than London prices. Of the hotels, the largest and best arranged is the "Grand," but "Wain's," the front of which is pretty, is also comfortable, and old-fashioned folk still keep to the "Criterion." There is likewise an excellent club, situated in charming grounds on Fern Hill. The best means of getting about are the horse tramways, which run the whole length of the town at the foot of the hills. There are also cable tramways to Roslyn and Mornington up the two hills nearest the centre. These lines ascend the most formidably steep places, sending nervous strangers' hearts into their mouths.

The business part of the town is on the flat, close to the Cargill Monument; the manufactories lie mostly northwards. It is the

proud boast of Dunedin to be the most advanced of all New Zealand towns in her industries, which include woollen and clothing factories, iron-works, tanneries, breweries, oil-mills, soap and candle making, the manufacture of coffee and spices, furniture-making, brass and iron work, coach-building, confectionery and jam manufacture, chemical works, paper-mills, and meat refrigeration. A visit to the New Zealand Clothing Manufactory is specially to be recommended. It astonishes everybody by the excellence of its arrangements for the convenience and health of the hands employed, presenting, unfortunately, a great contrast in this respect to the majority of Australasian factories. In shops, too, Dunedin can claim the pre-eminence, and her connection with Melbourne has taught her tradesmen the art of dressing their windows to advantage. Among other characteristics of the town is the excellence of its medical practitioners, which is probably due to the circumstance that the medical school in connection with the University attracts good men. The extent to which the telephone is used may be quoted as another illustration of the enterprise of the citizens. The number of houses connected with the wire is far larger than in any other New Zealand town. May one also without treason hint that in the important department of ladies' dress Dunedin claims the first place? In the matter of theatres and public amusements, however, Auckland has of late surpassed her, though she has her theatres and half-a-dozen fair-sized public halls.

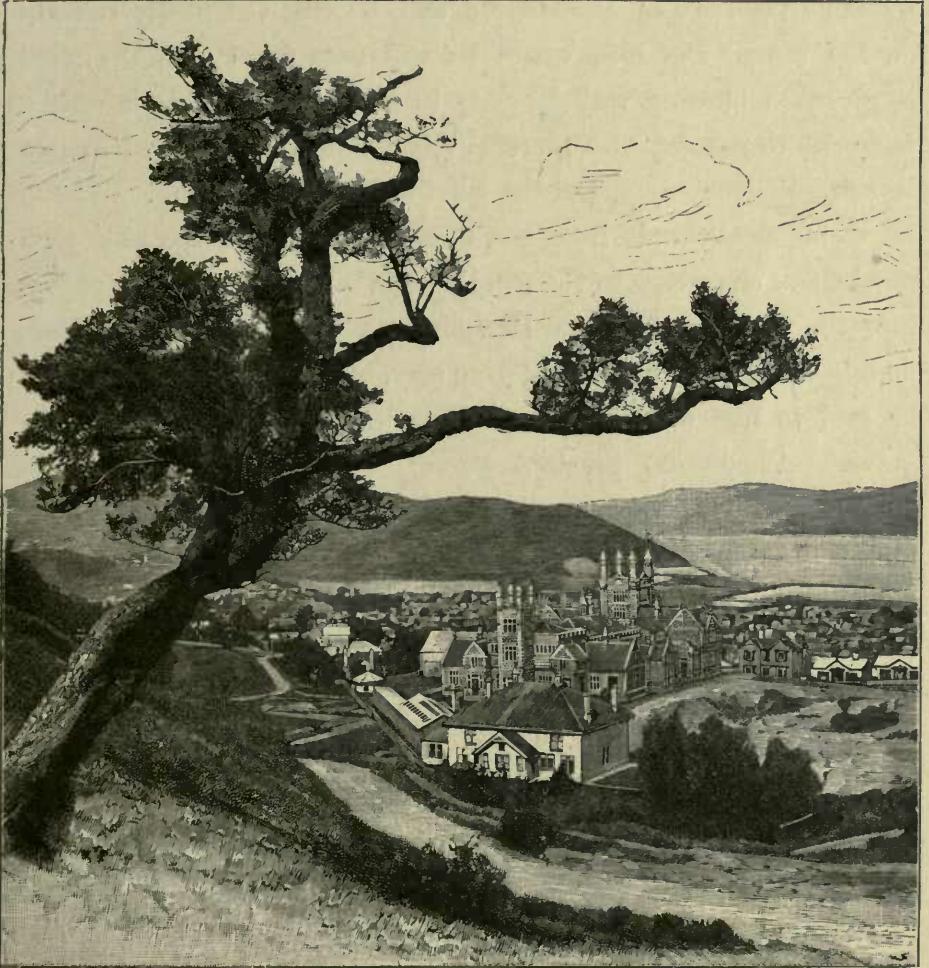
Before going out to the suburbs, a word must be said with fear and trembling about the harbour. If you were to believe what you hear in every other port in the colony, it is a hole, or at best a ditch, scooped out by lavish expenditure, which will soon be filled up again by sand, and is not yet fit to admit

any decent-sized ship. Nevertheless, steamers of over two thousand tons burthen come up every day to Dunedin, and two ships drawing nineteen feet of water were at the time of writing at the wharf, whilst the large ocean steamers of five thousand tons come deeply laden as far as Port Chalmers. One must admit the existence of a bar, but its surface has been dredged off, and by means of a mole, constructed by the advice of Sir John Coode, it has been shifted a considerable way out to sea, and may be expected shortly to disappear altogether. As regards the upper harbour, it also is improving, and one may be assured that the Dunedin wharves have a great career before them. There has been a large and not invariably economical expenditure in dredging, reclamation, and other works for the improvement of the harbour generally, but it is improving almost daily, and the principal work which remains is to improve its reputation, for it is only within the last few years that the intercolonial steamers have been able to come up to Dunedin, and in 1883 the colony stood aghast at the daring of the captain who brought the first ocean steamer over the dreaded bar to Port Chalmers, the little town about eight miles from Dunedin, where, until recently, all but the small coasting vessels used to lie.

So much from the practical point of view. From the æsthetic, it would be hard to praise the Otago harbour too highly. Auckland claims superiority by reason of the richer colour of a semi-tropical climate, and the superb dominant figure of Rangitoto, the island volcano; but there is a greater variety of scenery to be obtained in the Otago harbour, though no one of the views is so impressive.

The squares, reserves, and parks, like the streets, are kept in excellent condition. To balance the Botanic Garden at the north-

east end of the town, there are several cricket-grounds to the south-west, and also the Town Belt, which divides the suburbs



THE HIGH SCHOOL, FROM ROSLYN (p. 183).

(From a Photograph by Burton Brothers.)

on the hills from the town. Some of the original "bush," which once covered the whole hillside, is to be found on this belt, giving one the idea that the scene has been shorn of much of

its beauty by the clearance that has been effected. No visitor should miss the view of the city and harbour from the Queen's Drive, which runs along the middle of this belt, or fail to ascend by cable tramway to Mornington and Roslyn, the pretty suburbs on the top of the hill, where he will soon learn that the wind is given to blowing very strongly in New Zealand. It is only a fair price to pay for such glorious views as the residents of Roslyn and Mornington enjoy, and the wind is fresh and healthy.

Going southwards from the Cargill Monument, the hills soon recede, and one comes to the genuine flat, where the town broadens into the suburbs of South Dunedin, St. Kilda, and Caversham, mainly inhabited by artizans, who may, with a little exaggeration, be said to live with one foot in the water and the other in the grave. At present constant strong winds keep these suburbs fairly healthy, but they are almost on a level with the sea, subject to frequent floods, and without any sufficient drainage. It is not rash to prophesy that some day these parts will be visited with a calamity.

At the southernmost end of the hills lies the township of St. Clair, which promises to become a fashionable watering-place. It is built partly on the flat, which is a little higher in this direction, and partly on the "rise." A pretty bit of rock gives character to the place, and there are a primitive esplanade, and a bathing-place scooped out of the rock. Thence eastward the sandy beach stretches, some three miles in length, past the Forbury Race-course, where meetings are held four or five times a year, and the "Ocean Beach," about half-way between St. Clair and Lawyer's Head. The ocean is only divided from the upper end of the harbour by some five or six hundred yards of low-lying sandy country, the neck of the peninsula. The harbour side

of this peninsula is the most pleasant part of the district to live in, everywhere facing more or less to the north, and mostly sheltered from the southern winds. This is the place for beautiful gardens; there is plenty of sun, and the town commands a lovely view over the bay of Dunedin, which should be seen by night as well as by day. The season on this side of the harbour is three weeks earlier than in town.

The drive round the peninsula, as well as that up the North-East Valley, across the hill to Blueskin, is not to be missed. It is a hilly country for driving and riding, but for variety of charming walks the neighbourhood of Dunedin is not easily surpassed. In every direction the scenery is different. Prettiest of all the walks is that up Nichol's Creek to the Waterfall Gully, the last part of which is through an arcade of ferns and foliage, with a torrent rushing through the rocks, over which rocks you pick your way to the waterfall. Of the harbour scenery, the finest view is obtained from the hills which divide the town from Port Chalmers, close to what is known as the Junction Hotel, because the Port Chalmers and Blueskin roads meet there. A ramble through the bush on the Town Belt is no bad way of spending an afternoon. In short, Dunedin has many attractions as a summer resort, and it is strange that it is not more used as such. From Christmas to Easter the weather is generally beautiful, and the air always bright and clear. Certainly no other town in Australasia presents so many advantages of climate, scenery, and situation during the summer months.

At Burnside, about four miles out of town, are the Refrigerating Company's works, where about three hundred sheep can be killed and frozen in one day. Some six miles further west lies the township of Mosgiel, the seat of the largest and most successful

woollen factories in Australasia. Mosgiel tweeds are sold in Australia in spite of the terrible duty upon them, and the chief fault that can be found with them is that they never wear out. The blankets fetch about twenty-five per cent. more than the best English blankets in the shops, and the difference in warmth is most remarkable. The reason of course is that it would not pay to mix cotton with the wool, which is obtainable on the spot, of the best quality, and at prices considerably lower than in Australia. The factory is well worth a visit, being solidly built, admirably arranged, and lighted throughout by electricity. What is more, this is one of the few industries which continued to flourish through the worst of the bad times, extending its operations yearly.

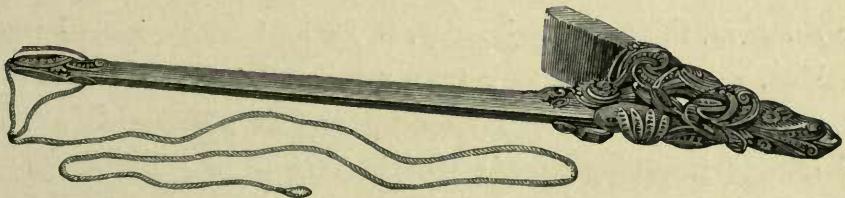
Mosgiel is easily accessible by rail or road. The district around, known as the Taieri, is admirably adapted for dairy farms, and supplies Dunedin with butter which cannot be excelled. Hitherto each farm has made its own butter, and the market has been restricted to the neighbouring towns, but during the last few years, since wheat farming has proved less profitable than of yore, dairy-farming has received a great impetus, and factories have been springing up on every side, to which the milk from the farms is sent to be made into butter and cheese, principally exported to Australia. It was intended, as soon as the Australian demand was satisfied, to send the butter to England in refrigerating chambers, and this has already been done, so that there is practically no limit to the extension of this industry.

At Green Island, just beyond Burnside, on the road to Mosgiel, a sort of lignite coal is worked, and at Kaitangita, some fifty miles to the south-west, a little off the Invercargill route, there is abundance of excellent coal of the same kind.

Its peculiarity is that it burns to a white ash, which smoulders for two or three days, occasioning many a fire in wooden houses. These lignite coals do not burn well in the ordinary English fireplaces and ranges, so that special kinds of stoves are made locally, which can only burn such coals.

And now we have seen most of what is worth seeing in Dunedin and its immediate neighbourhood. In a walk or drive round, it will be noticed that the residences of the citizens are well built, often with some architectural pretension, some of the smaller houses being perched on precipitous rocks, seemingly inaccessible. Everywhere there is an air of comfort, and an absence of all appearance of poverty, somewhat in contradiction to the grumblings about "the depression" which fill the hotels and streets. No doubt there are fewer carriages kept here than formerly, and the richer classes have suffered considerable loss; but the working-man still commands as good a wage as in any other part of Australasia, and no one seriously doubts that good times will return sooner or later, and the city once more begin to progress.

R. E. N. TWOPENY.



A MAORI WEAPON.



OAMARU (*p.* 203).

DUNEDIN TO CHRISTCHURCH.

Port Chalmers—Purakanui Bay—Blueskin—A Nervous Ride—Oamaru—A Duck-Pond in the Pacific—The Waitaki River—Waimate—Timaru—The Canterbury Plains.



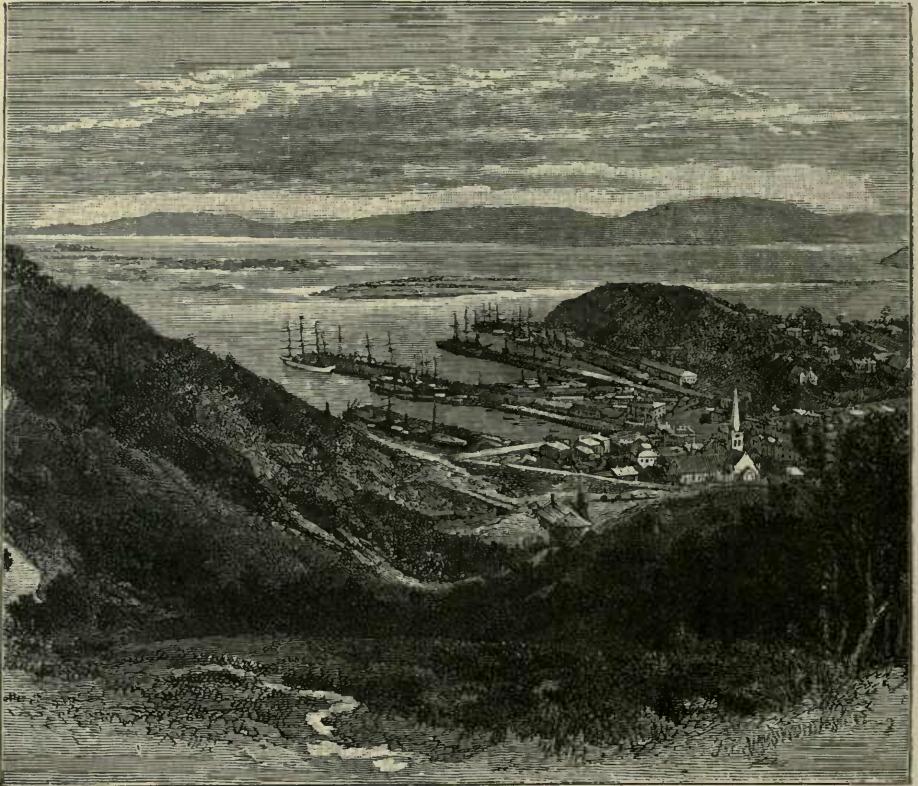
THE journey from Dunedin to Christchurch may be made by sea, at least as far as Port Lyttelton, taking from fifteen to twenty hours. But by far the more interesting route is by land, the best-appointed train in New Zealand covering the 225 miles every day in about ten hours. The first, or southern, third of the journey, as far as Oamaru, is well worth making, especially the first twenty miles, between Dunedin and Blueskin, which form as interesting and as picturesque a piece of railway travelling as can well be met with.

Leaving Dunedin at eight in the morning, you glide for the first twenty minutes along the shores of the Upper Harbour to Port Chalmers, which is the port of the city. The handsome church in the foreground is Presbyterian, as should be the case

in a town called after Dr. Chalmers. It will be noticed that the quays, piers, and wharves are busy with shipping: large ocean-going steamers visit the port, but the majority are inter-colonial and coastal. Owing to the geographical character of New Zealand, much more use is made of water than of land-carriage, and the former is, as is well known, all the world over the cheaper. The line gradually ascends the slopes of the hill overlooking the town of Port Chalmers, passing through beautiful bush gullies, and from time to time giving lovely peeps over the Lower or outer Harbour. Every element of beauty is here. There is great diversity of scene—hills close at hand, and hills in the distance, with no monotony in colouring; a charmingly varied shore-line, a large expanse of clear water, in which is frequently reflected a sky of Italian blue. In the substantially built town at our feet, and in the pleasant villas and gardens that we pass, we see the handiwork of man, but much that is visible is still untutored Nature. As the train rushes on, the panorama every moment changes. The train dives into a long tunnel, and comes out high up at the head of a bush-covered valley, at the foot of which is the Purakanui Bay, the prettiest of all the pretty bays on the eastern coast. The line then follows the side of the valley at a high level, and gradually descends until it takes a sharp turn, and you suddenly find yourself on the edge of the cliff, looking sheer down 150 feet upon the huge swell of the Pacific Ocean. After keeping along the edge of the cliff for some distance, the train turns its back upon the sea, and runs down a steep place into Blueskin Bay, of which one gets a beautiful view.

At Blueskin, *alias* Waitati (manifestly an early settler's wrestling with a Maori name), you stop at a little station, close

to some beautiful old pine-trees, the remains of the dense forest that until lately covered the whole of the flat. The line next skirts the shore of the smooth bay, which is enclosed by a bar almost on the level of the water, and then quickly ascends the



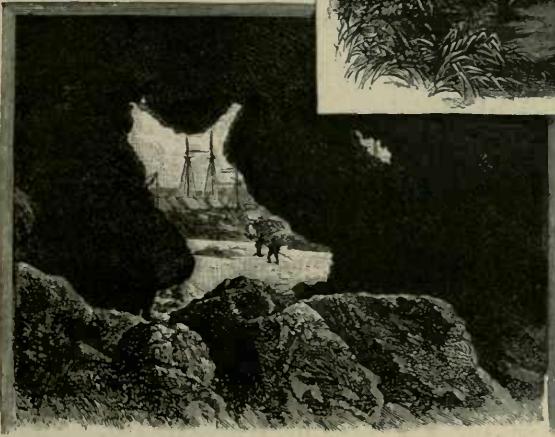
PORT CHALMERS (p. 198).

north side, passing Seacliff, the palatial lunatic asylum, provided for the future as well as the present needs of the colony (*see also* page 189). The railway then remains at the high level, winding in and out through the bush, and for a moment coming to the edge of the white sandstone cliff, of quite a different character from the volcanic Purakanui cliffs. Here you look

down sheer some 300 or 400 feet. Immediately afterwards the train passes through a tunnel under a sharp point. The view from over this tunnel is one of the most magnificent panoramas on the coast, stretching south across Blueskin Bay, Purakanui Bay, and Taiaroa Heads (the entrance to the Otago Harbour), to the distant inland ranges. The great sweep of Waikouaiti



THE GARDENS, OAMARU (p. 206).



CAVE AT OAMARU.

Bay and its river lies at your feet, and beyond that, northward, are the Horse ranges, in which the town of Palmerston is

situated, and in the distance, running into the sea, the soft outline of the Moeraki Downs, behind which lies Oamaru.

From the Pukeleraki tunnel, the railway runs inland through the bush for a few miles, and then crosses the back of the Waikouaiti Bay, where the best of the scenery comes to an end. The bare description here given wholly fails to convey any idea of the sensational nature of the journey, the abrupt changes of scene, the constant twists and turns of the line, and the appearance

of danger about many parts of it which adds to the charm. As you rush along the edge of the cliffs, you can hardly avoid the thought that a few feet of landslip would hurl you into the ocean, or—what if the train went off the rails! Nervous people often dare not look out of window during this part of the journey, whilst the sharp turns which the line takes make the train rock like a ship in a heavy swell, often to the great discomfort of lady passengers.

The rest of the journey to Oamaru passes mainly through interesting country well worth seeing, but not of the same sensational type as the first part. Half-an-hour's run past Waikouaiti the train reaches Palmerston, a township which was of some importance in the digging days, but is now only the focus of a small agricultural district. Immediately after leaving Palmerston the line crosses the Shag Valley, and then keeps along the coast-line on the steep slope of the Horse ranges, in the valley of which may be found some splendid rock scenery. Curiously enough, a terrible accident took place on the last journey of the coach which ran between Palmerston and Oamaru, the day before the opening of the railway. The train avoids all such dangers, however, for the rest of its journey. Indeed, from every practical and professional point of view, it ought never to have performed the acrobatic feats between Port Chalmers and Waikouaiti to which reference has been made. The engineering difficulties were enormous, the line is very costly, and the country round is but little productive. The line should have been carried straight from Dunedin by tunnel through the hills at the back, and thence northward through the rich inland country, with branches on either side. But the Minister of Public Works at the time when the railway was

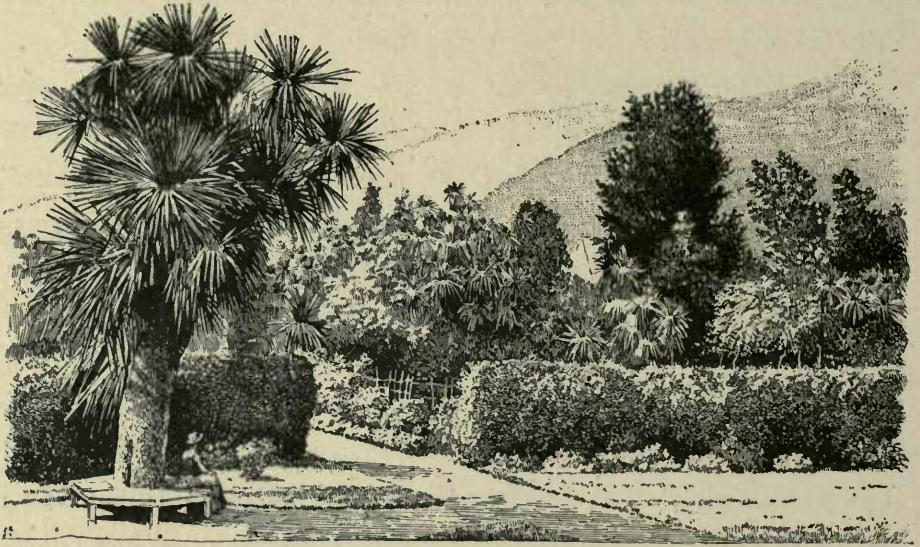
made was member for Port Chalmers, and if the line had gone by the inland route, it could not have passed through his constituency. This is the way in which we have run up the largest debt in proportion to population that the world can boast! The result was, of course, that another line was required to tap the interior of Otago.

The name Oamaru, by the way, is a trisyllable; the second letter is not pronounced, but has the effect of increasing the stress upon the initial, which is sounded short, as in "omnibus." For its size, the place enjoys the distinction of being the best-built town in Australasia. Perhaps that is why it is also the most heavily indebted. But of that drawback the least said the soonest mended. Let us rather admire the wide streets with excellent pavements, and the handsome white stone buildings, so agreeably different from the usual type of brick or weatherboard in a colonial town of this size. The houses glisten white like an Italian city; and there are those who have christened Oamaru the "White City."

Close to Oamaru there is an unlimited supply of beautiful white limestone similar to that of which Valencia is built, easily extracted, and, as is testified by its frequent use in public buildings, easily carved. It is a stone well known to architects in such a city as Melbourne. What more natural, then, that with such magnificent material at hand, the ambition of Oamaru should run to architecture? Perhaps nowhere has the vulgar proverb that "fools build houses for wise men to live in" been exemplified on a more complete scale. It can easily be understood that a city of palaces could not well do without an elaborate water supply, and a harbour to match both. There is nothing petty or mean about Oamaru; all the municipal arrangements are on scale with the splendid buildings. We

must not expect so much shipping as at Port Chalmers, but the wharves are by no means idle.

The chief feature of the place is the Breakwater, which, as Sir John Coode put it, creates "a duck-pond in the Pacific."

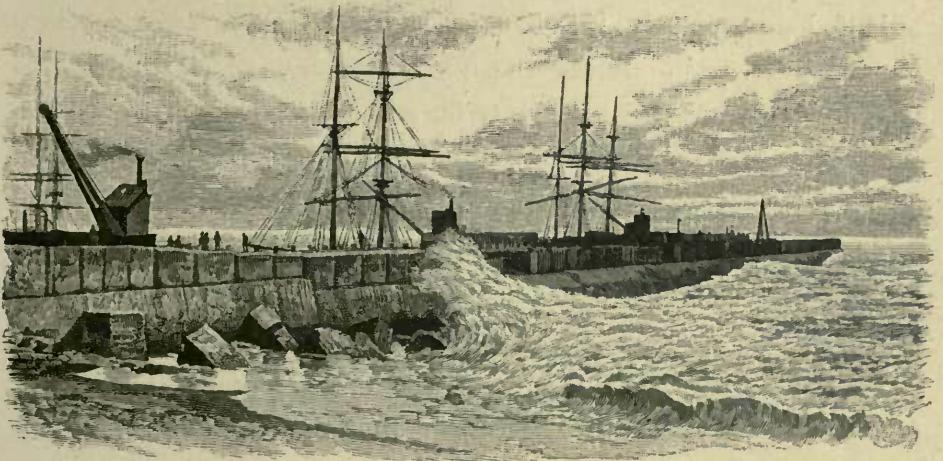


MOUNT PEEL (p. 208).

Reckoned the most substantial, not only in New Zealand, but in Australasia, it is 1,850 feet long, and encloses a basin of some sixty acres; and, curiously enough, in a place that is so rich in stone, it is built of Portland cement, in concrete blocks of thirty-six feet in width and thirty-two feet in height, weighing from twenty to twenty-five tons each. These are capped with masses of solid concrete, each section weighing from 150 to 200 tons. Vessels that draw twenty-four feet of water can take advantage of the harbour's shelter. The work must be regarded as a triumph of engineering; and the enterprise that has brought it about is very creditable to a town which even now does not reckon seven thousand inhabitants.

Another interesting structure is the grain elevator, which dresses and grades the grain for the European market. These elevators are common enough in America, but this enjoyed the reputation of being the only one in these colonies. The building is of six storeys, altogether seventy-five feet in height, and is well worth going over.

The country round Oamaru is one of the richest agricultural districts of the colony, but unfortunately most of it is in the hands of large proprietors, who are often content to run sheep upon it. Yet, in spite of this, the export of cereals has been very large. The stock of the district is considered the best in New Zealand, and it is in this neighbourhood that station life is brought to perfection—good land, ample rain, fine country houses, easy



THE BREAKWATER, TIMARU (p. 208).

access to town, and the best of climates. It is curious that the Oamaruvians, in most matters so enterprising, have not laid themselves out to make their town a fashionable watering-place. It is impossible, even in the few minutes one stops at the station,

not to notice the fresh and bracing character of the air, which the traveller readily supposes must have an exceptional amount of ozone in it. Perhaps a prosperous future as a Southern Scarborough may yet lie before the place. There is a lovely sandy beach, and a pretty country around for drives, whilst the place itself is one of the brightest, cleanest, and most attractive-looking towns in the whole colony. There are churches of all the leading denominations, an excellent high school, and a theatre. The view of the Oamaru public gardens (page 201) may, it is hoped, leave on the mind of the reader who looks upon the picture an impression of Oamaru that will help him to understand the delight with which strangers invariably visit this "white-walled city by the sea."

The journey from Oamaru to Timaru takes about two and a half hours, mostly in view of the sea. Soon after leaving Oamaru, the train crosses the Waitaki river, which forms the boundary-line between the Canterbury and Otago provinces. This is of the usual type of snow-fed rivers: a glacial torrent running down from Mount Cook along a shingle bed of enormous breadth, in thin streaks the greater part of the year, whilst at certain seasons there is an overflow into the wider bed. The peculiarity of these rivers is that they change their beds from season to season. At Studholme Junction, whence there is a branch line to Waimate, a township in the centre of a splendid agricultural district, the northern and southern express meet and pass. There are picturesque views to be seen on the Waiho, a smaller river lying a little to the north of the Waitaki. The town of Waimate lies close to it on a little creek which is its tributary.

From the time you have crossed the Waitaki, it is curious to

notice the change in the "genus" of the passengers by the train. Hitherto the prevailing type of features has been distinctly Scotch, with accent to match; but north of the Waitaki the Scotchmen begin to feel out of their element, and have almost entirely deserted the train before it reaches Timaru, being replaced by Englishmen, many of whom are evidently men of good education and breeding. The large agricultural district round Timaru seems to have special attractions for the young English gentleman with four or five thousand pounds for his patrimony, and a love of country life. He is generally "horsey," and invariably genial. It is permissible to doubt whether he makes as much out of his land as the Scotchman across the Waitaki, who has probably started with less capital, but with more shrewdness and thrift. Usually the Englishman has paid too much for his farm, and perhaps he works it expensively, but he does a great deal of hard work himself, and gets more enjoyment out of life than most men.

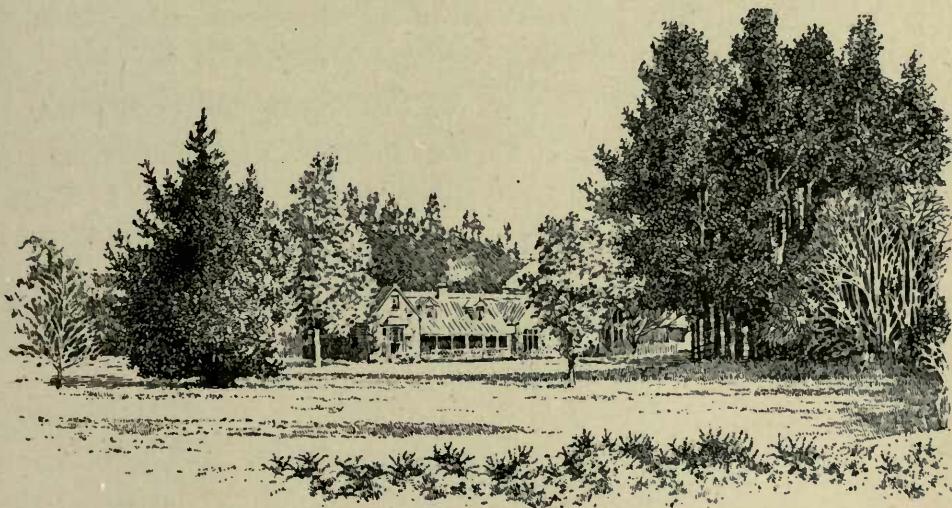
Waimate station is not exactly a farm which £5,000 could buy, but who that looks at it can doubt that life thereon is comfortable and happy? How English is its aspect! It is like a charming country seat in the old country. What will not creepers do in the way of hiding novelty! There is nothing about it to suggest newness. The roughness of the old style of station is as completely absent from the house and grounds as the ostentation of the new. This is the sort of home around which affections twine.

Timaru, lying half-way between Dunedin and Christchurch, is probably in a sounder financial condition than Oamaru, but it is not so attractive or imposing. The buildings are fairly substantial, but the dark-blue stone of the neighbouring quarries

produces a very gloomy effect. "You may call it blue: it is really black," growled an amateur architect once. Moreover, the stone is too hard to lend itself to much adornment. To travellers going southwards from Christchurch, Timaru seems a thriving country town of a higher type than is to be easily met with in Australia, and leaves a decidedly pleasing impression; but Oamaru puts it so much into the shade that one is inclined to rate it lower than it deserves when travelling northwards. At Timaru, too, there is a breakwater, creating out of the open ocean a harbour which the insurance offices persistently refused to trust. The waves of the Pacific know how to dash themselves against it. In earlier days the coast by Timaru had a bad reputation for accidents and shipwrecks, but of late such casualties have been more rare. In Timaru, no doubt, there is less to be seen than in Oamaru. The streets are not so magnificent, and the general appearance of the town is much more commonplace; but the traveller must be particular who finds it hard to be pleased with Timaru, and it lies in a very pleasant neighbourhood. To the tourist Timaru has a special attraction: a railway line passes hence to the Mackenzie Country, and it is by this line that the tourist who is not pressed for time will travel to Mount Cook.

Hence northward to Christchurch, a hundred miles, the line goes across the Canterbury Plains. The grounds at Mount Peel are extremely attractive, and yet they are hardly an average specimen of the surrounding country. The Canterbury Plains, though admirable from a practical point of view, and well calculated to give the stranger a good idea of the natural resources of the colony, cannot by any stretch of imagination be called picturesque. "Beautiful country, beautiful country!"

said a gentleman, driving over part of the western district of Victoria. So often was the remark repeated that a lady in the buggy, wearied with the constant praise, interposed the remark, "What, then, is your idea of beauty? I see no element of it here." "Three sheep to the acre, three sheep to the acre!" he

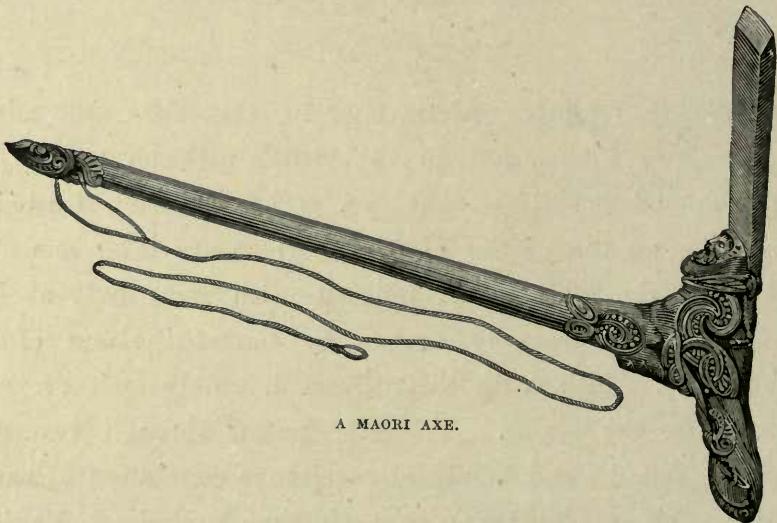


WAIMATE STATION (p. 207).

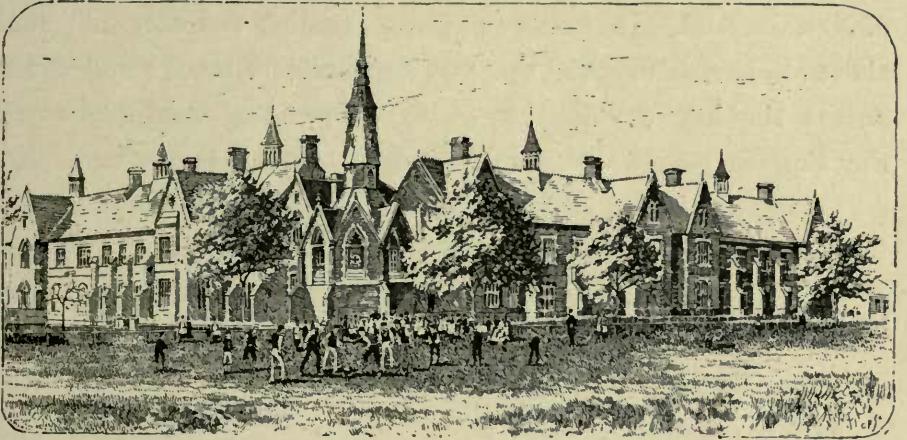
enthusiastically replied. A traveller of this class will admire the Canterbury Plains, but to the visitor with an eye for the picturesque and beautiful—that eye, perhaps, having feasted in the morning on the glories of Otago Harbour—it is one dead, dreary level the whole way, relieved with trees only at long intervals, and occasionally broken by snow-fed rivers of the Waitaki type, which, with their deserted, untidy look, are more hideous than the plains. The line passes through two good townships, Temuka and Winchester—strange collocation of names, one Maori, the other that of the old-time capital of England. Soon we come to Ashburton, a town which is the centre of a considerable district of growing importance. On the northern

side of Ashburton the line crosses the Rakaia River, after which the country becomes shingly, and the soil light and thin for several miles. The only relief to the vast plain are the high ranges of the Southern Alps in the left distance, which on a fine winter's morning stand out admirably with their snowy peaks. These can be seen distinctly in clear weather from certain parts of Christchurch, and form a feature of its scenery which strangers rarely discover for themselves, and even many residents do not know of. As you approach Christchurch, the brown Lyttelton Hills become visible beyond the town to the right. The country around gets richer, and is studded with plantations and homesteads. This part of the colony was as utterly barren as the neighbourhood of Christchurch before settlement began; now no district is so well planted.

R. E. N. TWOPENY.



A MAORI AXE.



THE NORMAL SCHOOL (p. 222).

CHRISTCHURCH.

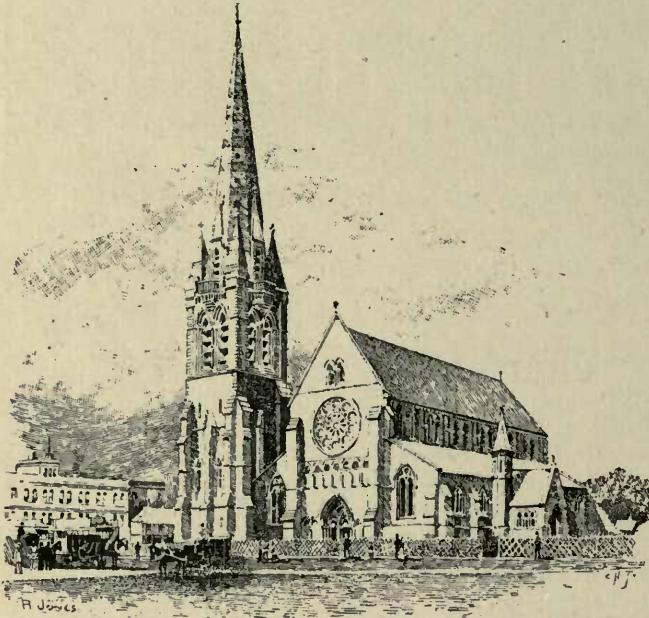
English Characteristics—Origin of the Canterbury Settlement—First Impressions—The Population—The Reserves—The Cathedral—Cathedral Square—The Municipal Offices—The Supreme Court—The Banks—The Canterbury Museum—The “Domain”—The Hospital—Christ’s College—Canterbury College—Boys’ High School—Girls’ High School—School of Art—Agricultural College—Warehouses and Factories—The Suburbs—Sports—Climate.

CHRI**S**TCHURCH, the capital of the Canterbury province, has a homely sound, recalling the pleasant little Hampshire town through which flows one of England’s many Avons. This Christchurch is also on an Avon—not so long as its namesake, but abounding in picturesque reaches, and adorning the whole length of its many windings.

“How very like home” is what thousands of visitors have remarked as the train from Port Lyttelton comes out of the tunnel, and shows a flat, rich country, with trim hedges and green fields. One could fancy oneself anywhere in the Midland Counties. What English scenery is to Swiss, that is the neighbourhood of Christchurch to the grander beauties of other parts

of New Zealand. It is neat and pretty, smiling and cheerful; and, above all, homelike. And this first impression of home recollections strikes the key of all that is to follow—the English houses, the English people, the English ways. It is not England, but

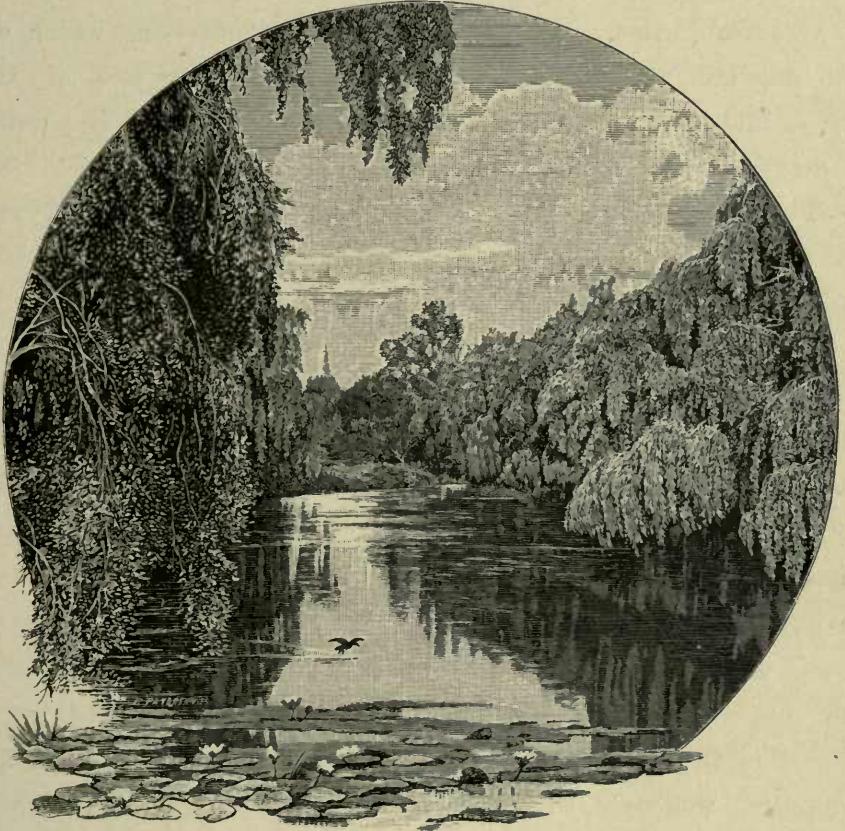
the nearest approach to it that can be found in the colonies. Christchurch cannot pretend to compete with Auckland or Dunedin for beauty of situation and surroundings, but in its own modest way it is not less attractive.



CHRISTCHURCH CATHEDRAL (p. 216).

The Canterbury settlement, like that of Otago and the colony of South Australia, owes its origin largely to the fertile brain of Mr. Gibbon Wakefield. At the time of the High Church revival, an association of clergymen and other gentlemen belonging to the Church of England, and called the "Canterbury Association," was formed in London to found a settlement in New Zealand which should be as nearly as possible "a slice of the Old Country"—without the Dissenters, one may suppose. In accordance with this scheme the "Canterbury Pilgrims," who set sail in the "first four ships" (now become as historical as

the canoes in which the Maoris believe that they arrived in the North Island), included a fair proportion of all classes of society, from younger sons of country gentlemen downwards.



THE AVON AT CHRISTCHURCH.

They arrived at Port Lyttelton (named after the nobleman who was president of the Association) in December, 1850, and the original intention was that this should be the capital. But at that part of the coast, access to the inland district is barred by a rugged range, on the steep slopes of which there was no room for a town of any size. The site for the capital was

therefore selected inland some twelve miles, on the banks of a winding stream. As far as the eye could reach, north and south, there lay before the pilgrims a vast expanse of plain, without a shrub or hillock, bounded some thirty miles south-west by the New Zealand Alps. It was a desolate prospect—one which we can scarcely realise now that the plain forms one of the richest and most populous districts of the colony and is planted in every direction with English trees and shrubs.

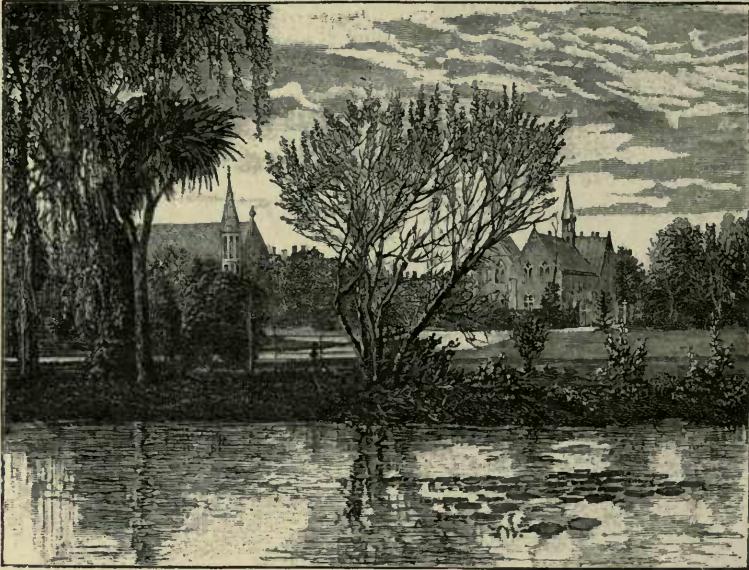
The heart of the town is the worst part of it. If you want to see Christchurch, you must go out of it. The gardens and lawns, the winding lanes and broad parks, the shady paths along the river-banks, and the picturesque wooden houses—these (not forgetting the distant view of the snow-capped Alps) are the charms of Christchurch. Nowhere else in the colony will you find the people taking so much pains with their gardens, or the houses with such a “settled” look, as if their inhabitants had made up their minds to end their days in them, but were in no hurry to do so.

Viewed from the cathedral tower, Christchurch looks a considerable city, covering a great deal more ground than most towns of double the population. When the last census was taken the population was over 16,000, but, if we include the suburbs, was 15,000 more. From the Lyttelton Hills there is also a good panoramic view, but in the town itself it is very difficult to get any wide or distant view, and one fails to receive the general impression of size and importance which Dunedin conveys. The first impression is particularly displeasing, for the railway—whether from the Port or from the south—steals through the edge of the lower parts of the town, and lands you, so to speak, at the back-door. Owing to the abundance of room to

spread, the buildings are lower, as a rule, than in towns like Dunedin and Wellington, which are built upon the hill-side, or on narrow slips stolen from the sea. And the universal flatness makes the buildings look even lower than they are. The best buildings are interspersed with poor ones, and this prevents any effect of continuous substantiality. By a happy thought the streets are made to call attention to the history of the settlement by being named after the English and colonial cathedral cities. Those which commemorate the English bishoprics run east and west, and the others run north and south, with two exceptions—as to which no explanation is to be procured. Besides the two transverse streets—named Victoria and High—the regularity of the plan is constantly being put out by Oxford and Cambridge Terraces, which follow the windings of the river on either side.

The town is laid out in a square block, on the north, south, and east sides of which are broad boulevards known as “belts.” On the west are the principal reserves: Hagley Park, recalling once more Lord Lyttelton’s connection with the original settlement; the Domain, with the Botanical and Acclimatisation Gardens and the River Avon, which, after pursuing a zigzag course through the Botanical Gardens, passes through the town a little to the north of the centre in the shape of the letter S. Inside the town are three large open spaces: Cathedral Square in the north of the centre, with Cranmer and Latimer Squares west and east. The last two are oblong blocks used as playgrounds. Cathedral Square is the shape of a Swiss cross, bisected by Colombo Street, which runs due north and south. On the western and larger half of the square is the statue of Robert Godley, who came out as administrator on behalf

of the Canterbury Association, and steered the settlement through its early difficulties with great tact and resource.



CANTERBURY COLLEGE AND SCHOOL (p. 221).

On the eastern half of the square stands the cathedral, erected after the design of Sir Gilbert Scott, modified by the local architect Mr. Mountfort, who superintended the building. The design, which includes short transepts, and a semicircular apse at the east end, with a *flèche* rising from the roof at the junction of the transepts and choir, is still incomplete. The style is an adaptation of the Early English. When complete the building should be a very handsome one, well worthy of its position as the centre of the city of Christchurch and the symbol of the aspirations of its founders. The part that is finished is dignified and well proportioned, with the exception of the west front, which is generally considered to be poor. Some of the stained-glass windows are very fine. The spire reaches a height

of 210 feet, and in the tower is hung a very sweet peal of eight bells. The view from the top of the tower is extraordinarily extensive, mountains to the distance of one hundred miles to the north-east and south-west being visible on a clear day.

Cathedral Square offers a good opportunity for architectural effect. But the Supreme Court, the Government Offices, and the municipal buildings have been erected on the river-side, and the banks prefer Hereford Street. The Australian Mutual Provident Society have done their best with a fine building in white stone, while a prominent position is assigned to the Post and Telegraph Office, an unpretentious brick structure of the solid kind.

Prettiest of the public buildings of Christchurch are the



THE SUPREME COURTS (p. 218).

Municipal Offices, an Elizabethan mansion with tiled roof and painted-glass windows, erected in 1886. The style of architecture

is quite new to the colony, though one hopes it may become common. The Supreme Court is a pretentious structure; but no visitor to Christchurch should fail to visit the Provincial Council Chamber, a handsome hall of a strikingly ecclesiastical type. The ecclesiasticism is a "note" affected by the educational buildings also, and gives a character to the architecture of the town. Amongst commercial buildings, the offices of the *Lyttelton Times* newspaper deserve mention as amongst the most commodious in the world. The merchants of Christchurch have not been slow to build good substantial offices and warehouses; but they have not spent so much money in this direction as those of Dunedin.

Chief among the lions of Christchurch is the Canterbury Museum, which is supported by the university endowments. It is universally admitted to be the best museum in Australasia, as it is the largest, and it is said to rank thirteenth in size among the museums of the world. The special attraction is the unique collection of moa-bones and re-constructed skeletons of the moa, a huge wingless bird fully nine feet high which used to inhabit New Zealand. It is upon moa-bones that the success of the museum has been built up, the late Sir J. von Haast, the director, having worked wonders by exchanging them with other museums for all kinds of curiosities. He also had the rare art to arrange his collections so as to make them attractive to the general public. A less dry or dull museum it would be hard to find. It presents interesting features for those who generally hold museums in most abhorrence. Amongst its specialities may be noted the Industrial Art Gallery and the nucleus of a Picture Gallery.

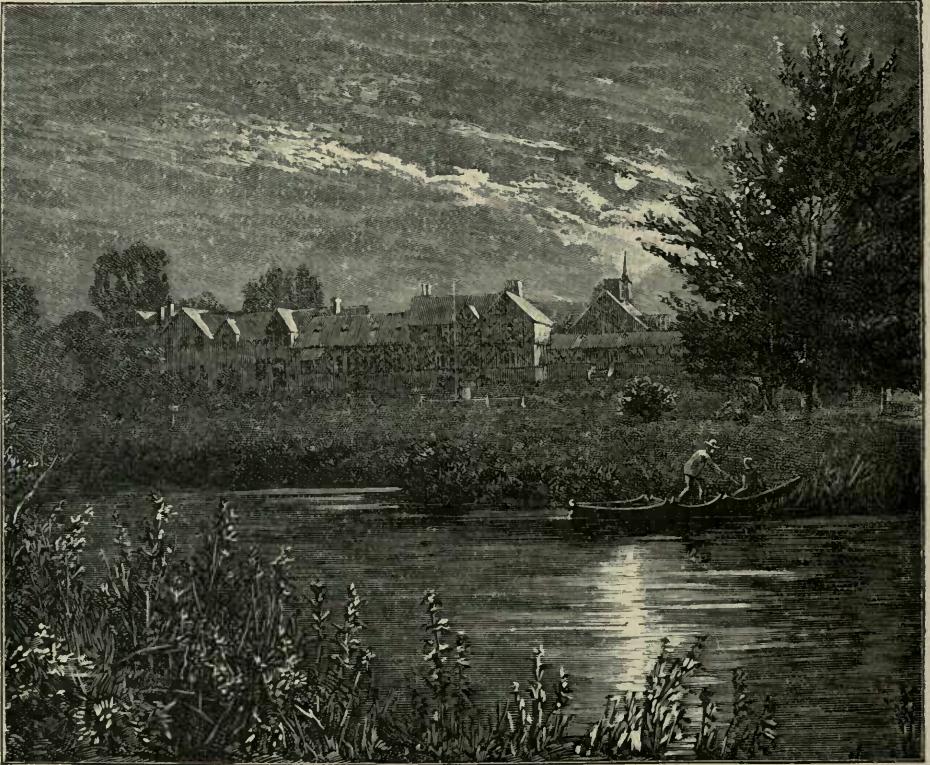
Adjoining the Museum is the "Domain," a reserve of some

eighty acres, mostly occupied by the Botanic Garden, which has been laid out with great taste and skill on a peninsula formed by the swift, clear waters of the River Avon. Adjoining are the Acclimatisation Society's grounds, where ponds, aviaries, and breeding-places have been established. Pheasants, partridges, larks, quail, rooks, jackdaws, blackbirds, thrushes, and many other English song-birds have been turned out from these grounds, and have multiplied greatly. The introduction of hares, which are now fairly numerous, is also the work of the society. Trout, to which great attention has been paid, have been exceedingly successful; so also have white fish, and salmon. The humble-bee is another recent acquisition due to the society, who have introduced it to fertilise the flowers of the red clover, which will not seed in New Zealand for want of it.

At the gate of the Botanic Gardens stands the statue of James Sefton Moorhouse, twice superintendent of the Canterbury province, and the enterprising promoter of the tunnel through the Lyttelton Hills which bears his name. It was this tunnel which opened a passage to the sea for the produce of Canterbury.

South of the Botanic Garden stands the hospital, in charming grounds at a bend of the river. It is a picturesque-looking building of the Elizabethan type, mostly wooden. The terrace, with its gun-walk along the river for the convalescent patients, is worthy of an Italian palace, and forms a very remarkable feature. On the other side of the gardens, adjoining the Museum, are the buildings and grounds of Christ's College (the Church of England grammar school), the establishment of which for the education of their sons was one of the inducements held out to the "Canterbury Pilgrims." The buildings are still mostly of

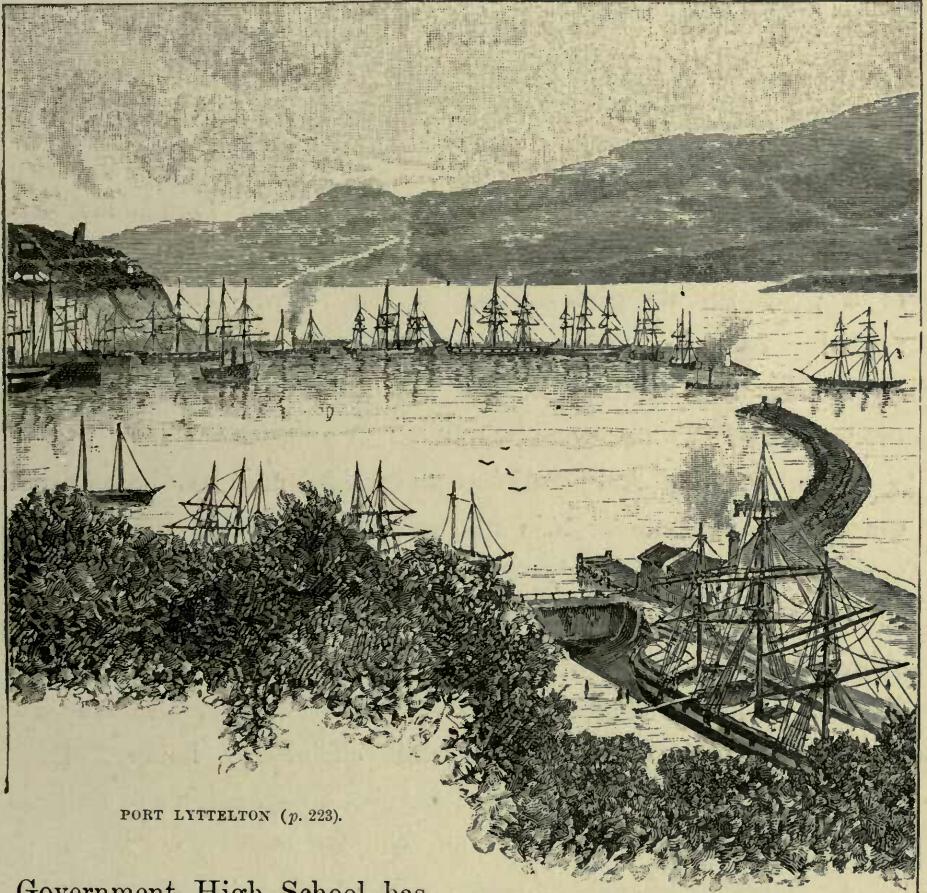
wood, and have a homely look of age and wear. They are placed round a square lawn, recalling memories of Old-World college-greens, and equally "tapu" to the schoolboy foot. Few



THE HOSPITAL BY MOONLIGHT p. 219).

English schools can boast so excellent a gymnasium as Christ's College, and the bathing-place and playing-fields adjoining are all that could be desired. The key-note of the school is struck by a pretty stone chapel, where service is held daily, as in English public schools. In every respect Christ's College has been a most successful institution. The Canterbury people like to hear it called "the Eton of New Zealand," but it is Rugby rather than

Eton. A leading feature in the school system is the attention paid to the physical side of education, to which the Canterbury people attach great importance. The competition of the more modern



PORT LYTTELTON (p. 223).

Government High School has not injured Christ's College; on the contrary, the numbers of the college keep up well, and its work has been stimulated all along the line.

Canterbury College is the modest name of the institution which corresponds to the Otago University, which it resembles in the general course of its work, with the exception that it has neither

a school of medicine nor a school of mines. The English department of Canterbury College has been particularly successful, the English literature classes being the largest recorded at any university in the world. Another speciality of the college has been the number of lady students whom it has sent through the New Zealand University examinations. Unfortunately the buildings are so situated that there can never be any extent of ground round them.

The Girls' High School, which is of older foundation, has from the outset been very successful, in spite of the existence of a good private girls' school in the town. Of the Normal School one hears little; but our illustration will suffice to show that the teachers in the Canterbury province ought to be well trained.

The School of Art flourishes admirably, and has become the source of a distinct artistic movement in the community; and mention should be made of the Agricultural College, on the Cirencester model, in connection with Canterbury College. The college is situated at Lincoln, some dozen miles from Christchurch. The farm has an area of 500 acres, and the students are taught farm-work, agricultural chemistry, botany, land-surveying, and other cognate matters, practically as well as theoretically.

At Sumner, a seaside township about six miles from Christchurch, there is an excellent Deaf and Dumb School on the oral method; and at Burnham, eighteen miles on the southern line, is a large Industrial School, with a farm attached. At Lyttelton the orphanage is situated: and at Sunnyside, four or five miles from the cathedral, is a palatial lunatic asylum.

Generally speaking, primary education is perhaps better in

Otago and secondary education in Canterbury; the actual school-work is, probably, weaker in Canterbury, and the playground and moral influences inferior in Otago. The Otago University is palpably founded on the model of Edinburgh University; Canterbury College is eclectic.

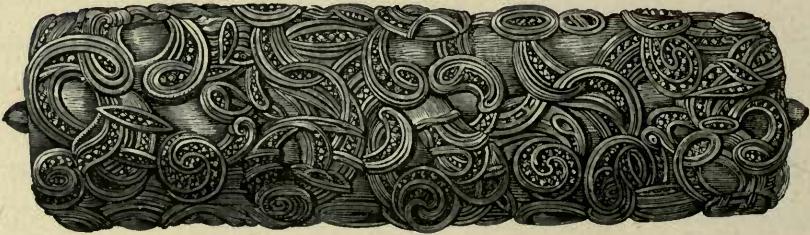
Passing from education to commerce, there are fewer large warehouses than in Dunedin, and they are more scattered. Dunedin used to be the chief distributing centre of the colony, and still retains a considerable circulating trade; but Christchurch has never aimed at supplying the wants of any other part of the colony beyond the Canterbury province. The imports are unfortunately small; but Lyttelton is now the chief exporting-port of the colony, sending out all the wealth produced in the famous Canterbury Plains. There is no distinctively manufacturing quarter; but although Otago long took the lead in this department, Canterbury cannot now be far behind. The Mosgiel woollen-factory and Burnside freezing-works find their counterparts at Kaiapoi and the Styx. The Addington railway-workshops are much larger than those at Hillside. There is a foundry which is almost a public institution, and a boot-factory with a colonial reputation, while wool-scouring employs a large number of hands. Another prosperous native industry in the neighbourhood is brick-making; and there are potteries at Springfield and Malvern which turn out very creditable wares of a simple kind.

Locomotion is easy, and owing to this the suburbs extend a long distance on every side of the town. Due north, where the ground is highest, lies St. Albans, merging into Papanui, where many of the wealthy merchants live. At a distance of about six miles to the south-east of the cathedral is Sumner—which we have already spoken—a land-locked bay basking in the

sun, and sheltered from all cold winds. No visitor should fail to go past Opawa on to the Port Hills, whence there is a splendid panoramic view of Christchurch, with the snow-capped Alps in the far distance. It is through these hills that the tunnel is pierced to Lyttelton, the port of Christchurch.

Christchurch is the centre of the colony in all branches of sport. The climate is mild and healthy, though lacking the bracing elements of the southern air. Occasionally in summer there are hot north-west winds, which are very unpleasant; but it is a good climate on the whole, neither too hot nor too cold, and perfection for flowers.

R. E. N. TWOPENY.



SPECIMEN OF MAORI CARVING.

SIR GEORGE GREY.

A Many-Sided Man—Birth and Education—The Saviour of South Australia—Warm Work in New Zealand—The Victories of Peace—Departure with Honour—In South Africa—Again in New Zealand—Recalled—Member for Auckland and Premier—Radical Opinions—Sworn a Privy Councillor.



SIR GEORGE GREY is probably the most remarkable man now alive at the Antipodes. For nearly sixty years he has been intimately connected with the development of our colonial empire in the Southern Hemisphere. He has been successively an officer in the army, an explorer, Governor of South Australia, Governor of New Zealand, Governor of Cape Colony, again Governor of New Zealand, Premier of New Zealand, and he is at the present time a member of the New Zealand House of Representatives, and still hale and vigorous, although entered on his ninth decade.

He was born at Lisbon, in Portugal, on the 14th of May, 1812, three days after his father, Lieutenant-Colonel Grey, was killed at the famous Siege of Badajos in the Peninsular War. He was educated at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, and entering the army in 1829, became a lieutenant in the Eighty-third Regiment, and retired in 1837 with the rank of captain.

In the latter months of 1836 he had, in conjunction with Lieutenant Lushington, made proposals to the Government to explore certain unknown parts of Australia—the western and north-western coasts. These proposals were favourably received by Lord Glenelg, the Secretary of State for the Colonies; were countenanced by the Royal Geographical Society; and were at last accepted by the Government. Having made two expeditions

of discovery in North-West and Western Australia from 1837—1839, in the course of which he endured great privations and was once severely wounded, Captain Grey, at the age of eight-and-twenty, was appointed Governor of South Australia, and saved that colony from utter ruin.

In November, 1845, Captain Grey (*æt.* thirty-three) landed in New Zealand as its Governor-in-Chief. The islands were in a state of ferment. Natives and settlers were everywhere dissatisfied. The war with Hone or John Heke was being carried on in the north, and at all points there were signs of imminent outbreaks. Kororareka had been taken and burnt not long before. The new Governor on his arrival took prompt and strong measures. Arms were forbidden to be sold to the Maoris except under rigorous restrictions. In January, 1846, after a siege of several days, the stronghold of Ruapekapeka, about twenty miles south of Kororareka, was taken with the aid of Waka Nene and his warriors, who were friendly to the whites. Pardon was granted to the leaders of the revolt, and rightly, for the greater part of their treason was patriotism; and the war was over.

The Governor then turned his attention to the troubles in the south, and having brought about some degree of tranquillity by the capture of the chief Rauparaha, he set himself to ameliorate the condition of the country, and to bring about an understanding between the two races. For this purpose he made himself acquainted with the Maori language and customs. He travelled through the country, mixed freely with the natives, and listened patiently to their complaints. As a result, he gained a complete command of their language, and great influence over themselves. He collected a number of their traditions, poems, and chants, which were published in the Maori language

at Wellington in 1853; and afterwards, in 1855, he published in English a translation of the traditions, under the title of "Polynesian Mythology, and Ancient Traditional History of the New Zealand Race, as furnished by their Chiefs and Priests." In 1851, also, there was published by him at Auckland an account of an "Expedition Overland from Auckland to Taranaki, by way of Rotorua, Taupo, and the West Coast." He established schools for the native children, encouraged the propagation of Christianity, engaged the natives in the making of roads, and taught them habits of industry. An action of his at this time, which is a good indication both of his virtues and his faults, was the suppression of a despatch from Earl Grey, which contravened the Treaty of Waitangi, and which, on the Governor's representation, was afterwards cancelled. Indeed, although nominally he ruled under the authority of the Colonial Office, in reality he ruled not under, but through, the Colonial Office, by drawing from it such instructions as were in accordance with his own methods of government. When he left, in 1853, a cry went up all over the land. The Maoris especially were inconsolable. Addresses from them poured in from all quarters, expressing their grief in language which was in many cases most beautiful in its pathos and its imagery. The following are short extracts:—

"Bring forth the feathers of the Huia, that bird so much prized, that flits across the towering hills of Tararua, and bring the feathers of the albatross, that bird that skims along the mountain-wave; bring them to crown the brow of the loved one going down to the north to greet his fathers."

"Ye who are slumbering yonder, awake, Tuoha leaves us. He goeth to the heavens. What evils now await us? But even

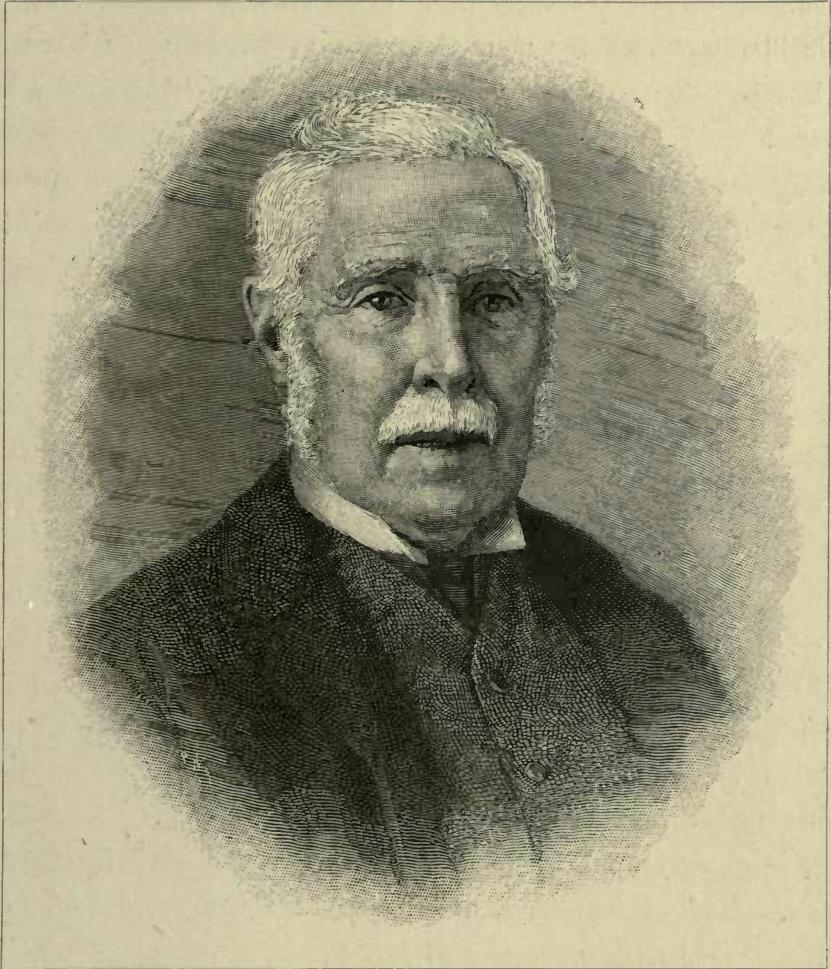
if you had cut yourself in grief, you would not catch the passing shadow of the brave one who is my treasure."

"The clouds in yonder horizon across the sea are playing with the winds, whilst I am here yearning and weeping for my son. Ah! he is more than son to me—he is my heart's blood; and in his loss I feel my heartstrings snapped, and with him all my hopes are buried."

The people of Wellington gave the departing Governor a piece of plate, on which was engraved "*Fundatori Quietis*" (To the Establisher of Peace). A farewell address was also presented to him by Bishop Selwyn and his clergy. Before leaving he issued an affectionate letter "to the native people," which he began with "My children," and concluded with "Farewell to you all, from your attached friend, from your governor and father." On his arrival at home, he received from the University of Oxford the honorary degree of D.C.L., on which occasion the irrepressible undergraduates gave three cheers "for the King of the Cannibal Islands." In 1848 he had been made a Knight Commander of the Bath. But there was no rest for him.

On account of his successful dealings with the natives of New Zealand he was appointed, in 1854, Governor at the Cape and High Commissioner in South Africa. He followed the same native policy as before, subjugating the Kaffirs into civilisation and obedience rather by moral than by physical force. In 1861 he was re-appointed Governor of New Zealand, where serious difficulties were cropping up. He quitted the Cape with the best wishes of all, and left his valuable library as a memento of his residence. Thus it is that Cape Town has the most valuable library in the world of books on Australasian subjects. Its very catalogue is valuable.

In October Sir George arrived once more in the land of the Maoris; but they were too far irritated to be amenable even to



SIR GEORGE GREY (1887).

the influence of one who was their friend. He held the position of Governor, moreover, under very different conditions from those under which he had formerly held it. New Zealand was no longer a Crown colony, but had its affairs administered by a responsible Government of its own; and, under this constitution,

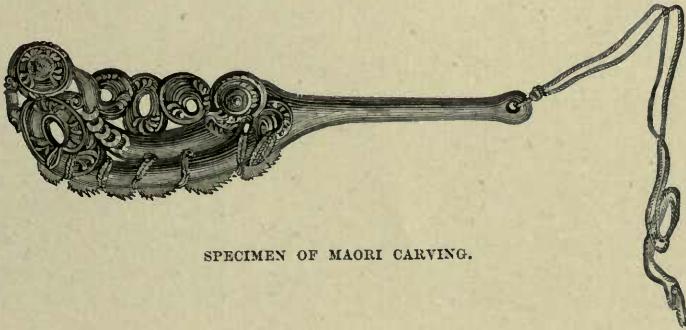
the Governor could only act in accordance with the advice of his ministers. All efforts to bring matters to an amicable settlement failed. By 1863 the dogs of war were fairly slipped, and ran their bloody course for more than five years. The natives were at last put down by sheer force of arms. Sir George, who had never been popular with the authorities at home, for reasons already indicated, had his recall signified in 1867 in a manner utterly cold and ungrateful. *Per contra*, both Houses of the Colonial Legislature assured him of their regard, and bodies of the colonists did the same.

Towards the end of the year he paid a visit to England, and afterwards returned to New Zealand, where he has since resided. He lived in retirement near Auckland till 1875, when he was elected Superintendent of the Province of Auckland. On the abolition of the provincial system, he took his seat in the House of Representatives as member for a district of the city of Auckland. This seat he still holds. From 1877 to 1879 he first fulfilled the duties of Premier. As leader of the Radical party Sir George has strongly advocated women suffrage (which was granted in 1893), and the appointment of governors by local bodies rather than by the authorities at Whitehall.

For some years Sir George Grey led a secluded life in the lovely Island of Kawau, a description of which is given in one of the most charming chapters of Mr. Froude's "Oceana." On his quitting it in 1888 he presented to the city of Auckland a magnificent collection of books, pictures, and manuscripts. After the English General Election of 1892 Sir George and thirty other members of the House of Representatives telegraphed to Mr. Gladstone, "Faint not from old age. Be steadfast to the end." In that year the Grand Old Man of the Antipodes completed his 80th.

year, and he was presented with an address signed by 3,000 persons. A few months afterwards his interesting autobiography appeared, wherein Sir George unfolded the details of a scheme for Irish Home Rule which he had conceived while in England a quarter of a century before. In the spring of 1894 Sir George Grey once more returned to the Mother Country, and was made much of by all sorts and conditions of men. Last, but not least, he was sworn a member of Her Majesty's Privy Council. Wisdom is generally justified of her children, and the old man's detractors are now few and far between.

W. GAY.



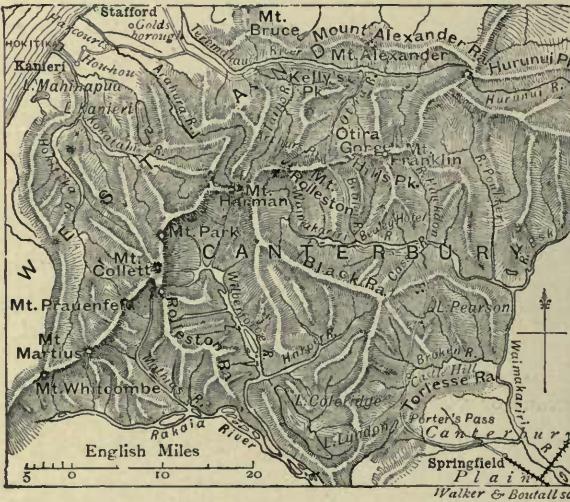
SPECIMEN OF MAORI CARVING.

SPRINGFIELD TO THE WEST COAST.

Old-fashioned Travelling—The Southern Alps—Castle Hill—The Waimakariri River and Gorge—The Rolleston Glaciers—Bealey Gorge—The Devil's Punch Bowl—Arthur's Pass—New Zealand Flowers and Birds—The Kea—The Otira Gorge and River.

CONSIDERED merely as a piece of perilous and sensational coach-driving, the ride from Springfield to the West Coast of New Zealand is worth doing. The railway reaches to the western verge of the Canterbury Plain, over which one is only too thankful to be carried at railway speed. The coach that plies between this

point and Hokitika, on the West Coast, is one of those lumbering structures hung on leather springs which, when you come to try them, turn out so much better than they look. It is drawn by a team of five strong, well-fed horses; and, given



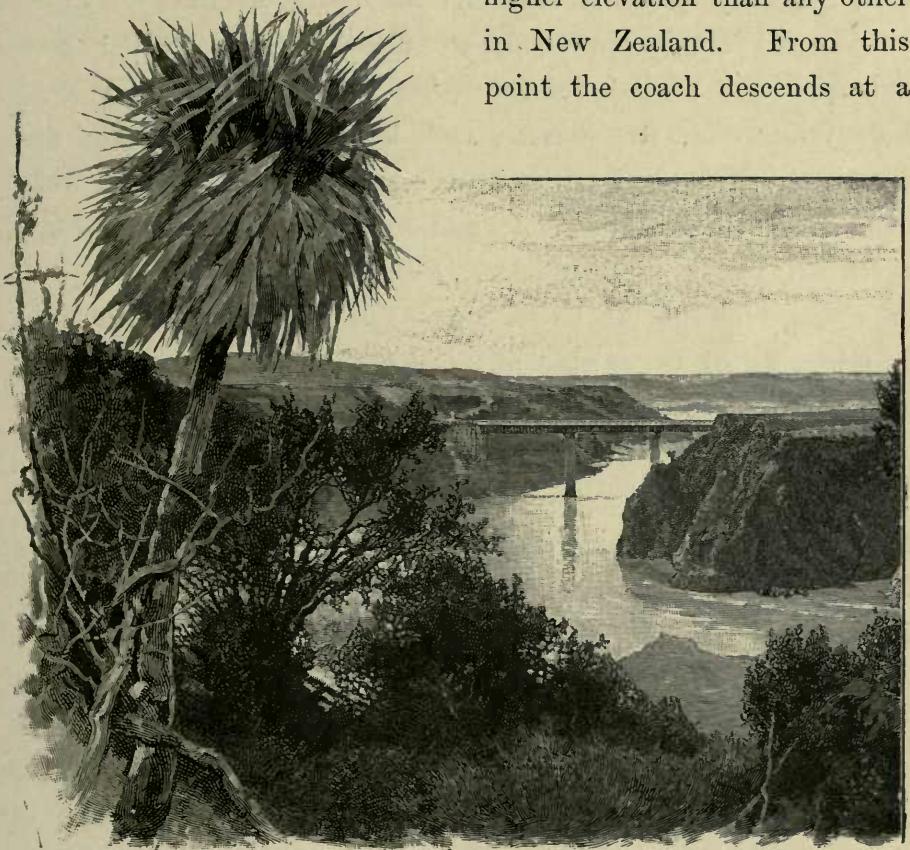
MAP SHOWING ROAD FROM SPRINGFIELD TO THE WEST COAST.

fine weather, robust health, and a box-seat, no more lively or agreeable style of travelling could be desired.

The Southern Alps are entered at once—at first great rolling, brown, tussocky hills, scored with damp, grass-covered gullies, and cropped by thriving sheep. As the coach toils the spiral

ascent towards Porter's Pass, one has an opportunity of realising how much depends on the docility of the horses and the skill and coolness of the driver.

The telegraph-post at the top of Porter's Pass stands at a higher elevation than any other in New Zealand. From this point the coach descends at a



THE WAIMAKARIRI GORGE (p. 235).

spanking pace into the valley, at the bottom of which, to the left of the road, lies the little lake or tarn of Linden, formed by the drainage from the surrounding hills. The mountains that rise up on either hand at this part of the route are in their way very grand. They generally taper to the top with a

tolerably uniform gradient. The lower parts are covered with coarse, yellow herbage, mostly of tussock and wild spaniard. The pinnacles into which the summits are split, and which are exposed to the constant action of severe weather-extremes, have been gradually shattered into myriads of fragments.

The interest is continually stimulated by the singular configuration of the valley, the succession of lake and stream, shingle bed, tussock-flat, river-terrace, and isolated boulders. On approaching the farm of Castle Hill, attention is attracted to what looks like the ruin of some castle or fortress built of huge cyclopean blocks of limestone. Fancy easily traces the square or rounded outline of buttress and turret, and the resemblance is strengthened by patches of such parasitic vegetable growths as love to creep over old ruins. Apart from the general mass are isolated boulders lying scattered about like a flock at rest. They are of all sizes, and of the most fantastic shapes, suggesting that at some time long ago an antediluvian herd of monsters had been suddenly turned into stone. Lying, as they do there, bleaching in the sun, and bearing their suggestions of a life now extinct, those limestone boulders strangely add to the loneliness of this wilderness. There is, of course, nothing artificial about them; they are the result of a process of denudation, which has carried away the softer and looser substances round them, and of a process of weathering, which has rounded the blocks into a variety of curious and fantastic shapes.

After passing the Cass, a lonely accommodation house not far from the Waimakariri River, the route entirely changes its aspect. The mountains still continue, but instead of presenting a burnt and yellow surface, they are shaggy with forest, and spring from the edge of a magnificent river channel, rising peak beyond peak,

till at last the eye rests on the Rolleston glaciers and the snow-capped summits of the Rolleston Range, flushed with the pink afterglow of sunset. Like the other large rivers of the middle island of New Zealand, the Waimakariri (icy river) is formed from melted snow and ice, and has consequently, being as yet undefiled by gold-mining operations, that pellucid greenish-blue peculiar to glacier rivers. At the place where the West Coast road strikes the Waimakariri, the bed of the stream is very broad, an enormous expanse of shingle lying between high banks, with a narrow thread—and, in some places, a network—of clear water running in its deeper channels. In flood-time the whole bed is covered with a large volume of water, but at midsummer the river, as seen from the elevation of its high bank, looks a mere rivulet in comparison with the width of its channel, and only when one has to ford it with horses does he realise how strong and swift is the Waimakariri even in summer. “We went at a hand-gallop on a track just wide enough, and no more, for our three leaders abreast,” writes Mr. Archibald Forbes, describing the Gorge. “About 500 feet sheer below—sheer, except in places where the cruel, jagged crags reared their horrid heads—roared and boiled the furious torrent of the Waimakariri River. One could just discern through the gathering gloom the deep blackness of sullen, gloomy pool, alternating with the dingy white of the tortured rapids, writhing their vexed course through the rocks that impeded the river-bed. Above us towered a beetling crag wall as high, where the eye could catch its sky-line, as the drop on the side next the river was deep. But this was only in places; for the most part it actually overhung us, and the narrow road was notched out of its looming face. It overhung worst at the sharp bends of the road, as it followed the curves, the projections, and

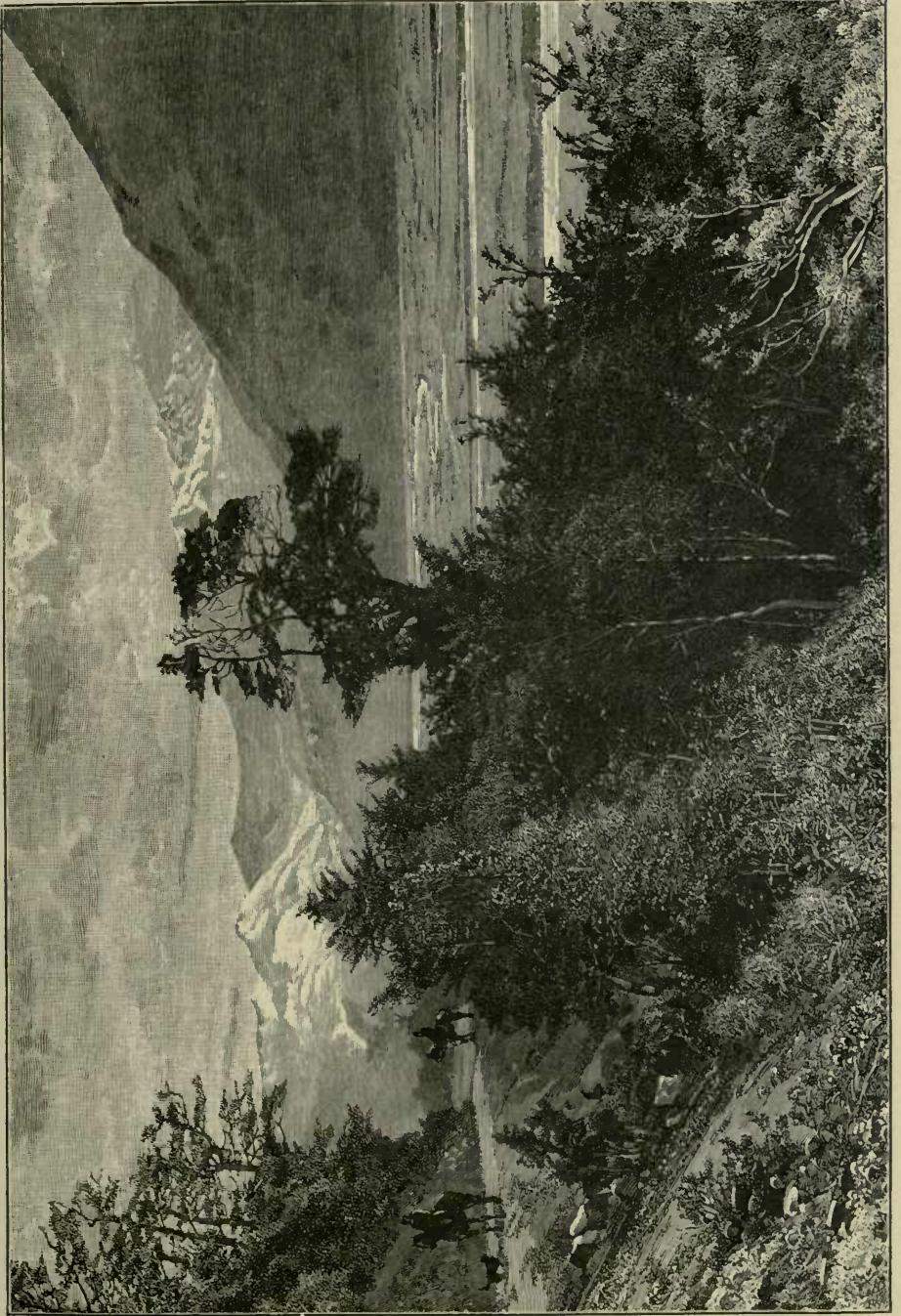
the indentations of that serrated precipice. Not once, but often, the leaders, as they galloped round a turn, were clean out of sight, and there was but the point of the pole projecting over the profound, ere as yet the wheelers, urged close to the verge that the wheels might clear the projecting buttress, complied with the sharp bend, borne round on their haunches by the driver's strong left arm."

Even in the height of summer, the coach drive up the Waimakariri is generally done in the gathering darkness. If, as sometimes happens, a bush-fire is raging on the wooded slopes of the valley, the shooting flames and rolling clouds of smoke add an element of the terrible to the gloomy grandeur.

On the Waimakariri, at the foot of the wooded range that forms its right bank, is the Bealey Hotel, an old-fashioned house of accommodation, which gives fairly comfortable night-quarters to travellers journeying to or from the west coast. From the beauty of its surroundings the Bealey Hotel is a desirable stopping-place; and the neighbourhood of the Rolleston Glaciers—about fourteen miles distant—makes it worth while to sojourn a day or two in this locality.

Nearly opposite to the hotel the river is joined on its left bank by the tributary stream which gives the house its name, the Bealey. Two rivers unite to form the tributary before it joins the main stream, and it is up the western branch of the Bealey that the road to the west coast lies.

Presently the coach enters the Bealey Gorge. Right and left of the stream the wooded sides of the valley rise to a great height—magnificent slopes of forest, for the most part of the sombre New Zealand beech, but lighted up with patches of brighter green, and with brilliant blotches of crimson mistletoe.



THE BEALEY RIVER.

Unless seen near at hand, this mistletoe, or *loranthus*, would be mistaken for the crimson rata that colours the slopes on the western side of the watershed. It is, however, a true parasite, living on a species of beech: a handsome tree, with a tabular arrangement of branches and heavy masses of dark foliage. This beech ascends the pass to the tree limit, and gives place on the other side to the scarlet-blossoming rata and another species of beech.

Away on the left side of the Bealey may be seen the white column of a waterfall, which spouts out from a cleft in the mountain, and tumbles down the sheer face of a precipice into the basins visible only on reaching its edge. The lower part of the mountain face, down which this cataract pours, is shaggy with a growth of stunted beech; and in the background of the gap in the mountain from which the water issues rise the snowy ranges which feed the fall. With the usual tendency to credit what is fearful in nature to the Principle of Evil, this waterfall and its caldron have been called "The Devil's Punch Bowl." Although New Zealand has no waterfall of any great volume, except perhaps the Huka Falls, on the Waikato, it may be called the country of cascades, so numerous are the small falls of water consequent upon the rains and snows of its mountains. In the neighbourhood of the Bealey and Otira Gorges, waterfalls—perennial or occasional—are plentiful enough, though few of them have the height or volume of the "Devil's Punch Bowl."

No one can ascend the Bealey River without being sorry to leave its beauties behind; but the knowledge of the grandeur soon to come makes one eager to ascend the steep mountain road leading to Arthur's Pass, amidst trees and shrubs and flowers that give fresh delight at every step. The charm, the fascination

of Arthur's Pass is not to be expressed in words. The great barren mountains sweep up on either side in magnificent curves to the snow-line, pouring down from their riven crags over-



THE DEVIL'S PUNCH BOWL, BEALEY GORGE (p. 239).

whelming streams of crushed *débris*. Along the bottom and sides of the pass lie fields of boulders rent from the neighbouring mountains. The dull thuds of a waterfall high up the side of the pass, borne intermittently on the breeze, have a startling effect, like the sound of distant guns. Towards the west end, on the face of a mountain which descends into a deep and densely-wooded gorge at its foot, is the Otira Glacier, showing steeply

sloping or perpendicular walls of snow and ice, divided in places by gaping fissures. Though this glacier is not large, and is really a considerable distance from anyone standing in Arthur's Pass, its ice-green colour and the texture of its surface may be very distinctly seen in certain states of the atmosphere. The lowest part of the trough of Arthur's Pass is of varied surface: here, fields of large boulders piled one on the other in magnificent



THE BEALEY RIVER (NORTH BRANCH).

confusion; there, mounds of vegetation, shrubs, and flowers, or stretches of long grass, tussock, and toi-toi, mixed with clumps of flax; and, again not the least striking feature, bogs of black

peat and stagnant pools of brown water, affording suitable conditions of growth for many sorts of interesting bog-plants. Here and there the pass is fretted with water-courses—the clearest and freshest of streams, tumbling down the faces of boulders or over beds of brown pebbles, disappearing and reappearing in the most charming way under banks of shrubs and flowers. This omnipresence of water is one of the most notable characteristics of the middle or southern island of New Zealand. It is due to the valuable water-condensing apparatus which the island possesses in its lofty mountain-axis. Standing on Arthur's Pass, one has an excellent opportunity of observing the division of water into two large river systems.

But, with all its impressive grandeur, what would Arthur's Pass be without its flowers? As if to show how tender she can be as well as strong, Nature has made the most delicate and exquisite of flowers to spring up among the rocks hurled from her mountain tops; not merely her coarse and stunted growths, which are there too, but the delicate, filmy fronds of fern, and flower-cups of pure white, which look too soft and fragile to be touched by other than the dainty fingers of a fairy. There are mountain daisies of several kinds, all white—some with prim little flowers shining like a newly-coined sixpence, and others less stiff in petal and with discs as broad as a teacup. Not their smallest glory is their leaves—some bold and large, and others arranged in small rosettes, like marriage favours cut from silvery-grey satin. But the glory of the pass, acknowledged queen of New Zealand flowers wherever it is found, is the Mount Cook or Shepherd's Lily—no lily at all, but a buttercup (*Ranunculus lyalli*). It is difficult to say whether the foliage or the flower of this lovely mountain buttercup is the more charming. A

vigorous plant, it stands about three feet high. The young leaf, thick and fleshy, is like a small shield; but as it matures, its upper surface becomes concave, till the leaf forms a perfect goblet, which may be found, after a shower, filled to the brim with water. Above the leaves rise the numerous flowers, of the most lustrous white, with a yellow disc of stamens at the bottom of each cup—truly an imperial flower when you see its massive foliage crowned with its pure and stately bloom.

What makes the solitude of Arthur's Pass after a time almost unbearable is the absence of animal life. There is not even the bleat of a sheep to give one some suggestion of companionship. One bird indeed lets itself be seen and heard, for it seems to have found here the conditions favourable to its existence. This is the kea parrot, one of the most extraordinary of New Zealand birds. You will probably be first made aware of its near neighbourhood by hearing a piercing scream like the much exaggerated mew of a cat, and when you track the sound home you will find it to proceed from a pretty large brownish-green parrot (*Nestor notabilis*), known to the settlers as the "kea." The natural food of this bird consists of berries, and the honey of such flowers as the flax and the rata. But of late years it has developed quite a new taste for sheep's kidneys, a taste acquired in the first instance when the bird was driven down by the rigour of winter to the neighbourhood of stations, and found the offal of the meat-gallows to be palatable food. From eating dead meat it proceeded to attack the living sheep, selecting the kidney as the point of attack. In certain parts of Otago, station-holders now look to losing a number of sheep yearly by the kea, and they are consequently active in its destruction.

About half-way through the pass stands a large post which marks the boundary between the provincial districts of Canterbury and Westland. The Otira Gorge, by which the descent is made from the pass towards the Westland coast, is a deep and narrow



CASTLE HILL (p. 234).

ravine, cut in the mountains by the waters that descend from the glacier before referred to. The descent of the coach-road into the depths of the gorge is marvellously sudden; and owing to the narrowness of the ravine, and the precipitous character of its walls, the road along the bottom has had to be, for the most part, cut out of the solid rock, at a distance varying from fifteen to thirty feet above the bed of the stream, and is no wider than is absolutely necessary to allow the coach to travel on it.



FLOOD IN THE OTIRA GORGE

The first part of the road, after leaving the beds of shepherd's lily in the pass, makes the descent very suddenly by means of a steep zigzag, which doubles on itself several times.

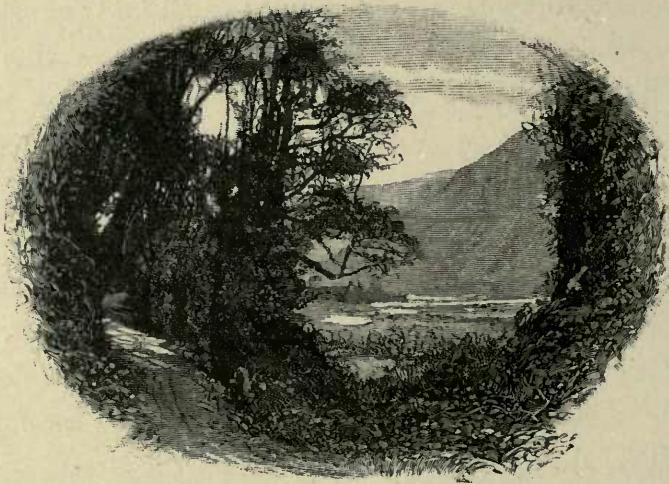
The river is well named Otira (white water), for as it leaps down its gigantic staircase of boulders, it is seen only as a white foam; and not till it gets to a lower level, and has leisure—though its course is even then by no means placid—to occasionally lurk in some pool dammed up by a barricade of rocks, do you see the true colour of the water to be pellucid bluish-green, particularly pure even for an ice-river.

The vegetation of the gorge is exceedingly rich and varied. Even where a land-slip has occurred, or a cutting has been made, a short time sees the spot covered again with the most charming growths, so favourable here are the conditions of shade and sunlight, shelter and moisture. The very stones that form in places a low breastwork between the road and the river are covered with a crust of grey and yellow lichens; and for miles along the bed of the stream the boulders are coated, on the side facing the sun, with a growth of bright red lichen.

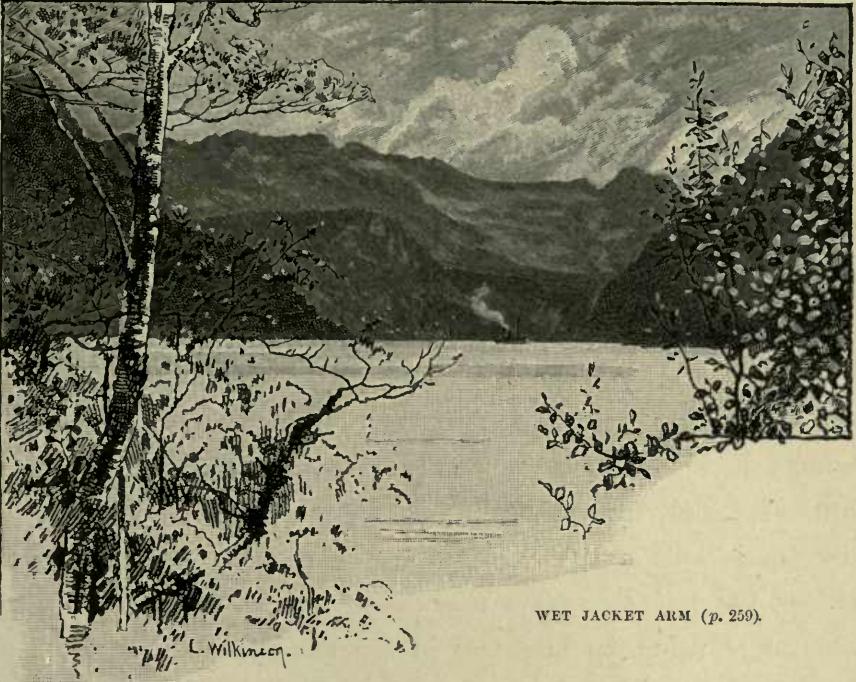
The mountains that rise on each side of the gorge, and form its walls, vary in height from two to six thousand feet, and are clothed with forest, in some cases to the very top, in others about two-thirds of the height. At the point where the accommodation house stands, the Otira is joined by a branch stream of its own size, which descends through a similar gorge; and here the bed of the river becomes much wider, and what was a gorge expands into a narrow valley. At this point the road fords the stream, and follows the winding of the left bank. The route along the Otira to its junction with the Teremakau is one of the loveliest pieces of woodland scenery it is possible to conceive. The

grandeur—and it is very grand—is not of the savage kind; it seems rather as if the beautiful groves and avenues of stately trees had been the careful charge of generations of artists. For miles the road passes under the shady roof made by the arching branches of birches, the trunks of which rise with the grace and strength of Grecian pillars; and occasionally you emerge from the shade into the open to find yourself confronted with some towering mountain, such as Mount Alexander, the sides waving with refreshing foliage, the tops covered with everlasting snow.

A. WILSON.



ON THE TEREMAKAU RIVER.



WET JACKET ARM (p. 259).

THE WEST COAST SOUNDS.

Giant Mountains—A Lone Land—Primeval Beauty—Flowering Trees—Fish—A Mythical Tribe—Long Sound—Cuttle Cove—Dusky Sound—Acheron Passage—Wet Jacket Arm—Caswell Sound—Description of Milford Sound—Bowen Fall—"The City."

AT the extreme south-west corner of South Island, for a distance of a hundred miles, the shore is deeply indented with a succession of bays and inlets, not more than a few miles apart, and in some cases running inland for upwards of twenty miles. These are the celebrated West Coast Sounds. They are cut off from the interior by a lofty chain of mountains, which have hitherto presented an effectual barrier to any attempt to approach them from the landward side. From the sea the Sounds are easily accessible, though the extremely narrow entrances render careful navigation

necessary. The Sounds seldom exceed a mile in width, and have the appearance of completely land-locked lakes.

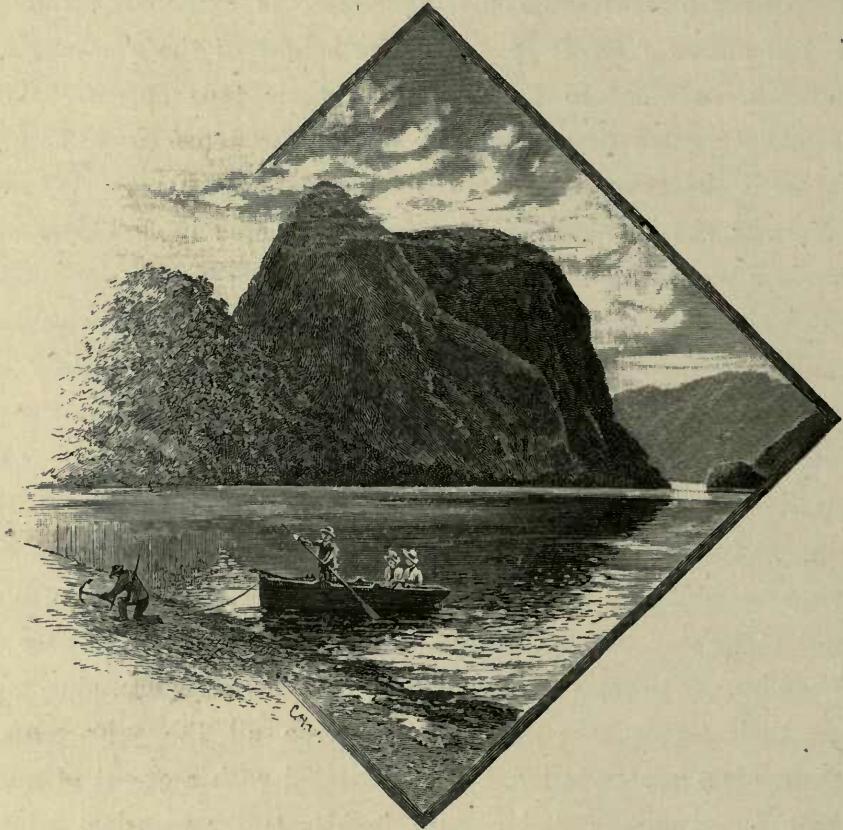
The great depth of water interferes much with their usefulness as harbours. In some of the Sounds no anchorage can be found, whilst in others it is only right at the head, where there is a small strip of shallower water, that it is safe for a vessel to pass the night. The Sounds are situated between parallels 44° and 46° south latitude. They were first discovered by Captain Cook in his second voyage round the world in 1773. Since then they have been visited by occasional whalers in search of shelter; and about once a year a Government steamer calls on lighthouse and survey business. It was till lately almost an impossibility for a stranger to have a chance of seeing them; but for the last few years the Union Company has been in the habit of allowing its steamers in the summer-time to call in at Milford, or one of the other Sounds. Moreover, in January the Company has despatched a boat on a nine days' excursion round the Sounds, thus affording to the traveller an opportunity of exploring their beautiful scenery, which otherwise would be quite out of reach.

One can hardly imagine anything more beautiful than these island-dotted waters winding in and out amongst the hills. The mountains surrounding them are very lofty, ranging in height from 3,000 to 8,000 feet, their peaks capped with eternal snow, and their sides covered with the most luxuriant sub-tropical vegetation, growing down to the very edge of the sea. These giant mountains are not separated from the water by ranges of smaller hills and sloping beaches, as in most lakes, but they come sheer down into the sea, their almost perpendicular sides often affording no landing-place for miles. Dr. Hector, the

Government geologist, accounted for the absence of beach by supposing that a sudden sinking of the land has taken place. The water then rushed in from the outer ocean, filling up the gaps to their present sea-level. The effect is extremely striking, and it is almost difficult to realise the height of the overhanging mountains, so close to the water do their tops appear. The Sounds have often been compared to the Fjords of Norway; but great as is the resemblance, the differences are still more obvious. In Norway the presence of man is everywhere; in New Zealand there is a constant feeling of utter loneliness.

But the Northern Fjords can show nothing to vie with the exquisite loveliness of the New Zealand bush. The variety of foliage and the rich undergrowth of ferns and mosses give to the Sounds an unequalled and peculiar beauty. The New Zealand bush is celebrated for the richness and variety of its foliage, and nowhere can it be seen in greater perfection than here. The forest has been left undisturbed in its primeval beauty, and almost every step one takes reveals some fresh thing to wonder at and admire. The trees are principally varieties of totara, pine, and birch, their leaves of a vivid spring green all the year round. Each tree is a garden in itself, being covered with a carpet of most delicate ferns, mosses, and orchids, besides larger parasites, which hang from the boughs, often making an almost impenetrable thicket. The rainfall in the Sounds is very considerable, and the atmosphere is saturated with moisture. The perpetual damp is particularly favourable to the growth of ferns, and they are found in immense variety, from the tall tree-ferns, reaching to a height of forty feet, to the tiny filmy fern, with its delicate, transparent fronds. The beautiful double crape variety is abundant, and the glossy leaves of the kidney fern are to be seen on nearly every fallen trunk.

Of wild flowers there are not many, but the flowering trees are a great feature. First of all must be mentioned the rata, with its dark green foliage and blossom of deepest crimson. When



HALL'S ARM (p. 260).

in bloom it makes a perfect blaze of colour, and forms a lovely contrast to the bright green of the surrounding trees. The ribbon-wood also grows freely; it has a white, waxlike blossom, which grows in large clusters, and smells deliciously sweet. There are also the manuka, with its delicately-scented little starlike flowers, wild fuchsias, veronicas of various shades in great profusion, clematis, and others too numerous to mention, blossoming at

different seasons of the year. The cabbage palms, peculiar to New Zealand, are scattered here and there, and everywhere under



ANOTHER VIEW OF WET JACKET ARM (p. 250).

foot are rich, soft mosses in endless variety. Though the bush is so rich in vegetable life, animal life is extraordinarily scarce; almost the only living things to be seen are the birds. The most common are the little dark grey New Zealand robins, the

tui-tui, the bell birds, with their musical note, and the wekas. Occasionally the kakapo, a large green ground parrot, has been caught, and more rarely the curious wikis or wingless birds are found. To the traveller accustomed to the shy denizens of English woods nothing is more astonishing than the extraordinary tameness of these New Zealand birds.

The waters are crowded with fish. The most common are the blue cod, the ugly maoris, with their backs covered with spines, the beautiful trumpeters, and the still more beautiful bright red butterfish. There is a large fat fish, called the groper, fully four feet long, and broad in proportion. It is not good eating, being too coarse. Besides these, eels, flounders, mullet, and other specimens abound, with numerous crayfish. The flora of the sea is, in its way, as beautiful as that of the shore; and the clearness of the water enables one to see to perfection the clusters of seaweed and other marine plants, some of enormous size, and others of exquisite colour. Insect life in the Sounds is chiefly represented by the sand-fly, a tiny but most unpleasant pest, which infests the shore. There is a tradition that a native tribe is still living amongst the mountains at the back of the Sounds, but there is no authentic proof of their presence, and the story seems scarcely probable.

Starting from the south, the first opening is reached 216 miles after leaving Port Chalmers. It is not till quite close in shore that the narrow entrance to Preservation Inlet can be seen. Preservation Inlet was so named by Captain Cook in remembrance of the deliverance of his crew from the death by scurvy which was threatening them, the vegetable food he discovered there completely restoring them to health. The narrow entrance passed, the waters spread out into a lovely lake, which, sprinkled as it

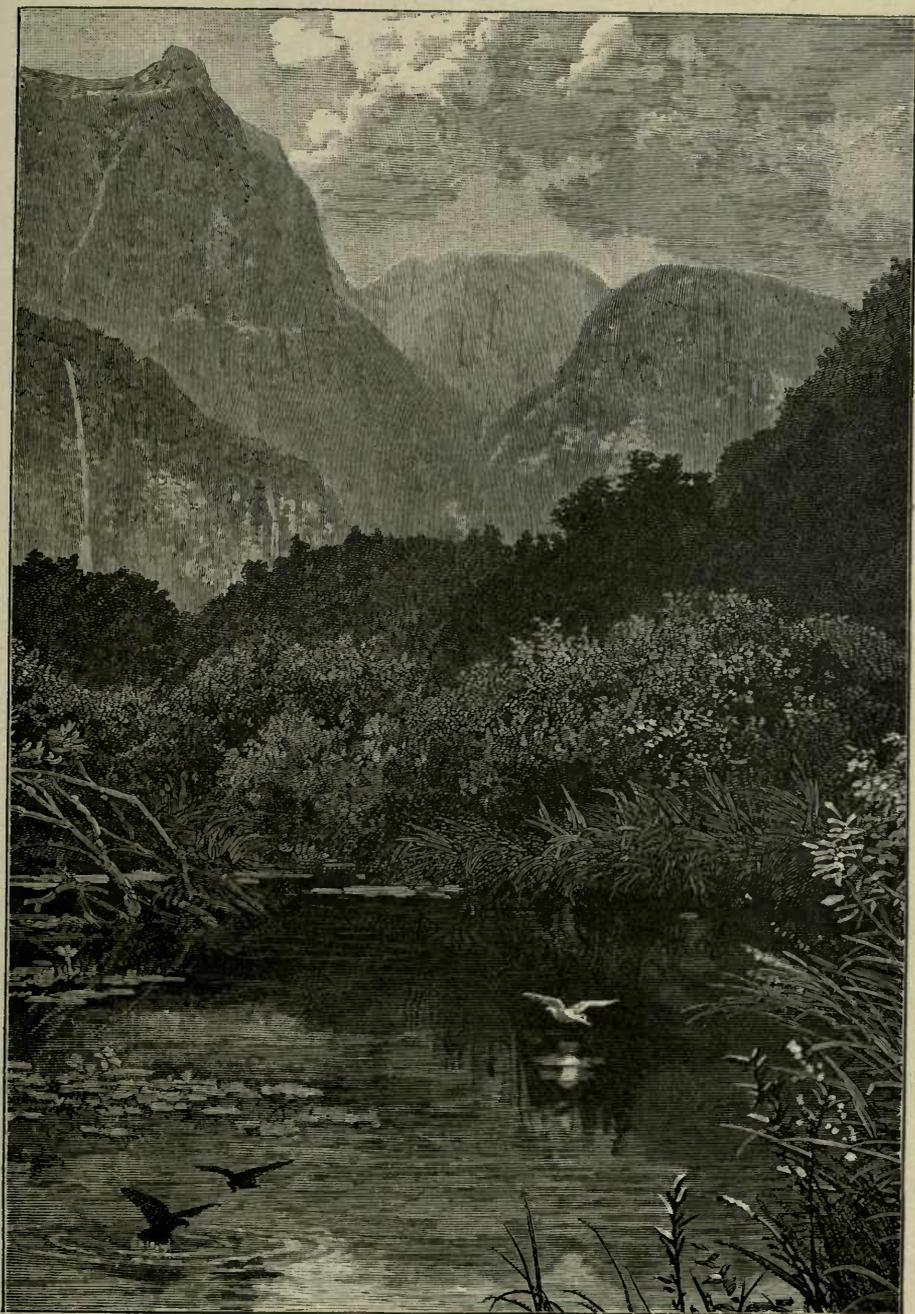
is with islands, has been compared by visitors to Loch Lomond. As we pass in, an apparently solid wall of mountain rises in front, but a sharp turn shows there is a way open, and Long Sound is entered. It is fourteen miles to its head. The scenery is wonderfully beautiful, steep mountains rising tier behind tier all thickly wooded to the water's edge. Usually their rocky sides go sheer down into the sea, but here and there a tiny strip of sandy beach is visible, the only places where it would be possible to effect a landing. The waters of Long Sound are of enormous depth, and no safe anchorage can be found there; so to pass the night it is necessary to return to a bay nearer the entrance, Cuttle Cove. This is a most lovely spot—a sheet of water nearly circular, surrounded by soft wooded hills, and dotted with small islands, some of them exquisitely beautiful. One, in particular, may be noticed, shaped like a coral reef, the lagoon inside surrounded with masses of crimson rata trees, making a most lovely picture.

The excursion steamer usually remains two nights in Cuttle Cove, and the days are spent in exploring its beauties. It is, perhaps, the best fishing-ground of any of the Sounds, and the anglers have a good time. The beaches are covered with lovely shells, and behind is the bush, with its wealth of vegetation, affording to the botanist a paradise in the way of hunting-ground. The steamer passes out to the sea through another arm—Dark Cloud, or Chalky Inlet, the latter name being given from an island at the entrance with conspicuous chalky cliffs.

A run of fifty miles brings us to Dusky Sound, so named by Captain Cook, who wrote a special account of it. He says: "A prospect more rude and craggy is rarely to be met with; far inland appear nothing but the summits of mountains of stupendous

heights, consisting of rocks totally barren and naked, save where, towards the tops, they are snow-covered." The view on entering is wild and grand in the extreme. The mountains in the distance are of great height, and their broken and jagged tops, here and there touched with snow, give a gloomy aspect to the scene. In the foreground are numerous islands and rocks—one, Anchor Island, 1,600 feet in height. On the left is Resolution Island—named after Captain Cook's ship, the *Resolution*—with its curious peninsula of high pointed rocks, christened by Captain Cook the Five Fingers Peninsula, from its resemblance to the fingers of a man's hand. There is a perfect chain of islands right to the head of Dusky Sound, all rich with the same lovely vegetation. The mountains rise higher and higher as we go further up the Sound, but their grandeur is softened by the graceful foliage with which their sides are clothed. Dusky Sound is one of the largest, being twenty-two miles in length. It is celebrated as having been the place where Captain Cook discovered spinach in searching for vegetable food for his scurvy-stricken crew. Here, for the first time, are signs of man's presence, and a log hut is to be seen near the shore. This we found to be the home of Mr. Docherty, who, sometimes alone, sometimes with a mate, had long been engaged in prospecting for copper and other minerals. For months he would be entirely without any society save that of his dog, who, besides being a companion, would go hunting for his master, and, when ordered, bring him in a kakapo or wood-hen for his dinner. Docherty had in different spots discovered copper, lithographic stone, and asbestos, but he could not induce any company to undertake the task of developing his mines.

The steamer goes on to the head of the Sound, whence we have a magnificent view of Mount Solitary, always covered with



THE HEAD, HALL'S ARM (T. 260).

snow. It then turns back as far as an opening on the northern side, called Acheron Passage, so named by Captain Richards, after H.M.S. *Acheron*, the vessel in which he made a very careful survey of the Sounds in 1851. Many of the smaller Sounds bear the names of officers of his ship, which accounts for their very prosaic titles, such as Smith, Daggs, and Thompson. Acheron Passage is exceedingly grand; the mountains on either side tower up to a great height. It is an extremely narrow channel between stupendous cliffs, and has a sternly gloomy aspect that well befits its name. Midway up the passage the steamer again turns aside into a small inlet—Wet Jacket Arm. It is here that the anchor is let down for the night. And it would be difficult to find a more beautiful spot for the purpose. It is a narrow cove, almost shut in by lofty mountains covered with dense bush as far as the timber-line, which frowns above a mass of dark grey rocks relieved by gleaming stretches of snow. The cliffs come down perpendicularly into the sea, and apparently there is no landing-place anywhere; but a little search discovers the usual small patch of shingle.

Now the steamer, leaving Wet Jacket Arm, passes on through the further end of Acheron Passage, a gorge which has the same savage grandeur as that already seen. It leads into another Sound—Breaksea—from which the open sea is regained. Passing Daggs Sound, a small inlet, we next turn into Doubtful Sound, the largest of all, the scenery of which is even more beautiful than that of Dusky Sound. At the entrance is a large island—Secretary Island—completely barring the way, and making an admirable breakwater. This Sound is of great length, and branches out into various arms on each side. The view at the entrance is simply magnificent, and further on, at the junction of Doubtful,

Bradshaw, Thompson, and Smith Sounds, it is strikingly grand. After passing a large island—Rolla Island—a turn to the right opens out Hall's Arm, with its Head; here the scenery is the



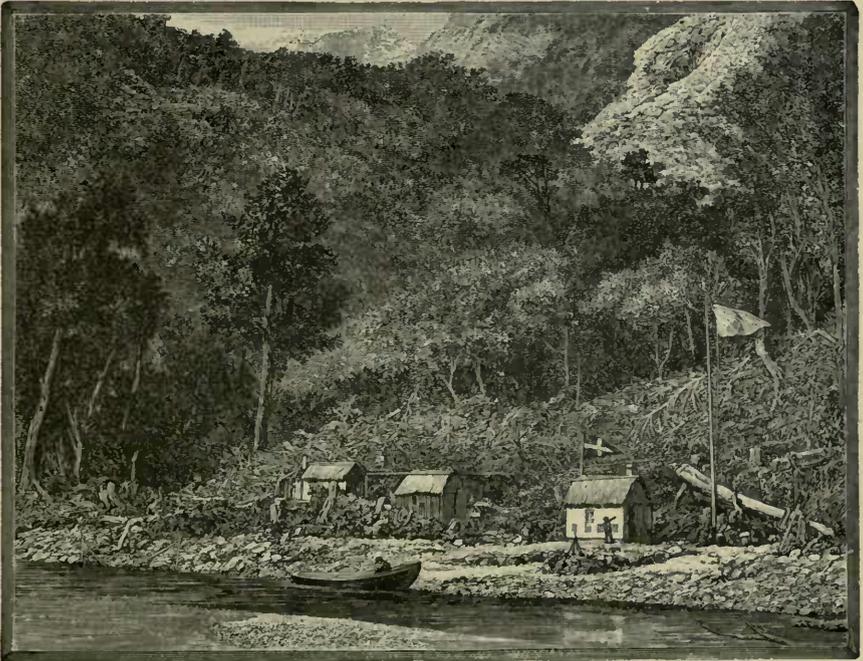
"THE LION," MILFORD SOUND (p. 263).

finest we have yet seen. But, beautiful as it is, Hall's Sound is too deep to be a safe anchorage, and the steamer turns, passing on the other side of Secretary Island, through Thompson Sound, out to sea.

Nancy Sound and Charles Sound are usually omitted, and Caswell Sound is the next visited. The mountains surrounding it are very lofty, but the straightness of the sides does not produce the same beautiful effect as the more varied outline of Dusky and Doubtful Sounds. About half-way down, a deserted settlement comes into view. Here a company was once formed for working a marble quarry. The white marble is plainly seen

gleaming out from the green foliage, but the expenses of working proved too heavy for profit, and the enterprise was given up. The huts are still standing, and their forsaken appearance adds to the desolate aspect of the scene. The next Sound to be entered is George Sound, whose chief feature is a waterfall, close to which the steamer anchors.

Passing Bligh Sound, the steamer turns into Milford Sound, the most northerly and the most beautiful of them all. Mr. Green thus describes it:—"After pounding through a head sea for about twenty miles, we came to an outlying sea-swept rock,



"THE CITY," MILFORD SOUND (p. 263).

over which a few albatrosses soared, and rounding it in a furious squall of wind and rain, we entered the still waters of Milford Sound. Vertical cliffs rose for thousands of feet on either hand,

and we drove in before a blast so strong as almost to make steaming unnecessary; the surface of the sea would now and then be torn off in sheets, driven along in spindrift, and again all would be as calm as glass. Waterfalls resembling the Staubbach came down the cliffs from far above the clouds, and were blown away into spray while in mid-air by the fury of the storm. Wherever vegetation could get a footing on these immense precipices, lovely tree-ferns and darker shrubs grew in profusion, all dripping with moisture, and running up the cliffs in long strips of verdure till lost to our view aloft in the torn white mists. The vivid green of the foliage was the feature of all this wondrous scene which struck me most. Two or three miles up the Sound we steamed close to an immense waterfall, which, in one plunge of 300 feet, leaped into the Sound with a roar like thunder, drowning our voices, and sending great gushes of spray over the steamer's deck. The face of another great cliff was so draped with numberless small falls that it seemed to be covered with a veil of silver gauze about 300 yards in width. While passing along here we fired off a gun. Echo after echo resounded from cliff to cliff, and from invisible crags high over our heads the echo again returned as a voice from the clouds. The mists now showed an inclination to clear off, the rain ceased, and as we entered the inner basin of the Sound the forests increased in beauty. The totara pines, draped with festoons of grey lichen, contrasted well with the soft green of the great fern fronds, and formed a suitable background to the scarlet blossoms of the rata, which here and there lit up the upper surface of the forest with patches of intense colour. Gleams of sunshine began to dart through the clouds, giving a momentary flash on one of the numerous cascades, and then, passing over forest and

cliff, added new beauties of light and shade. When about eight miles from the open sea, a booming sound rose high over the voices of the numerous cascades, growing louder as we advanced, and, rounding a forest-clad point, we came upon the grandest of New Zealand waterfalls, the great Bowen Fall. Its first fall is only about fifty feet into a rock basin, but leaping from it upwards and outwards in a most wonderful curve, it plunges down with a deafening roar in a single leap of 300 feet. The *Te Anau* was allowed to drift up in the eddy caused by the fall, and being caught by the stream in the midst of drenching clouds of spray, she was spun round as though she were a mere floating twig; then steaming to a short distance, she stopped again. The weather had now taken up sufficiently for us to see through an opening in the clouds the snow-clad top of Mitre Peak, which rises in one great precipice of 5,000 feet from the surface of the Sound. The glacier on Pembroke Peak showed for a few minutes, and was then lost to view; but what we saw formed the grandest combination of scenery upon which my eyes have ever rested."

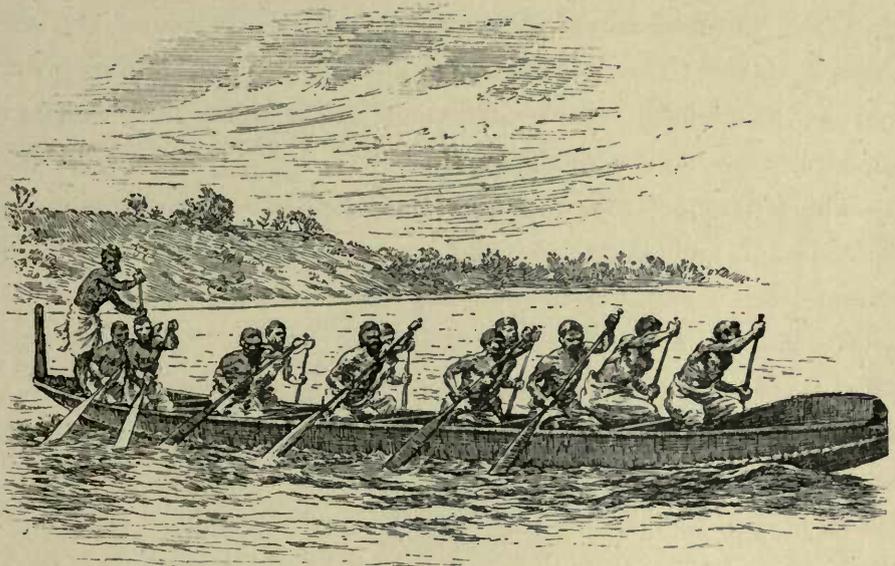
Before reaching the Bowen Fall, Mount Kimberley is passed, a precipitous wall of cliff, rising 2,500 feet sheer from the water's edge, and ending in the spur known as the Lion Rock. The rock is perfectly bare, and very dark in colour, forming a magnificent contrast to the dazzlingly white glacier of Mount Pembroke, which rises sharply behind. At the head of Milford Sound is a small settlement called "The City." A man called Donald Sutherland landed here in 1877, and, with a mate, set to work prospecting for gold. The three houses are named respectively No. 1, Kennedy Street, No. 1, Rotorua Street, and Post Office. Sutherland had an interesting collection

of natural curiosities, and did not seem to find his life too lonely. He had supplies from the Government lighthouse steamer, which called occasionally. There is no good anchorage at Milford, and it is so narrow a Sound that it is not safe to remain here more than a few hours, for if bad weather or fog came on it would be impossible to find the way out. Milford is the last of the Sounds to be visited, and it is well that it is so, for, beautiful as they all are, this so far surpasses them that, if it were seen first, the others could not but seem tame.

J. MYLNE.



MILFORD SOUND (p. 261).



A MAORI WAR CANOE.

MAORI LEGENDS.

The Origin of the Maori—His Religion and Legends—Hinemoa and Tutanekai—Hatupatu and the Patu-paerehe—The Exploits of Maui—Tawhaki's Ascent to Heaven.



THE Maori is now regarded as a very remarkable savage—if it be fair to call him a savage at all. A book has, indeed, been written to prove that he is an Aryan, of the same original stock as ourselves, and therefore not a savage. Where he came from is a puzzle. His own account is that he came from Hawaiki in the great canoes Arawa, Tainui, Matatua, Pakitumu, Kurahau-po, Toko-maru, and Matawhaorua, and that the cause of the migration was dissension. Although it is thought by some that Hawaiki must be the islands of Hawaii, otherwise known as the Sandwich Islands, there are those who say that the people of Hawaii themselves migrated from Hawaiki, and

that the word itself simply means "land left behind." But we will leave these questions to philologists and ethnologists, and will gratefully accept their conclusions when they come to an agreement among themselves.

The religion of the Maori was polytheistic. In the beginning were Rangi and Papa, the sky and the earth. From these sprang the gods Tawhiri-ma-tea, the Maori Æolus, god of winds and storms; Tangaroa, the Maori Neptune, god of seas and fishes; Tu-matauenga, god and father of human beings; and others. Then there was a great rebellion of the gods against Rangi and Papa, and they rose up and tore them asunder, and Rangi, the sky, was removed far from his spouse, Papa, the earth. But the god of winds refused to become a traitor, and remained faithful to Rangi. Often he rushes in wild rage through the firmament, with clouds and showers, and wages war against the god of forests and the god of seas, and against men themselves.

The legends of the Maori vary greatly in the different accounts of them, and that not only in the details, but often also in essentials. The following are a few of the most interesting. Many of the others are extremely childish, and, although they may have an historical and mythological value, they are quite unattractive in themselves. To these "forewords" the writer would add an acknowledgment of his indebtedness to Sir George Grey's "Polynesian Mythology."

HINEMOA AND TUTANEKAI.

Hinemoa was the great ancestress of the Rotorua district. The name of her husband was Tutanekai; and the story of their love is one of the most pleasing of the Maori traditions.

Those who have read the article entitled "A Vanished Wonderland" will remember that Lake Rotorua lies in a district where hydro-thermal phenomena are common. In the centre of the lake lies the island of Mokoia, and in this isle there is a natural hot bath called Waikimihia, but more commonly known as Hinemoa's Bath.

Rangi-Uru was the wife of Whakaue-Kaipapa, the great ancestor of the Ngati-Whakaue tribe, and she lived with her husband on the island of Mokoia. By him she had three sons, and not long afterwards there came to Rotorua the mighty chief Tuwharetoa, ancestor of the Te-Heukeu and the Ngati-Tuwharetoa tribe; and Rangi-Uru was smitten with a passion for Tuwharetoa, and when he returned to his own country, she left her husband and her three sons and went off with him. From this runaway match sprang Tutanekai. By-and-by the truant Rangi-Uru, whose passion was as short-lived as it had been sudden, was reconciled to the offended Whakaue, and, along with her son that was born out of wedlock, she came to live once more at Mokoia, and Tutanekai was received into the family of Whakaue, and treated as one of his own sons.

Now, there dwelt upon the adjacent shore a maiden whose name was the softly-sounding name of Hinemoa (pronounced Hee-nay-mó-a). She was exceeding fair to look upon, and the fame of her beauty spread far abroad. Tutanekai and his brothers heard the good reports of her, and each of them desired to have her to wife. The maiden, too, besides being well favoured, was of noble birth, for was not her father, Umukaria, the great ancestor of the Ngati-Umukaria *hapu* or sub-tribe?

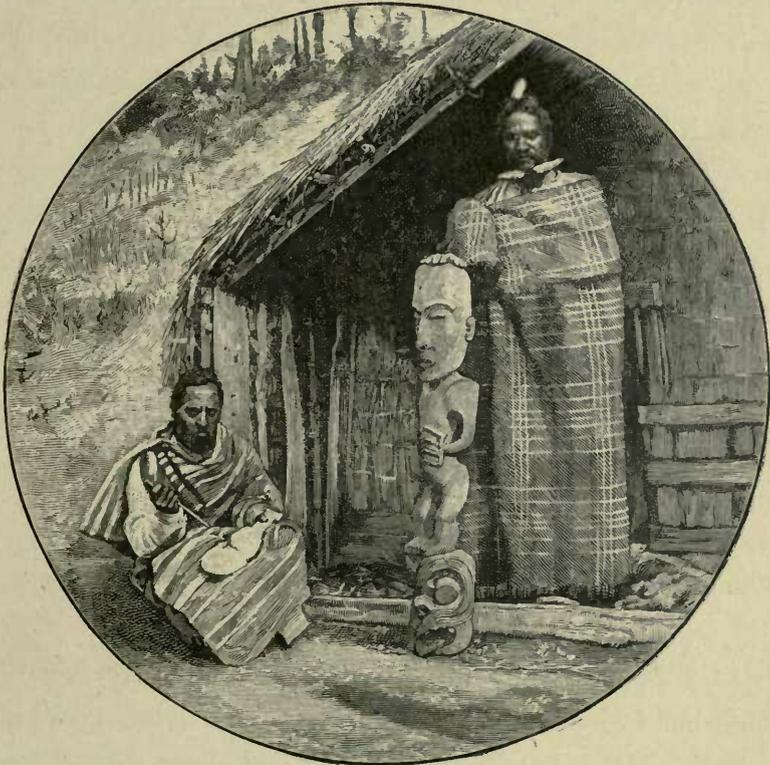
Tutanekai had a dear friend whose name was Tiki. Like

the Trojan Æneas and his faithful Achates, Tutanekai and Tiki were quite inseparable; and doubtless Tutanekai made Tiki the confidant of his love for the peerless Hinemoa. On the slopes of the hill which rises in the middle of the island, and which is called Kaiweka, the two friends would sit in the evenings when the darkness had fallen, and the gentle zephyrs were stealing about the lake in the silver moonlight; and there they would play for hours together on the pipe and the horn, discoursing sweet music to the silent night—sweet music that was caught up by the winds, and carried over the waves to the ears of the listening Hinemoa. And Hinemoa's heart would throb and flutter when she heard the horn of Tutanekai and the pipe of Tiki, and she would say, "Ah, that is the music of Tutanekai I hear, and his faithful friend Tiki."

So things went on, and they never told their love. Many longing glances they cast upon each other, but they never spoke or touched each other's hands—for though the eyes sometimes tell of love, yet sometimes they hide it; but the pressure of the hand is ever a sure token. At last Tutanekai was so overcome that he sent a messenger to Hinemoa, to declare his love for her, and when Hinemoa heard it she sighed a great sigh of gladness and said, "And so we have been loving each other all the time." After this the lovers often met on the shores of the lake, but Hinemoa's people would not hear of her marrying Tutanekai.

One night, when the family of Tutanekai were all sitting together in the *whare puni*, or warm house, of common assembly, the eldest brother said, "To which of us has Hinemoa given signs of love?" And Tutanekai answered, "I have pressed the hand of Hinemoa, and she has pressed mine in return." His

brothers laughed a loud laugh of derision, and they cried out, "What a rogue you are, Tutanekai! What would Hinemoa have to do with such a low-born fellow as you?" But he assured them that what he said was true, and that it had been actually



MAORI IDOL CARVERS.

arranged that Hinemoa should run away from her people and come to him, her lover, on the island of Mokoia. But her people suspected something, and every night the canoes were hauled far up the beach; and Hinemoa, greatly lamenting, was forced to remain apart from her Tutanekai. One night, as she sat on the shore listening to the music from the island, the strains became so soft and tender and persuasive that it seemed

as if Tutanekai were breathing his whole soul into the music, and beseeching Hinemoa to come to him, for he was sad and lonely. So she made up her mind to swim. She took six large gourds, and tied three on each side of her, so that when she was tired with swimming she might float and rest herself. From the rock which is called Iri-iri-kapua she threw herself into the water, and swam till she reached the stump of a sunken tree which used to stand in the lake, and which was called Hinewhata, and she laid hold of it, and so rested her weary shoulders. Swimming and resting, and all the time following the music of Tutanekai, she came at last to the hot spring in the island of Mokoia, which is called Waikimihia. That spring is separated from the lake only by a narrow ridge of rocks. Exhausted by her efforts, and bitterly cold from being so long in the lake, she cast herself into the warm waters of the spring, and there she was soon restored. As the morning drew on she remembered she was naked, and she went and hid herself behind some rocks, and the water covered her up to the chin.

Shortly after the sun had risen Tutanekai began to feel thirsty, and he called to his servant to bring him some water. The servant took a calabash and went to the lake and drew some water near the place where Hinemoa was concealed. As he was making off, she called out in a gruff voice, like a man's, "For whom is that water?" "It is for Tutanekai," said the slave, accustomed to answer when spoken to with authority. "Give it to me, then," said Hinemoa; and the slave obeyed. When she had drunk it all, she dashed the calabash to pieces on the rocks, and the slave ran off to his master, and told him how his calabash had been broken by a man in the bath. Tutanekai

was very angry, and said, "Oh! I shall die of rage!" and he put on his clothes and took up his club, and made haste to the bath. And when Tutanekai cried out, "Where is the fellow who broke my calabash?" Hinemoa was delighted to hear the sound of his voice; but full of maiden bashfulness and playful coyness, she hid herself closely, so that Tutanekai might not find her all at once. After he had searched all round the bath, and in and out every nook and ledge of the rocks, at last he spied the hand of Hinemoa, and he exclaimed, "Hallo, what's this?" "It is I, Tutanekai." "Are you the scoundrel that broke my calabash?" "Oh! I assure you it was quite accidental." "Come out here, and we'll see about that." Then Hinemoa, all smiles and loveliness, came out and said, "It is I, Tutanekai." And Tutanekai laughed for joy, and he shared his garments with her, and took her home, and they lived together in the same house. And thenceforth, according to the ancient laws of the Maoris, they were man and wife.

HATUPATU AND THE PATU-PAEAREHE.

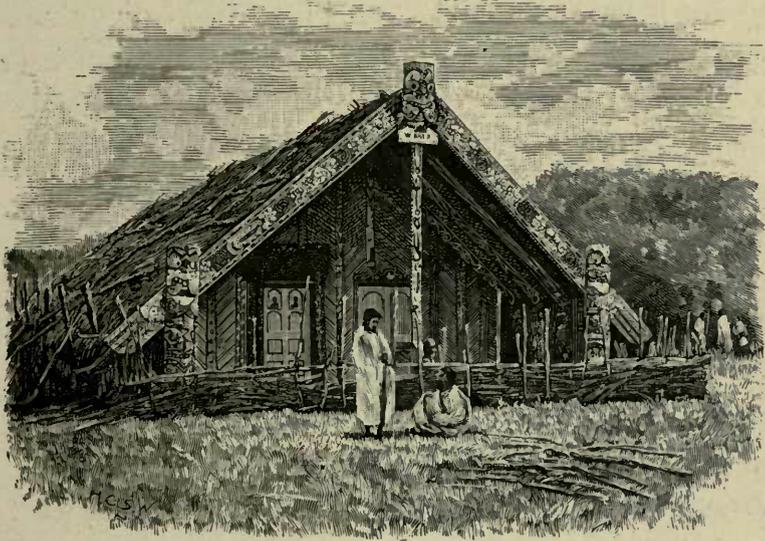
The Patu-paearehe are the fairies of the Maoris. They are neither ghouls, ghosts, sprites, fays, elves, nor brownies. They are Patu-paearehe, a race by themselves. Instead of being little folk or queer folk, they are gigantic, majestic, mysterious. They occupied the country before the Maoris came to it, and lived in "pahs," or villages, on the summits of lofty mountains. They were usually invisible to all except the seers, but sometimes a sight of them was to be had in the early morning, and they were said to be white, and clad in white garments. The following legend recounts how Hatupatu, the

Maori, was caught by the female Patu-paearehe whose name was Kurangai-tuku.

Kurangai-tuku, like the rest of her race, was of giant size. Her nails were of great length, and she used them as spears wherewith to transfix her game. One day, when she was out hunting, she spied a pigeon on a tree; and as the wild pigeon of New Zealand makes very good eating, she darted at it with her long, sharp nails, which went right through the tree. Now Hatupatu, the chief, happened to be hunting there. As the Patu-paearehe had never seen a man before, she was much astonished, and leaving the pigeon, she picked up this new sort of animal.

She was a bird-fancier. She had a large collection of birds of all sorts, and she tended them with great care. Her new specimen was treated with special attention, as being a very great rarity. One day, after her usual kind manner, she asked him if he wanted anything to eat. He replied that he did. What would he have? Some birds. Where was she to go for them? To the mountains. Would she go to the first range? Oh, no. To the second? No. To the third, fourth, or fifth? No, no; farther yet. Would she go to the sixth, then? Yes, the sixth would do. For Hatupatu had all the cunning and cleverness of a Maori, and he wished her to go a long distance, so that meanwhile he might make his escape. After she had gone, he stopped up all the chinks and crevices in the walls with flax, that none of her favourite birds might be able to go and tell its mistress of his escape. But he overlooked one very small hole, and a little wren managed to squeeze itself through, and it flew off to Kurangai-tuku and cried, "Kurangai-tuku, Kurangai-tuku, the man is riro, riro, riro!"—that is, gone, gone, gone.

And to this day the bird is known as the *riro-riro*. With her gigantic strides the *Patu-pacarehe* was soon at home. Having got on the fugitive's scent, she came in sight of him in a short time, and very nearly caught him as he was climbing a steep rock. But *Hatupatu* was the youngest son of his mother, and,



A MAORI DWELLING.

as if that were a misfortune, his grandmother had made known to him a spell which would serve him in times of danger. So now, when the giantess was striking at him with her relentless claws, he shouted out, "*Matiti matata*," and straightway the rock was riven asunder, and *Hatupatu* was sheltered in its strong depths from the impending disaster. His pursuer, with all her supernaturalness, was sorely puzzled to know what had become of him, and she scratched the rock with her nails and cried, "Oh, what has become of you, *Hatupatu*?" On the rocks between *Lake Rotorua* and *Lake Tarawera* these

scratches are still to be seen, to confound the scoffer and convince the sceptic.

After a while Hatupatu came out from his hiding-place a good way off; but he was again sighted by his late mistress, who pressed after him in hot pursuit. When she was close at his heels he again uttered the potent words, "Matiti matata," addressing them more particularly to a tuft of the coarse grass which is known as toi-toi. The tuft was lifted up, and the hunted chief entered the cavity so formed, and the grass closed over him. When he left the bosom of Mother Earth the second time he emerged close by a boiling spring near Ohinemutu. The spring was covered in great part by a thin and brittle crust; and Kurangai-tuku, in her breathless haste, inconsiderately stepped on this crust. It broke beneath her, and she fell into the boiling pool. And so she was no more, and Hatupatu was safe. This spring is one of the most famous in the Hot Lake district, being the well-known geyser of Whaka-rewa-rewa, upon which hundreds of "pakehas" have gazed with something of fear in their admiration.

THE EXPLOITS OF MAUI.

Maui is the great hero and enchanter of Maori mythology. The scene of his great deeds was not New Zealand, but that far-off land from which the Maori came—the unknown land of Hawaiki. He might be compared to the Greek Hercules, except that his labours were for the most part mischievous and even malevolent.

Maui's opinion about the sun was that he went too fast, that sunset followed dawn too soon, and he resolved to catch him in a snare, and compel him to go more slowly, so that

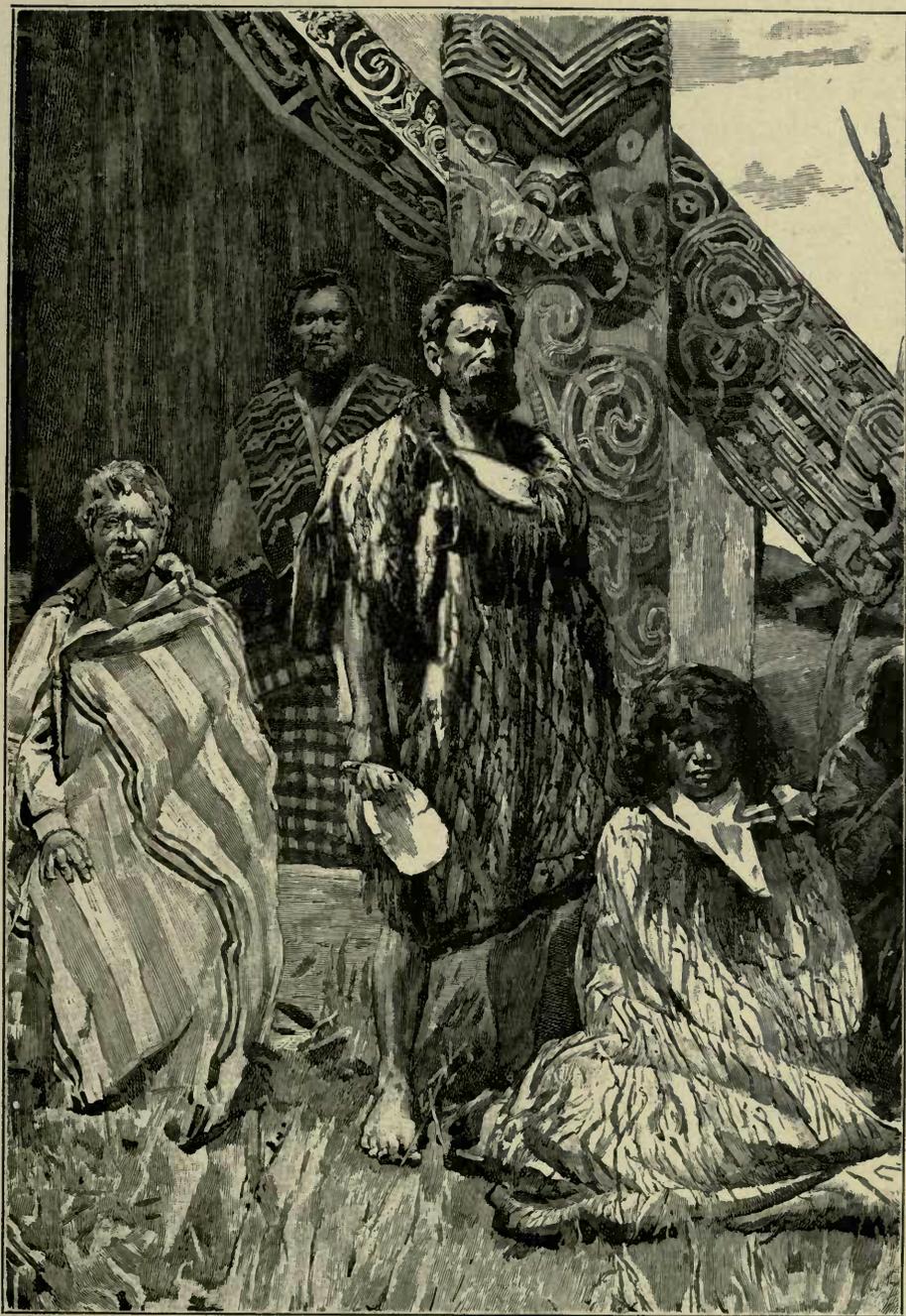
men might have more time to labour and to procure wealth and happiness. When he asked the help of his brothers, they thought the undertaking both foolhardy and impossible; but the young hero proudly answered, "Have you not beheld what a multitude of mighty feats I have already accomplished? and do you think I shall fail in this that I have undertaken?" His brothers at last consented to assist him, and they began to spin a great many ropes of all kinds—round ropes, and square ropes, and flat ropes, all thick, long, and strong. The weapon with which Maui accomplished all his great achievements was a jawbone, not the jawbone of a mere brute, as was Samson's, but the sacred jawbone of his ancestress, Muriranga-whenua. When he and his brothers set out, therefore, he took with him this deadly instrument, besides the ropes and other necessary provisions. They travelled only by night, and hid themselves by day, that they might not be seen by the sun. And thus they travelled for a long time to the eastward, "until they came to the very edge of the place out of which the sun rises." On both sides of this place they built huts with the boughs of trees, in which to lie in ambush, and from hut to hut they stretched a great noose. Before the sun rose the young hero told his brothers what to do.

At length the unsuspecting sun rose gradually from the abyss, and the glory of his presence was shed abroad over the mountains and the forests, but the cruel Maui had no eye for his beauty and no fear of his awful majesty. When his head and forelegs had passed into the snare, Maui shouted to his brothers to haul away and hold fast. Then he rushed out and beat him unmercifully with his grandmother's jawbone, so that he screamed out, and cried: "Why am I thus beaten by

you, O man? Why should you wish to kill Tamanui-te-Ra?" But all his cries were in vain, for not till he was half-dead did Maui let him go. And then, and ever since, he has crept slowly on his course, being enfeebled by the wounds inflicted on him by Maui.

There is another story that tells how Maui was very disrespectful to his great ancestress, Mahu-ika. It was Mahu-ika who supplied the world with fire; and Maui resolved, either by fraud or by force, to take it all away from her. One night, when everyone was asleep, he got up and put out every fire in the "pah," and when morning came he called out for some food. But there was no fire in the house with which to cook it, and one of the servants went round to all the other "whares," and found there was no fire anywhere. Maui's mother then said that someone must go to Mahu-ika and beg for some fire, for none was left upon earth; but none of the servants would go, being afraid. Then Maui himself volunteered to go, and his mother said to him: "Follow the path that lies before you, and you will come to the abode of your great ancestress, and if you tell her that you are a descendant of hers, she will give you some fire. I have heard that you possess great power, and that your deeds are greater than the deeds of men, but be careful not to play tricks on Mahu-ika, or it may be the worse for you."

Well, Maui followed the path, and at last came to the place where dwelt the goddess of fire. And when he asked for some fire, after making known his pedigree, she welcomed him graciously, and said he should surely have his request granted. She then pulled out one of her nails, and fire flowed from it, and she gave it to him. Maui received it with a great profusion of thanks, and, carefully sheltering it, went off. After going a short



GROUP OF MAORIS.

distance he put it out, and came back saying it had gone out by accident, and begged for more. Having pulled out another nail, she procured more fire, and gave it to him, telling him to be careful. This also went out, and Maui went back with a very apologetic aspect, and humbly begged for another light. This, too, after the same manner, was extinguished. So Mahu-ika went on pulling out her nails, all the time scolding her descendant for being so careless, and telling him that if he were not Maui he would not have any more. At last there was left only the big toe-nail of the left foot; and when for the nineteenth time the fire was lost, and Maui besought her to tap its last source, she began to suspect she was being tricked, and, dashing the fire on the ground, she set the whole place in a blaze. Then, indeed, had the mischievous Maui to fly for his life. As the flames gained fast upon him he changed himself into a fleet-winged eagle, but even then his feathers were scorched. So he prayed to Tawhiri-ma-tea, the god of winds and storms, that he would send a great flood; and Tawhiri-ma-tea sent abundant rain, which all but quenched the conflagration and nearly drowned the poor fire-goddess. Before it was quite extinguished, however, she threw some of the fire into certain trees, and from the wood of these trees to this day the Maori obtains fire by rubbing two pieces together.

As Cinderella was treated by her two sisters, so was little Maui-potiki treated by his two brothers, Maui-mua and Maui-roto. They left him at home when they made expeditions abroad. They would not allow him to sit at meals with them, but threw him scraps and leavings as if he were a dog. But as Maui-potiki began to be conscious of his great power, he was less and less inclined to submit to such treatment; and one day, when his brothers were going out fishing, he insisted on going too. When they got to the

fishing-ground, he pulled out his jawbone, and, using it as a hook, dropped it far down into the water. Then he began pulling it up ; but, as he had caught something of enormous weight, it was with

great difficulty that he brought it to the surface. When it appeared at last it turned out to be land. This land was therefore called “Te Ika a Maui”—the fish of Maui—and its modern name is the North Island of New Zealand. The great curve of Hawke’s Bay is “Te matau a Maui”—the fish-hook of Maui—of which the point is the steep, sharp cape called the Kidnappers.



THE RIRO-RIRO (p. 272).

This same Maui-potiki resolved once upon a time to pay a visit to the habitation of the terrible Hine-nui-a-te-po—the great Daughter of the Night—who lived not far off. Having got within a little distance of the place, he sat down and played on his flute. When Hine-nui-a-te-po heard the sound of music, she told her slaves to go and see who was there. “If,” said she, “he comes on his hands and feet, with his face towards the sky, he is an ‘atua,’ a god ; but if he walks upright, then he is a man, and you must bring him to me.” Of course, Maui-potiki heard all this, and, crawling on his hands and feet, he made for the

goddess's store, where was kept a large supply of "kumaras," or sweet potatoes. The slaves, having made observations of his mode of locomotion, left him unmolested, and he was allowed to gorge himself to his complete satisfaction. He then went home; and, wishing to be revenged on his brothers, he told them what a splendid feast he had been having in the pantry of Hine-nui-a-te-po, and gave them a few "kumaras," that they might taste how palatable they were. On this, Maui-mua and Maui-rotu determined to make a raid on their own account. Little Maui-

potiki warned them that if they did not walk very erectly, but went sneaking in on hands and feet, the slaves of the goddess would catch them and punish them very severely—would probably kill them. With this injunction the brothers set off, and, walking towards the place where the delicious root was kept, with their spinal columns carefully preserved at



MAORI WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

a correct right angle to the plane of their progression, they were caught by the slaves and taken to the great Daughter of the Night, who immediately squeezed them to death.

TAWHAKI'S ASCENT TO HEAVEN.

Tawhaki was another great chief, who lived ages ago in the cradle of the race at Hawaiki. Tango-tango, a celestial maiden, became enamoured of him, and came to earth to live with him as his wife. They had a daughter, to whom the name of Arahuta was afterwards given. Shortly after she was born, Tawhaki made some unpleasant remark about his offspring, and his wife was greatly offended and wept bitterly. Then, taking her child with her, she ascended once more to the heavenly regions. Tawhaki repented of his rashness, and was inconsolable for the loss of his beautiful wife. At length he could no longer bear to be separated from her, and determined to search her out. For this purpose he made a journey to the dwelling of the blind old woman, Matakerepo, who had charge of the tendrils that hung from heaven to earth. He touched her eyes, and she received her sight; and beholding one in whom she recognised a descendant, she wept for joy. Tawhaki told her why he had come, and she directed him to lay hold of one of the tendrils that were firmly rooted in the earth, and to beware of those that swayed to and fro in the wind. So laying hold of one that was fixed at both ends, he climbed to heaven. And here the reader cannot fail to notice the resemblance of this part of the story to that which he knew in his childhood as "Jack and the Beanstalk."

When Tawhaki reached the heavens, he changed himself from a handsome and noble-looking chief into a lean and miserable old man. Journeying through the forest, he came upon a party who were shaping out a canoe from the trunk of a huge tree, and when they saw him, they cried, "Oh, look at that old fellow!

We must make a slave of him. Come here, old man, and carry home these axes for us." Tawhaki did as he was bid, but he loitered behind the others on the way, and when they were out of sight he turned back, and with two strokes of the axe he

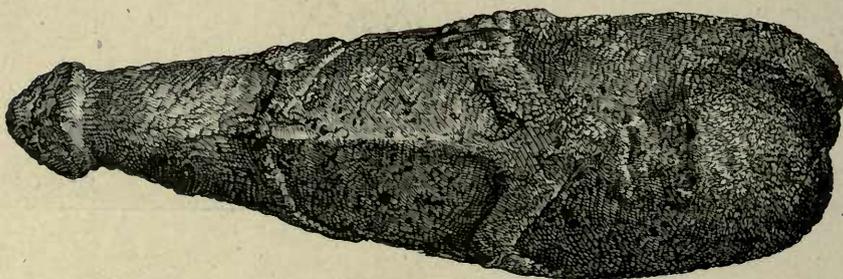


A GEYSER.

finished the canoe upon which they had been working. Next morning, his brothers-in-law, for they were the brothers of Tango-tango, his wife, were astonished to find the canoe all ready to be launched, and, suspecting the old man, they watched him the following night. Then they saw him finish off another canoe; but he did not now look like an old man at all. He seemed to be a mighty warrior. They ran home and asked Tango-tango to describe her husband Tawhaki, and when she had done so,

they cried, "He is here! he is here!" When Tawhaki came back that night in the guise of an old man still, Tango-tango said to him, "Now, tell me who you are. Are you Tawhaki?" to which Tawhaki merely gave a grunt of assent, and straightway assumed his own noble form. He then caught up his little daughter, and embraced her with much affection. Thereafter he remained in heaven with his wife and child, and when he walks about his footsteps cause thunder and lightning to be heard and seen upon the earth.

W. GAY.



MAORI WAR CLUB.

CAPTAIN COOK IN NEW ZEALAND.

Captain Cook—The Transit of Venus—Discovery of New Zealand—Poverty Bay—The Maoris—Queen Charlotte's Sound—The Second Voyage—Dusky Sound—The Third and Last Voyage—The Explorer's Death.

WHILE in search of the Solomon Islands, Tasman, the great Dutch explorer, who left Batavia in 1642, came upon a high mountainous land in the south-east, which he called Staaten Land, the present New Zealand. He both saw and held communication with the natives, whom he accurately describes, but he never attempted to land, having found in the Maori a fierce and warlike savage. He sailed up the western coast of the Northern Island, and then away north, without attempting to ascertain whether this land he had discovered was an island or a continent. The cape at the extreme north-west he called Maria Van Diemen, after the daughter of the Governor-General.

Only one Englishman is known to have visited Australasia before Captain Cook, namely, the buccaneer, William Dampier. This was in 1688.

The real discovery of the continent seems to have taken place almost by accident. In 1769 a transit of Venus was to occur, which could only be observed from one of the islands in the South Seas; and, in order that this might be done, Captain James Cook was sent out in the ship *Endeavour*, with orders that, after the primary object of the voyage had been accomplished, he was to make one more extensive research among the islands of the South Sea.

Captain Cook sailed from England in August, 1768, and

reached Otaheite in the April of the following year. The transit of Venus having been successfully observed, he sailed down south into unknown seas, and, after a six weeks' voyage, fell in with land which at first he took for the Terra Australis Incognita,



REDUCED FAC-SIMILE OF CHART PREPARED BY WM. HODGES DURING THE FIRST VOYAGE.

but which was in reality the North Island of New Zealand, just about the part now known as Poverty Bay. The first appearance of the country was very striking. As they sailed into the bay, the voyagers saw range after range of pine-clad hills rising one above the other, and behind all a chain of mountains, which appeared to rise to an enormous height. As they came closer in shore, they noticed among the densely-wooded hills signs of human habitation, and soon houses, small but neat, were seen peeping out from among the foliage, and the top of one of the high cliffs which bounded the bay was crowned with a Maori

“pah,” or fortification, which was the subject of much discussion among the strangers. That the land was thickly populated was evident, for the natives crowded down to the beach to obtain a closer view of the strange ship that had come to their shores. They were reckless and daring to a surpassing degree, for, on the Englishmen attempting to land, these natives, who seemed to know no fear, vigorously opposed them, and boldly faced the well-armed strangers, although they had only their battle-axes and “merais.” It was impossible to come to an amicable understanding, and before the retreat to the ship could be effected, one of these courageous natives had to be shot. Next day Cook discovered that a South Sea Islander he had with him could make himself understood, and accordingly he explained through him that their errand was one of peace. Little was gained by this, however, for, though the natives approached and chatted in friendly fashion, they, like true savages, stole whatever they could lay their hands upon, showing themselves as thievish as they were brave. “Finally,” says the chronicler, “they were driven away by a discharge of small shot.”

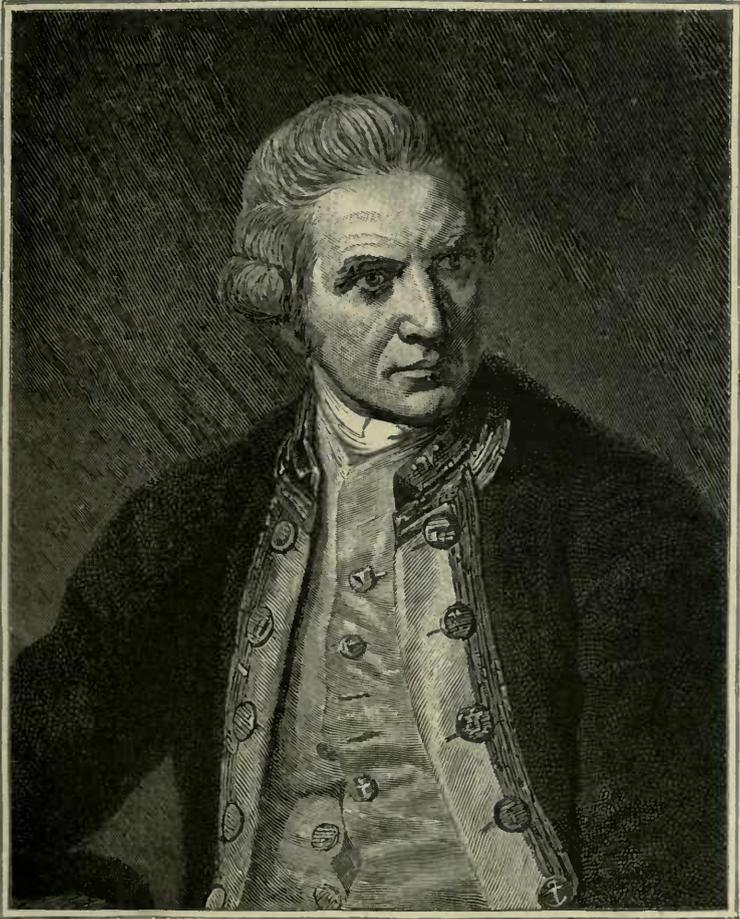
Failing to establish friendly relations in Poverty Bay, Cook sailed south along the coast, naming the various bays and headlands as he passed. Ever and anon the natives came out in their canoes and boldly defied the strangers, scarcely heeding, if indeed they understood, the South Sea Islander’s declarations that the white men had weapons like thunder and lightning, and could tear their canoes to atoms. On one occasion a four-pounder loaded with grape-shot was fired, and for a moment the roar and flash completely overawed the natives, who then consented to come alongside and trade; but it was discovered that they entertained very one-sided notions as to a bargain, for though they received

gladly the white men's gifts, it was as gifts, and they absolutely refused to make any return.

After sailing south till he reached a high headland, which is still known by his name of Cape Turnagain, Cook veered round, and sailed up the coast once more. On his return voyage he found the natives much more inclined to be friendly, coming off of their own accord in their canoes, and not only trading, but even staying all night on board the *Endeavour*; while at Tolega Bay the Englishmen actually ventured ashore, and even entered the huts of the New Zealanders, and observed them at their meals. These huts, Cook says, were of slight construction, but clean and neat; and the meals of the inhabitants, as a rule, consisted of fish and the fibrous roots of the fern, which were bruised and roasted. There was no wild animal in the country larger than a rat, they were told, and though they saw some dogs, these were kept as domestic animals, and used for food. There seems great probability that the now extinct "moa" was then in existence, for some of the "patus"—a kind of battle-axe, or, more correctly speaking, war-club—presented to Cook by the chiefs, and now in the British Museum, were adorned with tufts of the feathers of this bird, showing how recent must have been its extinction.

These Maoris were far removed from the savages whom the voyagers afterwards met in Australia and Van Diemen's Land, for Cook mentions that they had large enclosures neatly fenced with reeds, and planted with yams, sweet potatoes, and other edible plants; while, if the deeply tattooed faces of the warriors astonished and slightly horrified the explorers, their graceful canoes and handsome "whares" excited their wonder and admiration. The New Zealander was and is a true artist. In those days his

only tool was a sharp stone, and yet every implement, canoe, weapon, or house was cleverly ornamented with intricate patterns



CAPTAIN COOK.

(From the Original Portrait by Danace at Greenwich Hospital.)

and grotesque faces; and so artistic was this carving that the discoverers doubted, what has since been proved, that the Maoris had no other tools at their command but what were shown to them. As there were no animals on the islands,

their dress, a sort of petticoat of native cloth, was made from the New Zealand flax, while a coarser kind of cloth served them for cloaks. Occasionally some great chief had his cloak bordered with strips of dog or rat skin, but this latter animal was very rare.



ACHERON PASSAGE,
DUSKY SOUND.

Thus Cook sailed up the coast, sometimes fighting, sometimes trading peaceably with the na-

tives—everywhere were villages, and everywhere the land appeared populous, rich, and fertile; but not until he reached the very northernmost point, Tasman's Cape Maria Van Diemen, does it seem to have struck him that this beautiful land was not the Terra Australis he was in search of, but the Staaten Land of the old Dutch voyager. After rounding the Cape, he sailed



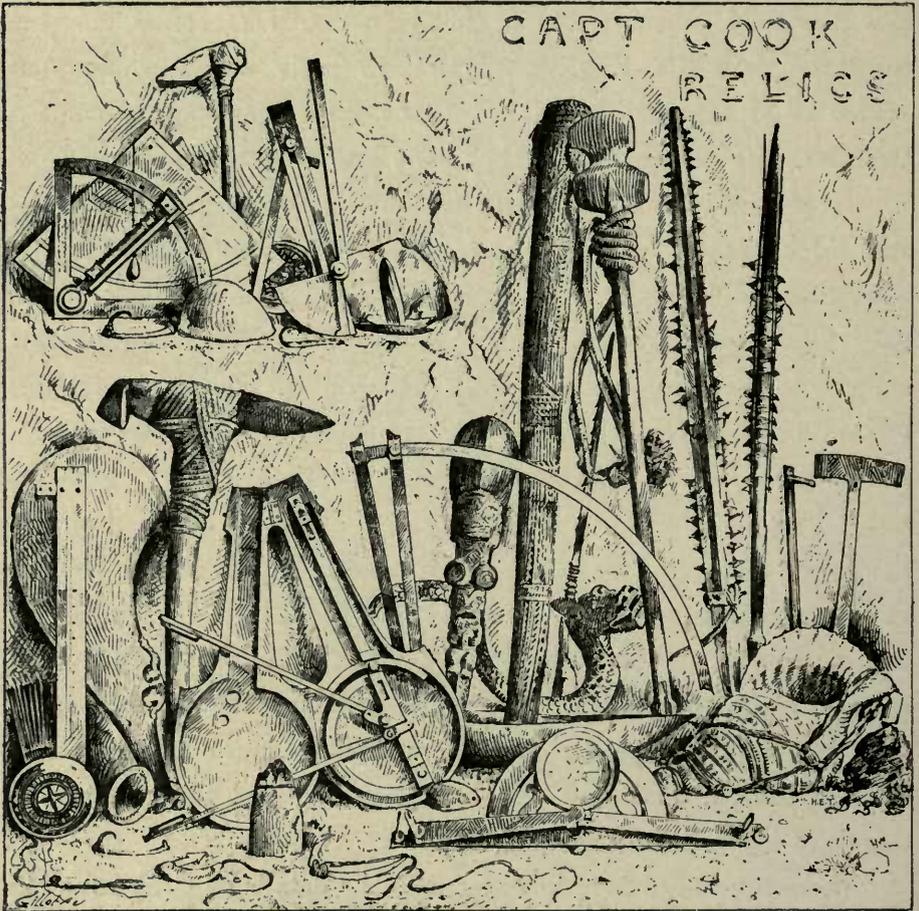
DUSKY SOUND.

down the north-west coast of the Northern Island, and, at last, without discovering the straits between them, came to anchor in Queen Charlotte's Sound, to the north of the South Island. Here he hoisted the Union Jack, and took formal possession of this new land in the name of King George III. Here, too, for the first time the Englishmen saw, to their horror, undoubted evidences of cannibalism. The Maoris did not attempt to conceal the fact, but declared that they only ate their enemies.

Cook found the scrub about Queen Charlotte's Sound so dense and thick that it was well-nigh impenetrable, and it was only with great difficulty that he managed to ascend a high hill, which gave him some out-look over the sea. From this hill he saw enough to convince him that they were on the shores of a strait separating the Northern from the Southern, or, as many call it, the Middle Island of New Zealand. To decide the matter, he sailed out of the harbour through the straits which bear his name, and along the coast of the Northern Island, till he reached Cape Turnagain, when all doubts were set at rest. Thence he turned south, and explored the coast of the Southern Island, sailing right round Stewart Island, and up the western coast till he reached Cape Farewell, so named because there, on the 31st of March, 1770, he left New Zealand, and turned west, in search of the unknown New Holland.

There is no need here to enter into the details of Cook's famous voyage, or to relate how he took possession in the King's name of New South Wales. His next voyage to southern seas was begun in 1772, when he was sent out in the *Resolution*, accompanied by Captain Furneaux in the *Adventure*, to seek for the continent which was popularly supposed to lie in the extreme south. In the thick fogs within the Antarctic circle the two ships

lost each other, and accordingly made for their appointed rendezvous, Dusky Sound, New Zealand, which was reached by Cook in March, 1773. This voyage added nothing to what was

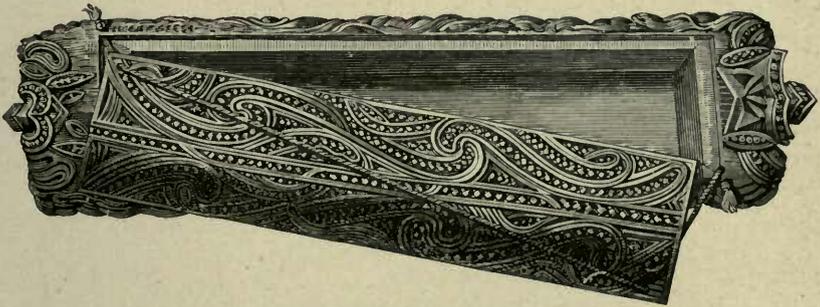


already known. Here we are first told of Cook's practice of putting animals ashore, in the hope that they might breed and multiply. That they have done so the wild pigs of New Zealand amply testify, though the fowls, geese, and goats doubtless fell victims to the hunger of the Maoris.

The third and last voyage of Captain Cook was undertaken to discover that fatal will-o'-the-wisp, the North-West Passage. He made a rather roundabout voyage of it, sailing round the Cape, and touching both at Van Diemen's Land and New Zealand. In New Zealand he came to anchor in his favourite resort, Queen Charlotte's Sound, and succeeded in establishing friendly relations with the very tribe which had murdered a boat's crew of the *Adventure*; but though he took no vengeance, he was careful that every man should go armed, and clearly showed the natives that after their treachery he trusted them no longer.

Cook's stay in New Zealand was brief. It will be remembered that he left for the Sandwich Islands, and at Owhyhee the cutter of the *Discovery* was stolen. In trying to recover the boat on the night of February 13th, 1779, the great explorer was cut off from his party and killed by the savages.

M. GAUNT.



SPECIMEN OF MAORI CARVING.

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